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THE NEW YORKER

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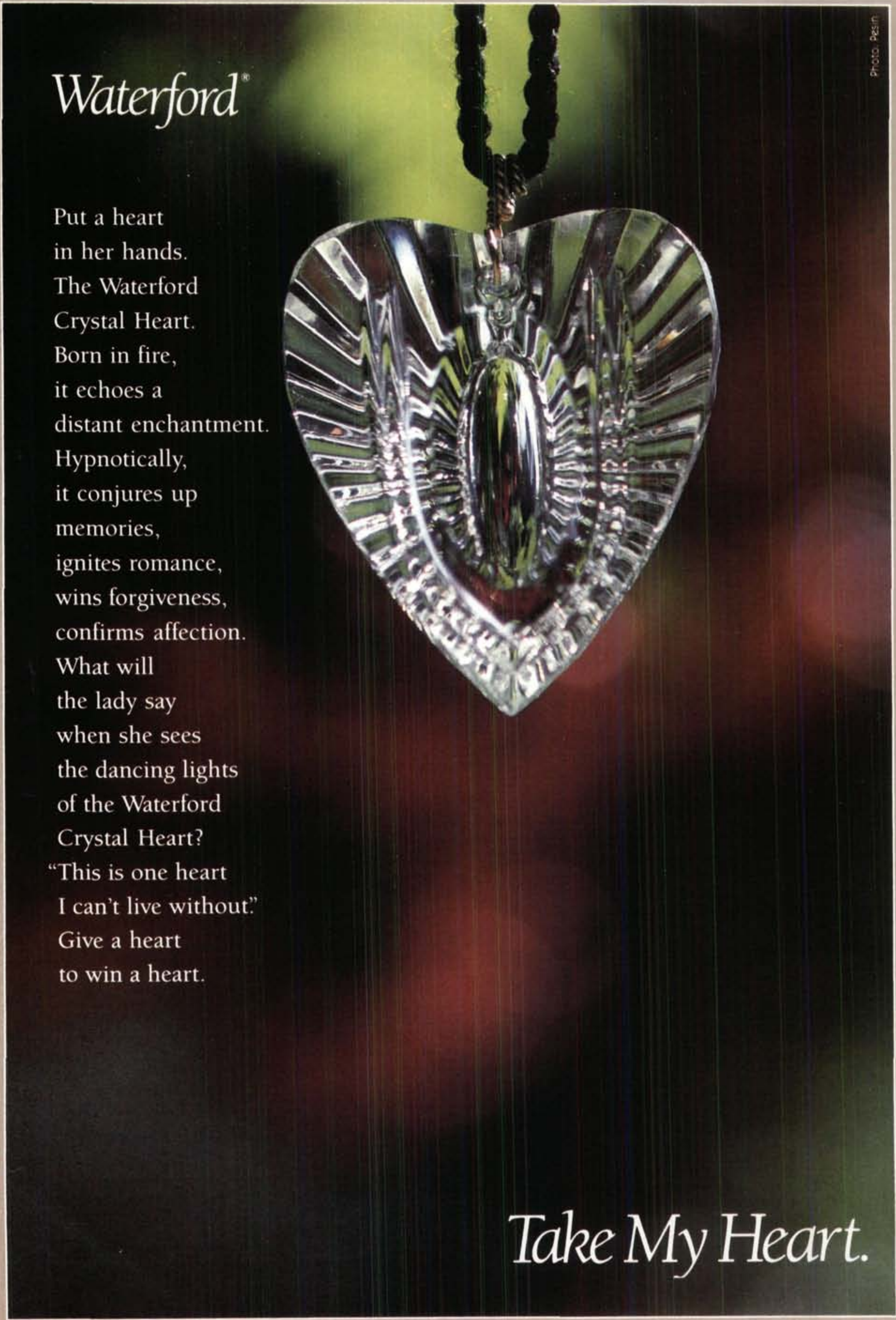

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy lend their mingled charms and strengths to a vehicle that without them would be unable to budge. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Moves on Tuesday, Jan. 8, to the Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St., 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Dancing in the End Zone—A play by Bill C. Davis, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. The principals are Pat Carroll, Dorothy Lyman, Laurence Luckinbill, and Matt Salinger. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 3. (Ritz, 225 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, John Glover, and Jim Piddock. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Jan. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—This exquisite piece uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymous Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Performing Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (12/10/84) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Jan. 4, at 7 and 9; and Friday, Jan. 11, at 8. Closes Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chic goans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sunda and Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.)

Haarlem Nocturne—A flashy and totally ine revue, which serves only to bring the Lat Quarter back into use. Grottoes on this sca are increasingly hard to find in our pinche for-space city. (12/3/84) (Latin Quarte Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesda through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Satu days at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:3 Special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 3.)

Home Front—A drama by James Duff, wi Carroll O'Connor and Frances Sternhage Michael Attenborough is the director. Ope Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Royale, 242 W. 45th S 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant co edy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood very well performed under Mike Nichol dynamic direction. With John Rubinstei Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anto Jerry Stiller, Alison Bartlett, and Harr Laskawy. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 24 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Sa urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sa urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Mary Bet Peil in a new production of the Rodgers an Hammerstein musical. Previews through Sa urday, Jan. 5. Opens officially on Monda Jan. 7, at 6:30. (Broadway Theatre, Broa

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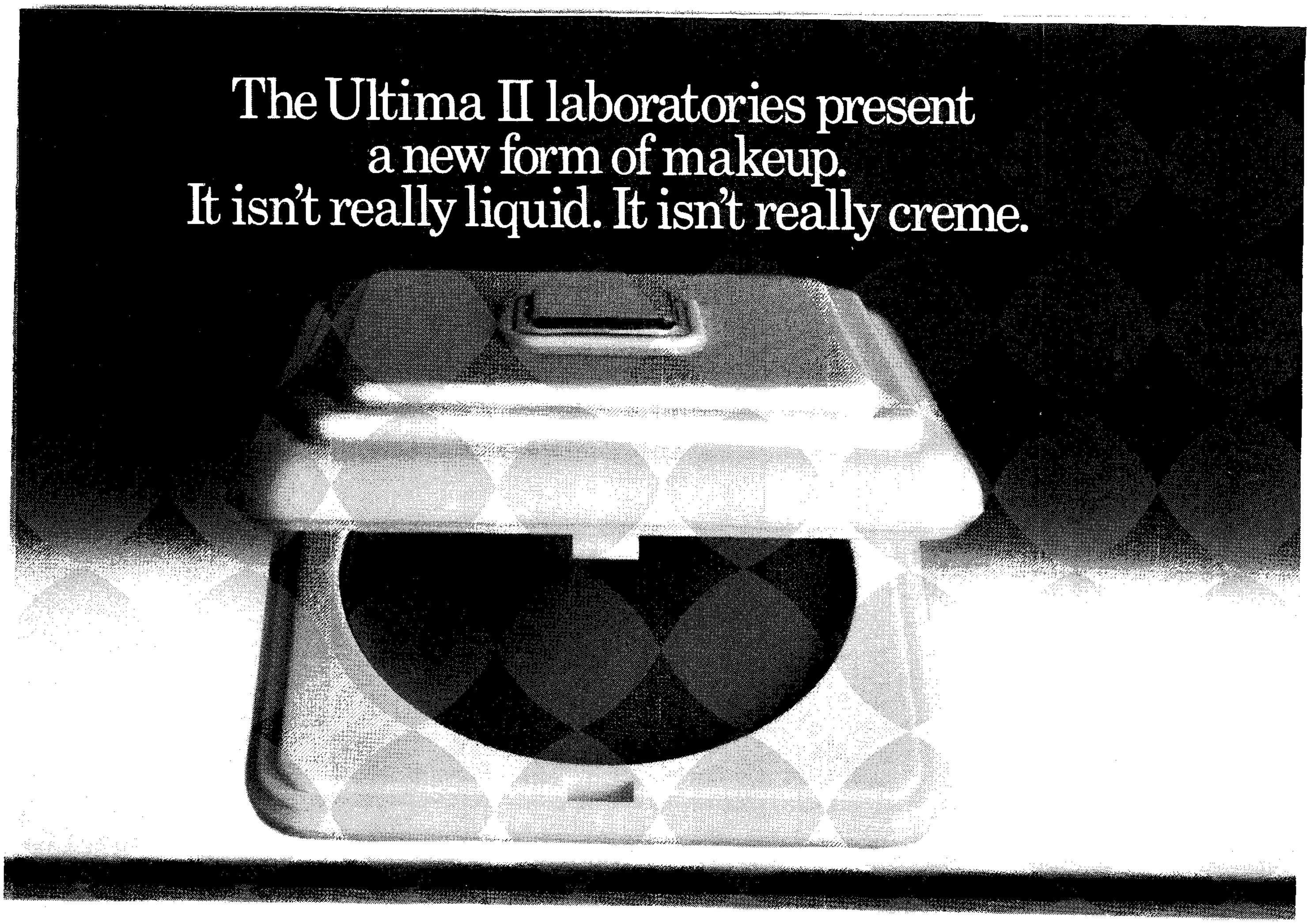
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A musical, **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI,** adapted from two O. Henry short stories, is the second in this season's series of four productions. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 13: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Messiah—A play by Martin Sherman. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 13.)

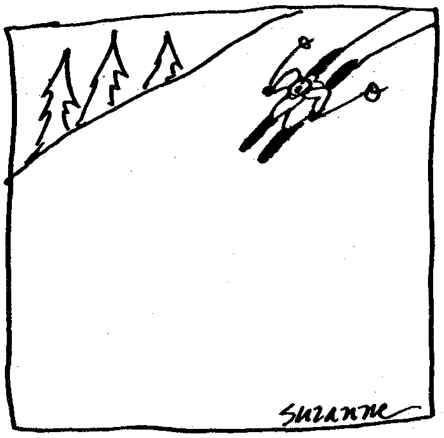
The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** An overinflated version of the sentimental old melodrama by Edmond Rostand which comes within an ace of killing it in an attempt to make it seem young again. Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Jan. 3, and Friday, Jan. 11, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 and 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** The R.S.C. is understandably on easy terms with the Bard, and this production of the wittiest of his comedies is well worth seeing. With Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3; Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, who are portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Keith Michell and George Hearn. Starting Monday, Jan. 7, Van Johnson will replace Mr. Michell. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,272 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well.
Frances Fisher and David Andrews have
leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Doug
Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tu
days through Fridays, except Wednesd
Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and S
days at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . 4
STREET: Once upon a time there was a si
wonderful Warner Brothers musical abou
young hoofer who goes on in place of a
abled star and herself becomes a star ov
night. The legitimate musical that has b
fashioned from the movie musical is just
silly but by no means as wonderful. (Ma
tic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesd
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedn
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at
. . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production
Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful
always witty comedy about a pair of fem
"best friends" at age twenty-eight, a
especially about the trials of one of the
Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Ch
topher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through F
days at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and S
days at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LIT**
SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corma
1960 horror quickie about a man-eati
plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is who
free of camp. The score is by Alan Menk
and Howard Ashman directed and wrote
book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson design
the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Seco
Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throu
Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and
Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE A**
ONLY: A joyous keepsake of Gershwin son
neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stc
and Timothy S. Mayer. Sandy Duncan a
Don Correia head the cast. (St. James, 2
W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through S
urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and S
urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES O**
The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many
long year, written by a Martian named M
chael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47
St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
special matinée Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.) .
OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketch
that purport to give us a refreshing view
sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 75
7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Satu
days at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Ma
nées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A ve
funny and yet unnerving comedy by T
Stoppard. The cast is headed by Jeremy Iro
and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45
St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays
8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:**
attractive cast does much to brighten what
otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about
black family making good. (Minskoff, 45
St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at
. . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—hum
ous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harv
Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th
944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
special matinée Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:30.)

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no effort to turn a pretty woman into a tig
or to escape from a locked trunk or to wal
unscathed through a plate-glass mirro
(Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-920
Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; Thurs
day and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 8; Saturday
Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 6
at 3; Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 7:30
Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, a
7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 an
7:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—Final performances o
the annual Christmas show. (Sixth Ave. a
50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 2:30, and Friday throug
Sunday, Jan. 4-6, and Tuesday through
Thursday, Jan. 8-10, all at 2:30 and 7:30.)

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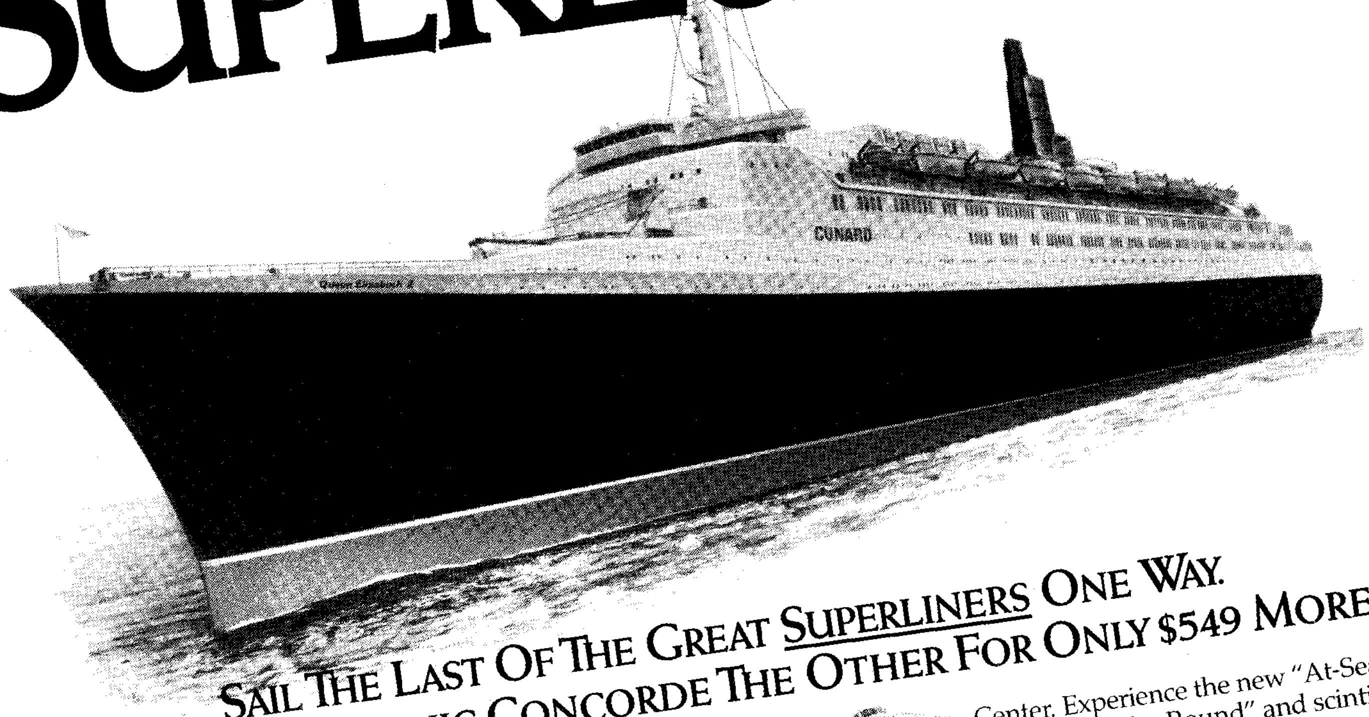

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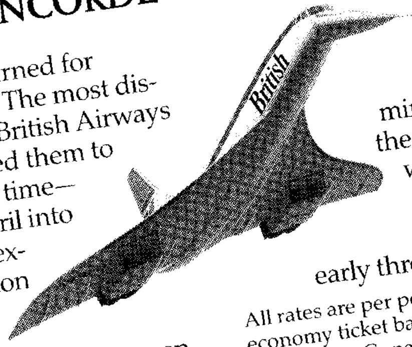

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Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Issue? I Don't Even Know You—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 6; Friday, Jan. 4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 1 and 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Ballade," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Agon," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "Réjouissance." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Agon," "Réjouissance," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "The Four Temperaments," "Antique Epigraphs," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre—*A program of* mostly new works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 8-12, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Mazowsze—A company of Polish folk dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 9-11, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors *live complicated lives* that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, works from a wonderful, convincing repertoire of Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter, Coward, and the Gershwins through Saturday, Jan. 5, in the Oak Room. On Tuesday, Jan. 8, yet another singer, **ANNIE ROSS,** will take charge. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, *216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.* (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Pianist **JIM MC NEELY** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, singer **DAKOTA STATON** works with her backup guys. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Composer and pianist **CHICK COREA** winds up a rare week in a New York club on Sunday, Jan. 6; Monday, Jan. 7, will belong to LaVerne Butler and Amy Duncan; and on Tuesday, Jan. 8, longtime tenor-sax colleagues **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN** will arrive with their band. On Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 5-6, at three and six, singer and guitarist **GEORGE BENSON** will perform in benefit concerts. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** *conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions* every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, the Uncle Floyd Show; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 6-7, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S CONSTELLATION,** which will feature **AIRTO** on percussion and **STANLEY TURRENTINE** on tenor saxophone. Shows

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Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Jan. 5, and **STEVE KUHN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** beginning Monday, Jan. 7. Sundays *are the property of* **CEDAR WALTON** *and* **DAVID WILLIAMS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has moved into the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play *for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine* to one. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **HANK JONES** has landed in the Bemelmans Bar where he plays from nine every night but Sunday.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music *from long after nine-thirty.*

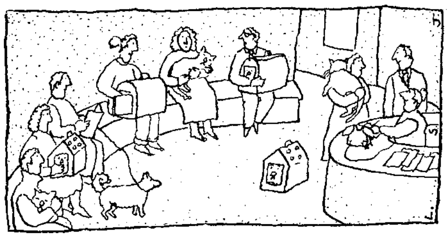
Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**TITO PUENTE** and his Latin-jazz outfit perform through Sunday, Jan. 6, and on Tuesday, Jan. 8, **JAY MC SHANN,** Kansas City pianist, blues singer, and delight, will come in with a quartet. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday *be found in* the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, Jan. 3, a benefit *for Broadside Magazine; Friday, Jan. 4, Vermont folkie* **MICHAEL HURLEY;** Sunday, Jan. 6, the Blue Jays, Pat DiNizio, Palmer & Bragg, and Mama Crawdad; Wednesday, Jan. 9, the Last Round Up, Ben Vaughn, and Roscoe's Gang; Friday, Jan. 11, **ERIC ANDERSEN** and David Massengill; and Saturday, Jan. 12, Frank Christian. Mondays are hootenanny *nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and* eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Alicia Sherman sings with her backing crew; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano, with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; *and Tues*days are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the *West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.)* **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride-piano specialist, is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays belong to Jane Jarvis, and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.



Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and fo French tourists. The music is usually goo solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and i starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday an Thursday, Jan. 2-3, and Sunday, Jan. 6, it' three-fifths of the old The Band, **RICK DANKO** **RICHARD MANUEL,** and **GARTH HUDSON;** Monda and Tuesday, Jan. 7-8, Jesse Colin Young & the Youngbloods; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10, singer and songwriter **PHOEB** **SNOW.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St (228-3788)—Pianist and composer **MC CO** **TYNER,** intense, rhythmic, and influential, i *here with his band Tuesdays through Sun*days. Monday's music is made by **TOSHIK** **AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featurin **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and a nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAY** **BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** perform a singing tribute, "Here's to the Ladies: Carolyn Leigh, Dorothy Fields, and Nancy Hamilton," Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty an eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the seventies and eighties, the coolest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The music: Thursday, Jan. 3, reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN,** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible, uplifting music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Jan. 2, **TODD RUNDGREN;** Thursday, Jan. 10, Frankie Paul. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-*floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice* view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 2, pianist Harry Whitaker, bassist Alex Blake, and drummer Victor Lewis; Thursday, Jan. 3, organist Lonnie Smith; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY;** and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** *trumpeter* **TERENCE BLANCHARD,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Tuesdays are given over to **JERRY GONZALEZ & THE FORT APACHE BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Jan. 2, Frank Ferrucci; Thursday, Jan. 3, **MIKATA;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, Jan. 6, Janet Grice; Wednesday, Jan. 9, pianist **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, Jan. 10, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** is present with his group until Sunday, Jan. 6, *and on* Tuesday, Jan. 8, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** will begin leading his **OCTET,** one of *the* jazz bands of the eighties. Mondays are given over to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Jan. 7, pianist **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND,** Israel "La Verdad," and guest jazz soloist **HILTON RUIZ** will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot piano-bass duos after nine-thirty: pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and a bassist through Sunday, Jan. 6, and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON** starting Tuesday, Jan. 8. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and his quartet are, too, through Sunday, Jan. 6; then, on Tuesday, Jan. 8, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET,** which usually involves pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and flutist **FRANK WESS,** will move down the stairs. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing, partly Latin-jazz, partly funky music. Drummer **WALTER BOLDEN'S** band can be heard through Sunday, Jan. 6; Monday, Jan. 7, will belong to Shelton Gary; and on Tuesday, Jan. 8, pianist **JOE ALBANY** will arrive with a quintet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The music schedule: bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts through Saturday, Jan. 5, and on Monday, Jan. 7; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sunday, Jan. 6; and pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** beginning Tuesday, Jan. 8. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Ann Reinking—In a performance entitled "Music Moves Me." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Highlights in Jazz—Odetta, Chris Connor, and Emily Remler. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Doc Cheatham—With Johnny Guarnieri. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

Kool & the Gang—Two benefit performances. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Jan. 7, and Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Scott John and Musicians—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 7-8, at 8.

Henry Threadgill—With Bob Stewart, Akua Dixon, Leroy Jenkins, and Ali Akbar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Peter Gordon / Love of Life Orchestra—La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 7:30.

Jerome Cooper—With Rashied Ali and Glen Velez. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Jazz Films—David Chertok presenting film clips of Cannonball Adderley, Art Blakey, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Eric Dolphy, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, and Wayne Shorter. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Walter Koenigstein—Graphite drawings on paper and aluminum. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Still-lifes and seascapes in

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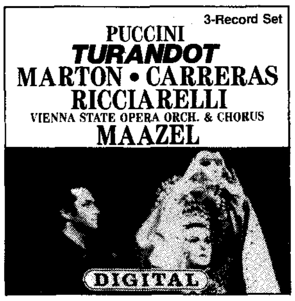

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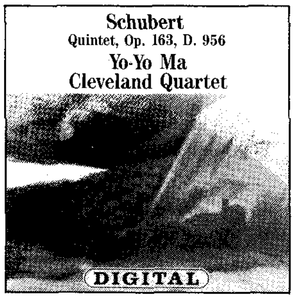

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oil, plus jewelry designed by the artist with Bessie Jamieson. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Michael Mazur—New landscape paintings, plus preparatory studies, of winter in Cambridge and summer on Cape Cod. Through Jan. 19. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Teddy Millington-Drake—Crisply executed charcoal-and-watercolor drawings of the Greek island of Patmos, and of interiors of the artist's home there. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Kevin Moss—Oil paintings that catch the particular light of Manhattan at dusk and at dawn. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

J. J. Sempé—A generous sampling of droll drawings and watercolors. Through Jan. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Jan. 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

New Forms of Figuration—A two-part show of Neo-Expressionist works by twenty artists from twelve countries in the Americas; among the better-known names are Luis Cruz Azaceta, Luis Frangella, and Jorge Salazar. Through Jan. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **hoffeld,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Europeans and Americans, such as Baselitz, Guston, and Morley. Through Jan. 31. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Picasso, Matisse, Léger, and Modigliani are among the twenty-odd artists whose smaller works are being exhibited at present. Through Feb. 2. . . . **steinbaum,** 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: An invitational exhibit of sets and costumes for seven plays, designed by artists who had little experience in this area. Peter Campus did the sets and Judith Shea did the costumes for "Rhinoceros;" Robert Kushner did both tasks for "Façade." Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Digby—Shapes of birds and animals are cut out of nineteenth-century prints in this group of collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A series of paintings entitled "Mires" (sightings); several were seen this past summer at the Venice Biennale. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Expressionist paintings and drawings. / Photographic portraits of Charles Atlas, James Brown, Mae West, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Thirty-five paintings, notably some early Cubist works. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Michael Luchs—Figures of rabbits can be made out in these sizable works, done on a surface of duct tape that is patched together, painted, and then scratched, gouged, burned, and generally savaged. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Recent landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—An inventory of his welded-steel wall reliefs, and two free-standing sculptures in the same material. Through Jan. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: New works—small still-lifes by Donald Sultan, in which a single lemon (or a plate of figs or pears or asparagus) stands out on a black tar ground; a huge canvas by Enzo Cucchi, in which a lonely chair is exposed in a wasteland; and four mainstream canvases by Robert Rauschenberg. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **de nagy,** 41 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Emily Cheng, Craig Fisher, Ralph Gionta, and Kenneth Wahl. Through Jan. 17. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Alienation is the over-all theme of works by nine artists, among them Richard Bosman, Sue Coe, and Arthur Gonzalez. Through Friday, Jan. 11. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Balthus, Giacometti, Morandi, others. Through Jan. 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Various works that have plastic products as their principal component. Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Stephen Greene, Judy Pfaff, others. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69)—Oil paintings (seen in New York for the first time) and drawings in mixed mediums, by an abstractionist. Through Jan. 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Gretna Campbell—A new group of Maine landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Gavin Chilcott—Paintings by a New Zealand artist who reduces his subjects to boxlike forms, and in one case has two of them boxing in a ring. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Gary Hall—New paintings, each showing a tiny figure climbing up a sheer cliff of ice. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Grace Knowlton—Two shows by the sculptor-photographer. Spheres, ranging from pit-fired ceramic ones nearly three feet in diameter, with seared, ruptured surfaces that arouse anti-nuke feelings, to an oil-stick drawing of a somewhat enlarged blob of inflated bubble gum. (Twining, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Silver and platinum prints that continue her series of photographs of architectural corners. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.) Both through Jan. 26.

John Okulick—Wall sculptures of spirals and ellipses that are painted in metallic blacks, silvers, golds, and mauves. Through Jan. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Edward Pramuk—Paintings and drawings depicting Circe in the landscape of southern Louisiana. The artist teaches at Louisiana State University. Through Jan. 16. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Kenny Scharf—Heroic canvases, done in oils and spray-can paint, that seem to apotheosize Cracker Jack prizes, plus a 1961 Cadillac gaudily decorated down to its whitewalls. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Russ Warren—Paintings of highly stylized figures seen in tableaux—horsemen, dancers, a burial party. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman,** 121 Spring St.: Assorted drawings by Lissitzky, Schwitters, Rothko, and such contemporary artists as Anselm Kiefer and Italo Scanga. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **prince street gallery,** 121 Wooster St.: A salon-style hanging of abc seventy-five paintings, drawings, and scul tures by a long list of artists which runs frc Marjorie Abramson to Alice Zinnes. Throu Jan. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Su days, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . **sperone westwater,** 142 Greene St.: St another wave of young Italian painters, the a few years junior to Clemente, Cucchi, ai Chia. They are Domenico Bianchi, Bru *Ceccobelli, Gianni Dessi, and Giuseppe Gal* and their paintings are big and bold. Throu Jan. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Susan Hartnett—Colored drawings interpreti the forces of nature at work along the Huds and in Newfoundland. Through Saturda Jan. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just sou of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Roberto Pace—Large abstract canvases by young Roman artist with a bent for lumino earth colors. Through Tuesday, Jan. 8. (Al 32 W. 20th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—A collection of paintings da ing from the thirties through the seventies watermelons, birds, dogs baying at the moo and a man with a strawberry ice-cream con Through Jan. 31. (Martin, 213 E. 49th S Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

O. Winston Link and Harold Edgerton—Prin whose subjects are illuminated by, in the fir instance, a synchronized flash or, in tl second, a stroboscope, which Edgerton i vented. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Pac MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles Traub / Garry Winogrand (1928-84)-Color photographs. / Black-and-white prin from four different series. (Light, 724 Fift Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Zabriskie, upstair has a show of Mr. Winogrand's photograpl from the series "Women Are Beautiful." A through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Zabriskie is ope Mondays.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fift Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more tha seventy *Life* photojournalists, including Ma garet Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, an Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particula assignments between 1946 and 195 Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, wit no admission charge after 5; Wednesday through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays an Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.– The first large-scale exhibit of Maori triba artifacts to leave New Zealand consists c close to two hundred objects, such as hous posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculp tures. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Th John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chines paintings and calligraphy is being shown i two parts, this first part containing abou eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, albur leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Th Costume Institute's show of equestrian attir and tack-room art. Uniforms, sportswear saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures *(Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues* days through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, an Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who diec last June. Through Feb. 12. A complementary show is at the Brooklyn Museum . . . ¶ "Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

ROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of thirty works on paper by Lee Krasner which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Margaret Mead Hall of Pacific Peoples, a permanent exhibit, contains 1,488 artifacts, some three hundred collected by Dr. Mead herself, ranging from Balinese shadow puppets to a Maori storehouse. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books and newspapers, as magazine covers, and as posters. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Sunday, Jan 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. Through March 15. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Photographs, works on paper, and videotapes that present artists' views on sex stereotypes in popular culture. Barbara Kruger, Victor Burgin, and Jeff Wall are among those represented. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection

MONDAY JANUARY 14th AT 9 PM
On Public Television. Check Your Local Listings.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

If Gabriel Grimes knows the way to heaven, why is he putting his son through hell?

Starring
James Bond III, Olivia Cole,
Rosalind Cash, Ruby Dee, Linda Hopkins,
Paul Winfield and Alfre Woodard.

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which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," presented to Thomas De Quincey, *is a letter from* Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 2: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; conducted by Jeffrey Tate.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 3: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 4: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, *Sherrill Milnes, and* Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 5: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, William Cochran, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 5: "Così Fan Tutte," *with* Carol Vaness, Gail Dubinbaum, Philip Langridge, and Brian Schexnayder; Jeffrey Tate.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 7: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Elizabeth Connell, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Gail Dubinbaum, Philip Langridge, and Brian Schexnayder; Jeffrey Tate.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, James King, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Gail Dubinbaum, Philip Langridge, and Brian Schexnayder; Jeffrey Tate.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 12: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Elizabeth Connell, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, James King, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—Two performances of "Herod" and "Slaughter of the Innocents," both medieval music dramas. Staged by and conducted by Paul C. Echols. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30: A Schumann–Sofia Gubaidulina program, with Gidon Kremer, violin.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8; Friday, Jan. 11, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30: A Webern–Richard Strauss–Elgar program, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Bruch-Bruckner program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello, and Tobias Picker, pianist-composer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Kenneth Jean conducting a program of baroque music, with Alexander Markov, violin, and Randall Ellis, oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Julius Rudel conducting an all-Wagner program with Susan Dunn, soprano; Warren Ellsworth, tenor; and William Wildermann, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Judith Caldwell, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Seth McCoy, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of sacred music, with the Florilegium Chamber Choir. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A program performed by the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, *Jan. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5.)*

Quartetto Guglielmi—A baroque string quartet making its first appearance here. With Trudy Ellen Craney, soprano, and Onorio Zaralli, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—The Juilliard String Quartet and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

For the Love of Music—The third in a series of six programs of chamber music, this one a Dvořák-Wuorinen-Schumann program, performed by Ida Kavafian, Richard Sortomme, and Carol Webb, all violin; Warren Lash, cello; and Jeffrey Swann, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

Weilerstein Duo—Music for violin and piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Gabriel Chodos—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Music Spectrum—A program called "The Second Viennese School and Its Romantic Roots," with Boris Berman, piano; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Richard Lalli, baritone; and the Mendelssohn String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Edward Aldwell—Piano, in the second of four concerts, presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier," in honor of the tercentenary *of the composer's birth.* (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

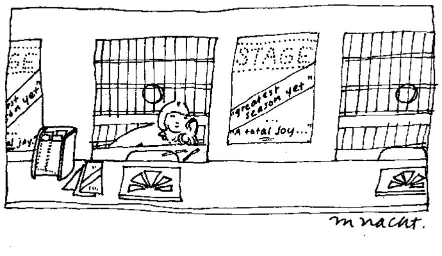
Concert Royal—An all-Bach program, with James Richman, harpsichord; Sandra Miller, flauto traverso; John Abberger, baroque oboe; *Ann Monoyios, soprano;* and Drew Minter, countertenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

National Association of Composers, U.S.A.—A program of music by various composers, among them Gail Kubik, Arthur Foote, and *Max Lifchitz, performed by John Wien, flute;* Elizabeth Poore, soprano; the Hampshire String Quartet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 8-9, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of music by Vittorio Rieti. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Dennis Koster—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-325



Nicolae Herlea, Viorica Cortez, Octavia Naghiu, and Eugen Sarbu—Baritone, mez soprano, tenor, and violin. (Alice Tully Ha 362-1911. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Leonard Hindell—Bassoon, with assisti artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraha Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Trio Chanteclaire—A program of vocal and i strumental Christmas music. (St. Michae Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8. For informati about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia and Robe Beaser conducting a program called "*Evening of Music for Instruments and Ele tronic Sounds.*" (Great Hall, Cooper Unio Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 9, 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the co cert.)

Harvey Phillips—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Ha Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Samuel Rhodes—Viola, in the first of three a Hindemith concerts, this one with Robe MacDonald, piano, and Donald MacCour heckelphone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Satu day, Jan. 12, at 2.)

Charles Robert Stephens—Baritone, in a progra of art songs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexingt Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 5. F information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (Kaufmann Conce Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Washington Irvin High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturda Jan. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Memorial Concert for Fortunato Arico—Pa ticipants will include Charles Bressler, teno John Hsu, viola da gamba; and Robe White, tenor. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3. No ticke necessary.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Squar Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUAR GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Monda Jan. 7, at 8.... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS AREN** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Boston, Wednes day, Jan. 2.... ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Frida Jan. 4.... ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Ja 11. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers v Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Jan. 2, a 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Sunday, Jan 6, at 7:35.... **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders v Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Jan. 5, a 7:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders v Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 12, a 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS AREN** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Vancouver Ca nucks, Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:35.... ¶ Devil vs. Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Jan. 5, a 1:35.... ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday Jan. 10, at 7:35.... ¶ Devils vs. Washingto Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays and Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 12:30. The Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 5, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 12.

Tennis—Volvo Masters: Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 8-9, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 12:30; and Sunday, Jan. 13 [finals], at 12:30.)

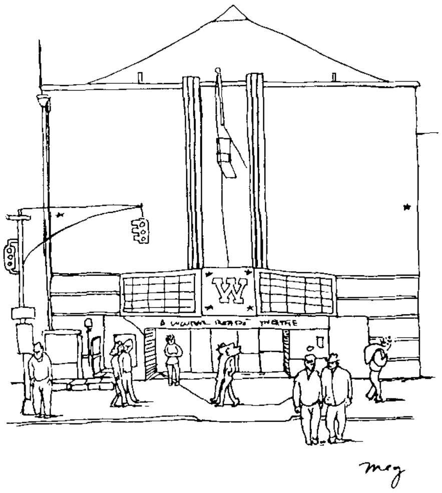
Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12.... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Jan. 10, through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Elizabeth Hardwick and Padgett Powell reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ned Rorem reading from his own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

ttle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Oedipus Rex" (1967; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

t. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 3: "Country" (†) and "Splash" (†).
Jan. 4-10: "Body Double" (†); and "The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.
From Jan. 11: To be announced.

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Dune" (†).

oews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

4th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

utton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

otham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

laza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

anhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 3: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Jan. 4: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 8: "The Claw and the Tooth" (1970; directed by François Bel and Gérard Vienne), a documentary. From Jan. 9: "The Plague Dogs" (1983; Martin Rosen), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 8: "The Sun's Burial" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). From Jan. 9: "Night and Fog in Japan" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 10: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Jan. 11: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chereau; in French).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 3: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris. From Jan. 4: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 4: "Places in the Heart" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 8: "Pinocchio" (†). From Jan. 9: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand).
Theatre 2: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 3: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
A thirteen-day festival of French comedies.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 4: "Dune" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 5: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Pinocchio" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Falling in Love" (†).
Theatre 3: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Dune" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 3: "Runaway" (Mi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Jan. 4: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 3: "Death in Venice" (1971; directed by Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Jan. 4: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.

Jan. 5: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka; and "David Copperfield" (1935; George Cukor), with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, and Freddie Bartholomew.

Jan. 6: "El Norte" (†).

Jan. 7-8: "Utu" (†).

Jan. 9-10: "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini.

From Jan. 11: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 3: "Memoirs" (Bachar Chbib).

Jan. 4-10: "Kamikaze '89" (1983; Wolf Gremm), with Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and two David Lynch short films.

From Jan. 11: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Jan. 10: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.

From Jan. 11: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 3: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Jan. 4-5: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Jan. 6-8: "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest; and "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).

Jan. 9-10: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.

Jan. 11-12: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Jan. 2: "Android" (1984; Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski; and "The Last Starfighter" (1984; Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

Jan. 3-5: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Jan. 6-7: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Jan. 8-9: "El Norte" (†); and "To Begin Again" (1983; José Luis Garci; in Spanish).

Jan. 10-12: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†).

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Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Jan. 3. "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

Jan. 4-5: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Fulton MacKay.

Jan. 6: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†); and "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (1984; Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner, DeForest Kelley, and Nimoy.

Jan. 7-8: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.

Jan. 9-10: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.

Jan. 11-12: "Sudden Impact" (†); and "Never Say Never Again" (1983; Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Jan. 2: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Ward Bond, Vera Miles, Natalie Wood, and Jeffrey Hunter.

Jan. 3: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

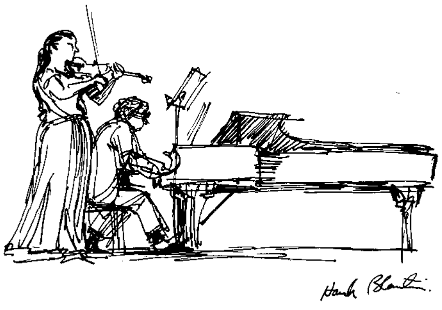
Jan. 4: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe and Danielle Darrieux.

Jan. 5: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.

Jan. 6: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

Jan. 7: "Through a Glass Darkly" (†) and "Hour of the Wolf" (†).

Jan. 8: "The Natural" (1984; Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford, Robert Duvall, and Glenn Close; and "The Great Gatsby (1974 †).



Jan. 9: "Last Night at the Alamo" (198 Eagle Pennell); and "The Whole Shootin Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lo Berry and Sonny Davis.

Jan. 10: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werne Herzog; in German); and "Stroszek" (†).

From Jan. 11: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 5: "Seven Brides for Seve Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), wit Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards; and "The Wizard of Oz" (193 Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Ber Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jac Haley.

Jan. 6-7: "Lost Horizon" (†) and "The Goo Earth" (†).

Jan. 8-9: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, an Walter Matthau; and "Two for the Road (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

Jan. 10-12: "Private Lives" (†); and "Th Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 2: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott) with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, an Susan Sarandon; and "Repulsion" (1965 Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and Joh Fraser.

Jan. 3: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway and John Huston; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson) with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

Jan. 4: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula and Olivia Hamnett; and "Smash Palace (1982; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealan film), with Bruno Lawrence and Ann Jemison.

Jan. 5: "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarl Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Jan. 6: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Jan. 7: "Woman in the Dunes" (†) and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (†).

Jan. 8: "Wild Style" (1983; Charlie Ahearn); and "Super Fly" (†).

Jan. 9: "The Tenant" (†); and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

Jan. 10: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Ulysses" (†).

Jan. 11: "Supervixens" (1975; Russ Meyer); and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969; Russ Meyer), with Anne Chapman.

Jan. 12: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 2: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Jan. 3: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

Jan. 4-5: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

Jan. 6: "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Bicycle Thief" (†).

Jan. 7: "Diabolique" (†); and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Jan. 8: "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Johnny Guitar" (†).

Jan. 9: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929; Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall; and "The Hollywood Revue" (1929; Charles Reisner), with Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny.

Jan. 10: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Shayne.

Jan. 11-12: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Painted Boats" (1945; directed by Charles Crichton), with Jenny Laird and Bill Blewitt. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6 and Jan. 4 at 2:30: "The Halfway House" (1944; Basil Dearden), with Françoise Rosay, Mervyn Johns, Glynis Johns, and Tom Walls. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "The Bells Go Down" (1943; Basil Dearden), with Tommy Trinder and James Mason. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "The Loves of Joanna Godden" (1947; Charles Frend), with Googie Withers, Jean Kent, John McCallum, and Derek Bond. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5: "Saraband for Dead Lovers" (1948; Basil Dearden), with Stewart Granger, Joan Greenwood, Flora Robson, and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "Whisky Galore!" ("Tight Little Island;" 1949; Alexander Mackendrick), with Basil Radford and Bruce Seton. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5: "It Always Rains on Sunday" (1947; Robert Hamer), with Googie Withers, Edward Chapman, and John McCallum. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "The Bells Go Down." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6 and Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Johnny Frenchman" (1945; Charles Frend), with Françoise Rosay, Tom Walls, and Patricia Roc. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "Whisky Galore!" . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "The Loves of Joanna Godden." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "Saraband for Dead Lovers." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "The Captive Heart" (1946; Basil Dearden), with Michael Redgrave and Mervyn Johns. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "It Always Rains on Sunday." . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2: "Pool of London" (1951; Basil Dearden), with Bonar Colleano and Susan Shaw. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5: "The Captive Heart."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 3 at 3 and 6:30: "The Work I've Done" (1983; Ken Fink), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 3: "The Image of Dorian Gray in the Yellow Press" (1984; Ulrike Ottinger; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6:30: "Horror Vacui" (1984; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles), with Lotti Huber. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Room 666" (1984; Wim Wenders; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30 and Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Edith's Diary" (1984; Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with James Mason, Shelley Winters, Sue Lyon, and Peter Sellers. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "The Adventure of Prince Achmed" (1926; Lotte Reiniger; a German silent film, with English subtitles), an animated film. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 3 and 6:30: "The Fall of the I Hotel" (1983; Curtis Choy), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 3: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Aznavour. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6:30: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Young in Heart" (1938; Richard Wallace), with Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30: "Shoot the Piano Player."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot—Eddie Murphy is a Detroit cop who takes a vacation to go to Beverly Hills and hunt down the men who killed his best friend—is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Yelling and fast-talking, and hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. There are a few likable, unforced funny scenes with Judge Reinhold as a credulous, velvet-voiced cop, Stephen Elliott as the police chief, and Bronson Pinchot as Serge. Also with Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Paul Reiser, Lisa Eilbacher, James Russo, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest from a lame script by Daniel Petrie, Jr. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—The story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, encompassing much more than the realistic method leads you to expect. And the richness and the enigmas sneak up on you. This neo-realist classic, directed by Vittorio De Sica and written by Cesare Zavattini, is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. It isn't a movie that warms you, though; it doesn't have the flawed poetry that De Sica's "Shoe-Shine" and "Miracle in Milan" have. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a prono star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 4-10.)

Choose Me—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way—it seems to be set in a poet's dream of a red-light district. Teddy Pendergrass is on the soundtrack, and the entire movie has a lilting, loose choreographic flow. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. Also with John Larroquette, Edward Ruscha, and Patrick Bauchau as the brutal racketeer. The swoony cinematography is by Jan Kiesser. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

The Cotton Club—With Richard Gere and Gregory Hines, directed by Francis Coppola. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

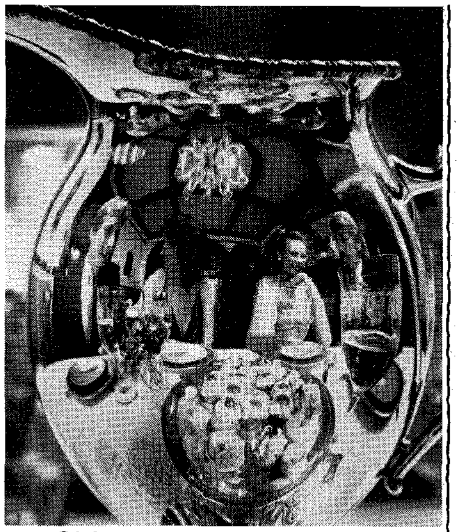
Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 7.)

Dune—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Basically, this isn't a David Lynch movie—it's "Dune." He lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. And he brings on the giant man-eating worms that produce the consciousness-altering spice that holds this universe together. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. And despite the care that has gone into the sets and costumes and the staging, the editing rhythms are limp and choppy. Lynch's best work is in the comedy scenes that involve Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Linda Hunt, Leonardo Cimino, and the creepy eight-year-old Alicia Roanne Witt. The cast includes Sian Phillips, Max von Sydow, Francesca Annis, José Ferrer, Freddie Jones, Richard Jordan, Virginia Madsen, Everett McGill, Dean Stockwell, Sean Young, Silvano Mangano, Jürgen Prochnow, Paul L. Smith, Jack Nance (of "Eraserhead"), and Kyle MacLachlan as the warrior messiah. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; production design by Anthony Masters; and creatures by Carlo Rambaldi. (12/24/84) (Murray Hill, Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Falling in Love—A piece of big-star packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep play two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become empty. The picture had been called an eighties "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Directed By Ulu Grosbard. With Jane Kaczmarek, Harvey Keitel, George Martin, Dianne Wiest, and David Clennon. (12/10/84) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy.)

The Good Earth (1937)—Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held



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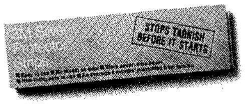

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in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her monotonous yet affecting performance as the stoic O-Lan, the wife of the peasant Wang (Paul Muni); during the looting of a manor house, she picks up the jewels that raise the family out of starvation into prosperity. But Wang, spoiled by wealth, loses contact with the good earth; he becomes infatuated with Lotus the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling) and takes her as his second wife, and his lust almost destroys the family. The locust plague brings him to his senses. It's a sermon melodrama—a glorification of the passive, selfless, suffering mother O-Lan. (There isn't a shred of sympathy for Lotus, who is bought and sold.) The film is as predictable as an Andy Hardy picture, but much more sober and much, much longer. With Walter Connolly, Charley Grapewin, Keye Luke, and Roland Lui. The first director, George Hill, who had supervised shooting the background footage in China, committed suicide, and the project was taken over by Sidney Franklin, who directed with his usual lack of imagination, individuality, and style. (Regency; Jan. 6-7.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 8.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. This was Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—The Western stood on its head, with Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge as the enemies shooting it out. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, from a script by Philip Yordan. With Sterling Hayden, Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine, and Scott Brady. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Cinema II, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his *charmingly cadenced manner*, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, and Thomas Mitchell. (Regency; Jan. 6-7.)

Mrs. Soffel—With Diane Keaton and Mel Gibson, directed by Gillian Armstrong. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; starting Jan. 4.)

The Mouse That Roared (1959)—This is the English comedy in which Peter Sellers made his first big impression on American moviegoers. It's about a minuscule mythical country, Grand Fenwick, that declares war on the United States, expecting to be quickly defeated and thus eligible for the cash benefits of rehabilitation. The film abandons its small, amusing idea and goes off on a wearying tangent about a scientist (David Kossoff) with a big bomb and an ingénue daughter (Jean Seberg), but it was hugely and inexplicably popular. Leo McKern and William Hartnell are in the cast. Jack Arnold directed. (Thalia; Jan. 12.)

El Norte (1983)—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 8-9.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day in 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 10-12.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Jan. 8.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and somehow, in its own terms, it works. This M-G-M version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. Directed by Sidney Franklin. With Reginald Denny, Una Merkel, and, in a role added in the film, Jean Hersholt. (Regency; Jan. 10-12.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, Guild and Embassy 72nd St.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, Candy is a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy, Bobby Di Cicco, Shecky Greene, and Dody Goodman. (3/19/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (1982)—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turns into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) encounters his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban). Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan—Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 6.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Sudden Impact (1983)—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time. The picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Sondra Locke, Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, and Bradford Dillman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 11-12.)

Super Fly (1972)—Gaudy black-exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Thalia; Jan. 8.)

The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, and he's a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Ulysses (1967)—No doubt the director, Joseph Strick, hoped for a great deal more, but the film he made is merely an act of homage to Joyce's novel in the form of readings from the book plus illustrated slides. On the soundtrack are the lines we want to hear, and it's good to be reminded of them, but they don't have the sensuality or the weight that they had in the novel; they're merely quotations from a classic—well selected and intelligently read. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, Barbara Jefford as Molly, and T. P. McKenna, Anna Manahan, and Maureen Potter. (Thalia; Jan. 10.)

Utu—Fresh and surprising. The New Zealander Geoff Murphy treats the conventions of the colonial-epic form with offhand audacity. Set in 1870, this movie about the relations between the Maori, the dark-skinned Polynesians who settled in New Zealand about a thousand years ago, and the British, who began to migrate there in the nineteenth century and became their rulers, centers on Te Wheke (Anzac Wallace), an English-speaking Maori scout with the British colonial forces. When his people are slaughtered, he feels the need to exact *utu*—the Maori word that means honor and includes ritualized revenge. Te Wheke becomes a guerrilla leader and runs his army as a parody of the white man's army; he and his guerrillas turn themselves into the Europeans' image of them as butchers and buffoons. Mimicry goes on at so many levels in this horror comedy of colonialism that the viewer may be laughing, exhilarated by constant discovery, yet be a little discombobulated and scared. Murphy throws you at the start and he keeps you in a state of suspension. He has an instinct for popular entertainment and a deracinated kind of hip lyricism. The film has sweep, yet it's singularly unpretentious—irony is turned into slapstick. Murphy and his co-writer, Keith Aberdein, keep skewering your expectations, bringing to the foreground and then another of the leading characters, played by Bruno Lawrence, Kelly Johnson, Wi Kuki Kaa, Tania Bristowe, and Ilona Rodgers. The score, written by John Charles, was recorded by a traditional Maori flutist and the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra; much of the film was shot in high country in wet weather, and the cinematographer, Graeme Cowley, shows you an Arcadian beauty that makes your head swim. (10/15/84) (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Jan. 7-8.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

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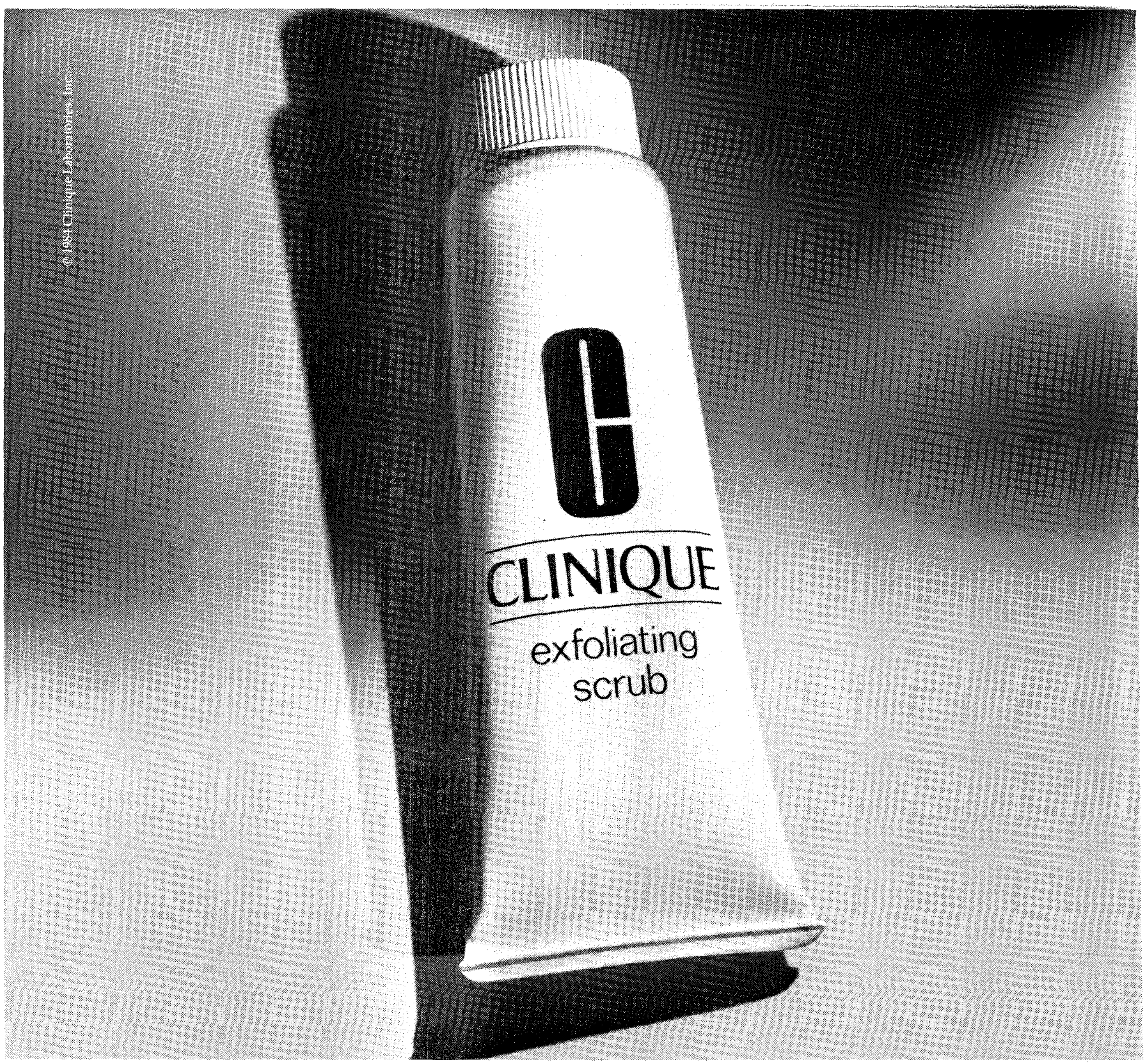

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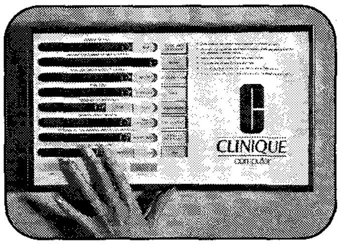

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

A little business called me to San Francisco a few weeks ago, about two hours' worth of business that I managed to work up into a full two-day itinerary so as to justify the long flight, and then I flew out a day early to attend to my real business, which was a drive across the Golden Gate Bridge, and over Mount Tamalpais, along a boulevard of eucalyptus trees, to Stinson Beach, a village where I've spent three weeks in the past seven years and which I wanted to see again. Stinson Beach looks out on the Pacific from the foot of a mountain, and for seven years I have been pacified by visions of it. When I lie down at night, and night thoughts crowd in around me, and I am about to get up and spend the night looking out the window, I imagine a bright spring morning in Stinson Beach: the sandy path from a rented cottage over the dune to the beach, and me walking barefoot, the sound of high surf—and by the time I spread a towel on the sand and lie down on it morning has come and I get up and take a shower. The path is no more than sixty yards long, through tall pampas grass and a patch of dark-green succulents and two little jungles of flower garden, and yet it has served me so well so many nights—a short hike from the cool, dim house to the sea which takes me into a sweet sleep—that I wanted to see it again and commit it more clearly to memory.

I flew to San Francisco in the morning, wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses I had broken the day before by making a sharp right-hand turn into an iron pillar at the office. The pillar had not been there earlier. A carpenter friend of mine had glued the break—on the bridge, between the eyes—and I didn't think about it all the flight west over the mountains, the drive north into the city, until I got to a room in a hotel on Nob Hill, sat on the bed, and took the glasses off, and they broke in my hand.

Without my glasses on, I see San Francisco as a few objects in the foreground of a vast Abstract Expressionist world, not so different from Omaha or San Jose in the same circumstance—the Bay might be a bay or it might be soybeans, the Berkeley hills might be a storm on the horizon. So I hiked down the hill toward Market Street, feeling a little ill from lack of focus, and found a stationery store and bought a bottle of super-glue, found a restaurant, and sat down and ordered a cup of coffee and got busy repairing my glasses.

The directions that come with the little plastic container give a person pause—especially a very nearsighted one. "Warning," they say. "BONDS SKIN INSTANTLY. CONTAINS CYANOACRYLATE ESTER. Avoid contact with skin and eyes. If eye or mouth contact occurs, hold eyelid or mouth open and flush with water only and GET MEDICAL ATTENTION. If finger bonding occurs, apply solvent."

In order to see what I was doing, I had to hold the glue dropper and the glasses pretty close to my eyes, and the thought of the warning made me a little shaky. I wondered if I had any sort of personal identification on me. ("S.F.P.D. SEEKS IDENTITY OF VOICELESS MYOPIC PERSON WHO GLUED OWN MOUTH AND FINGERS SHUT YESTERDAY.") I squeezed one drop of glue on the right spot, bonded the glasses, then, putting the cap on the dropper, got a little glue on two fingers and, for one horrific second, instinctively tried to rub the stuff off and *felt my fingers bond*, then pulled them apart at the last moment! And sat for a few minutes until I recovered from the shock. I didn't touch the cup of coffee.

I put the glue bottle in my pocket and the glasses on my face, and walked two blocks to Powell Street and caught a cable car heading up Nob Hill. I stood on the forward right-hand running board, holding on to a pole, and when the driver sang out "Hold it in on the right! Watch your back!" I leaned in toward an old woman sitting on the bench as we swept past a parked truck, its extended side-view mirror a few inches from my back.

The glasses held together for the drive across the Golden Gate and up

US MAIL
H. Martin

the mountain and along the coast. The highway is a roller-coaster of a road, with plenty of dramatic curves that hang on the mountainsides over sheer drops, and in the event of sudden glasses breakage I was going to plant one lens in my right eye, like Erich von Stroheim, and keep going, but I simply hugged the right shoulder, avoided looking at the ocean far below and the tops of tall trees in the valleys (I have a mild form of acrophobia, based on a belief that if you look down from a great height mysterious ground forces will pull you over the edge), and cruised down into Stinson Beach, past the Sand Dollar restaurant and Ed's Superette, and into the parking lot at the beach. I got out and walked. Everything was there, as I have remembered it so many times: the beach houses on pilings, the dunes, the surf and surfers, the cottage where I stayed (its shades pulled), and the magical path. I stood by the cottage and looked at it for a long time. I heard, faintly, in the nearby surf, some voices from old vacations, including the shouts of an eight-year-old boy who is now fifteen. The sun shone down, and as I walked slowly up the path and over the dune I felt sorrow and danger recede into the ocean and thought I'd like to lie down on the sand and take a nap.

I am back from San Francisco now, with a clear image of the path in my head: the greens are *really* green, the air smells of real salt water, soft sand is underfoot. I also have two little patches of dried super-glue on my right thumb and index finger, clinging to my skin with a tensile strength of up to five thousand pounds per square inch. The strength of a clear image of a path leading to the ocean cannot be expressed in pounds, but I estimate that mine should be good for another two or three years of ordinary use.

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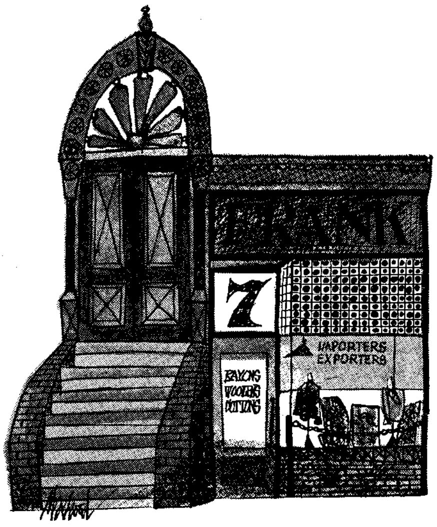
M. le Ministre

WE caught up with Jack Lang, who is France's Minister of Culture, just before he finished his official business on a recent three-day visit to the city. It was Saturday morning, and at the River Café, beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, M. Lang was posing against the Manhattan skyline for a cover photograph for *Paris Match*. The wind snapped canvas tarps on tugboats passing under the bridge, and their crews wore knit hats and thick gloves. On the restaurant's outdoor terrace, M. Lang cut a trim, glamorous figure. He wore a double-breasted tweed suit, a pink shirt with French cuffs, a black silk tie covered with large red dots, and amber wing tips over maroon socks, and he showed no sign of being cold. A mop of brown curls accented the sharp line of his nose, and everyone who watched the photo session, including the restaurant's piano tuner, a couple of waiters, and the driver of the Peugeot 505 borrowed by the French Embassy for the Minister's visit, thought the pictures would be great.

During the session, we looked over the schedule that M. Lang had followed since he arrived, on Thursday, via the Concorde. As a sample of his cultural activities, here is the first day's program: His flight landed at 8:45 A.M. He checked in at the French Consulate, on Fifth Avenue, and was whisked over to the *Times* for an interview with ten cultural editors and reporters. He lunched with Bernard Malamud, Susan Sontag, and other writers. He walked through the Metropolitan Museum's van Gogh exhibition. He stopped to see the film director Martin Scorsese, at a studio on Fifty-fourth Street. He met with Jack Valenti, the president of the Motion Picture Association of America. He represented his government at the opening of a French Film Festival—the main purpose of his trip—during which over a hundred French movies would be shown in about twenty-five weeks at the Festival Theatre, on Fifty-seventh Street. Then he went to a party at Regine's.

"In Paris," M. Lang told us, in English, after the session, "the day are much more busy. Anyway, thi trip is exciting. It is a change for m head."



At a table inside the restaurant, h sat down for coffee, and we aske what he would report about his trip t the President of France.

"I will tell him about my triump over sleeplessness," M. Lang replied in French, relying on a young ma from the Embassy to translate. "Fo the opening of the film festival, they showed 'Le Bon Plaisir,' which i a new movie starring Catherine Deneuve, and I sat next to her. I had no slept in two nights, so keeping awake was quite an achievement. The film helped, of course. But think what could have happened! 'Minister Falls Asleep on Shoulder of Star.' *Ce n'est pas bien!*"

We asked M. Lang how he got to be the French government's senior official for culture.

"My whole personal life has been identified with art," he said. "In the sixties—I was young at the time; I was a student—I founded the World Theatre Festival, in the French city of Nancy, and I've been involved with the arts ever since."

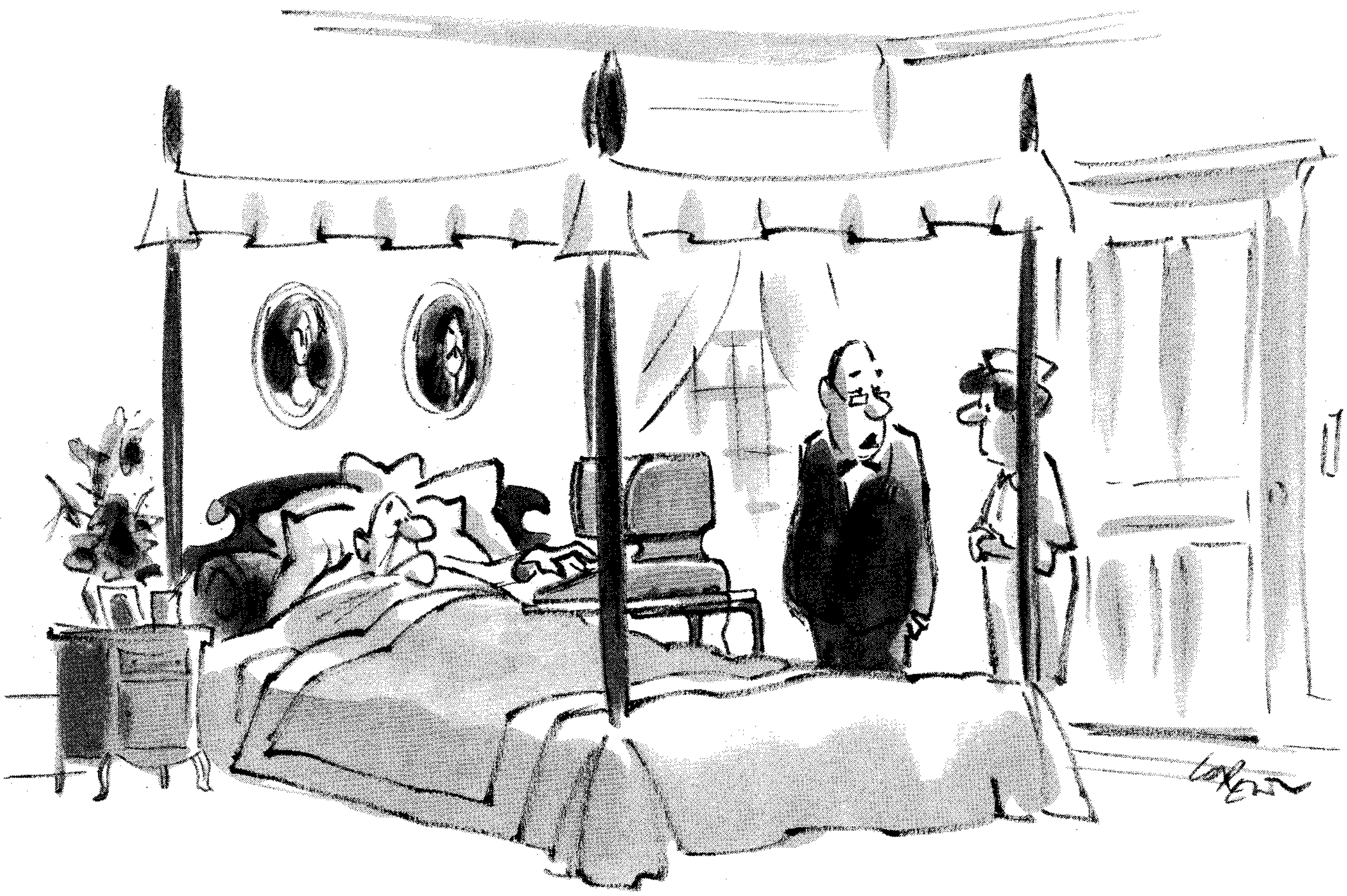
"Were you ever an actor?" we inquired.

He replied, "Yes. But a very bad actor." He added, "I was in the Aeschylus play 'Seven Against Thebes.' "

"What role?" we asked.

He smiled, and cocked his head. "The King," he said.

M. Lang continued, "My job has never really been theatre, of course. My job has been to be a professor of international law. I never wanted to be a professional artist. I wanted to have the freedom to help France support the arts, and I do. As Cultural Minister, I'm trying to break down borders. I'm trying to abolish the frontiers between the *beaux-arts*, like painting and sculpture, and the minor ones, like photography and design. After I took office, three and a half years ago, the government nearly doubled its budget for culture. I've used the funds to bring art to a wider audience in France. André Malraux, the great French writer, was the first Minister of Culture in France, after the Second World War. He revived an old tradition, and supported museums and theatre and monuments. He gave clout and prestige to the arts in France. He was a founding father. But he had no policy of sup-



"Call in the family, Nurse McIntyre. I think he's about to process his last words."

• •

porting books, libraries, publishing. When I became Minister, France still had the most backward library system in Europe. It has improved since then. And I've given more attention to jazz, architecture, fashion. But I can do only so much. Everything equals culture, even when you aren't aware of it. When you buy a record, the choice you make is a cultural act. The way you dress, what you eat—even when you pay no attention to them, these are statements. Every citizen must take responsibility for culture."

M. Lang headed for his Concorde flight, due in Paris at 10:45 P.M., and we asked if he had plans for the evening once he got back.

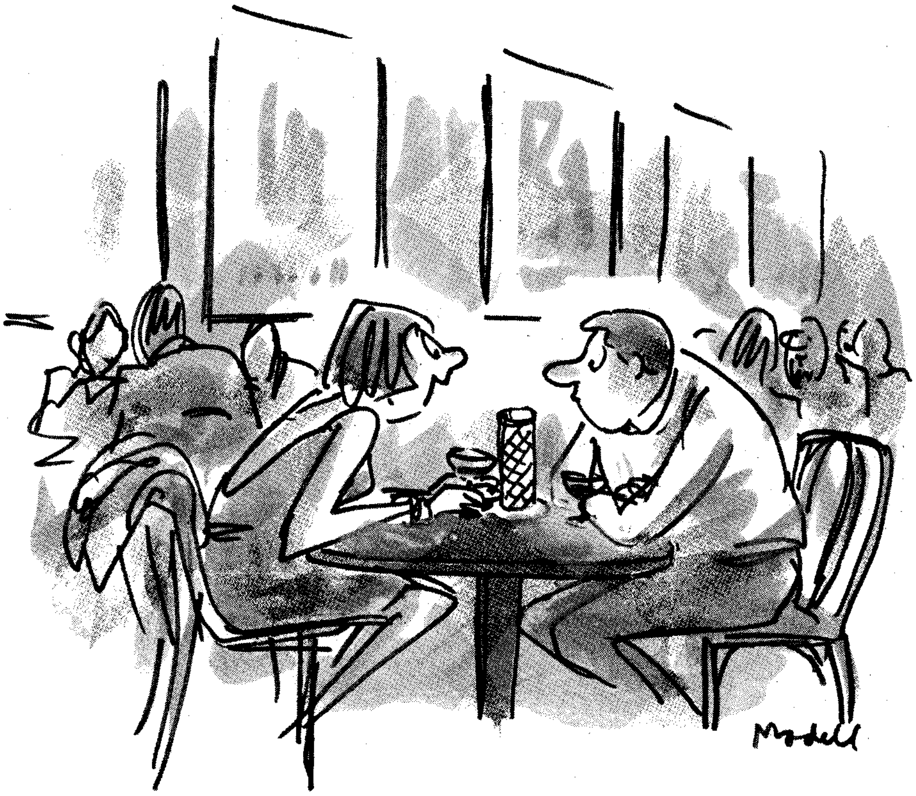
"Perhaps I will go to have some oysters," he said, smoothing his tie. "I don't like to go straight home. I like to get the feel of the city."

Relentless and Absolute

GRIDLOCK—the vehicular chaos that develops at mid-Manhattan street intersections when cars, trucks, and buses become caught in an immovable embrace—is the nightmare that haunts our city's Department of Transportation from Thanksgiving to New Year's Day. Gridlock is produced by spillback (vehicles stranded across an intersection, blocking oncoming traffic), and unchecked gridlock can, according to the domino theory of automotive responsibility, cause pedlock, a motionless mosaic of people and cars, such as can be seen in the streets around Rockefeller Center during the holidays. We picked up these nuggets of transportation lore during a recent visit with Samuel Schwartz, a tall, thin, bearded engineer in his mid-thirties, who is the city's deputy transport commissioner for traffic operations and a passionate advocate of mass transit. Mr. Schwartz invited us to spend the morning with him on December 14th, a Friday and the first Gridlock Alert day of the holiday period, to observe how the city had mobilized its various forces—five hundred traffic agents, three hundred traffic police, and sixty-five tow trucks—to keep things moving in midtown Manhattan between Thirty-fourth and Sixtieth Streets. (That day was chosen because a computer had concluded that the two Fridays before Christmas were among the heaviest days of the year.) We met Mr. Schwartz at seven-forty-five on a misty morning at Floyd Bennett Field, where he was preparing to survey the incoming commuter traffic from a police helicopter. "I want to see how much backup there is in the major facilities serving Manhattan—tunnels, the East River bridges, the major parkways," he told us. "If the queues are unusually long and slow-moving, I'll know we're in for trouble later on in the city. Normally, eight hundred thousand vehicles are in Manhattan each day. Today—although we've been urging the public to use mass transportation—we could get an additional hundred and forty thousand. If we have nine hundred and forty thousand vehicles clogging the Manhattan grid, we could have a grid resembling the transit-strike days."

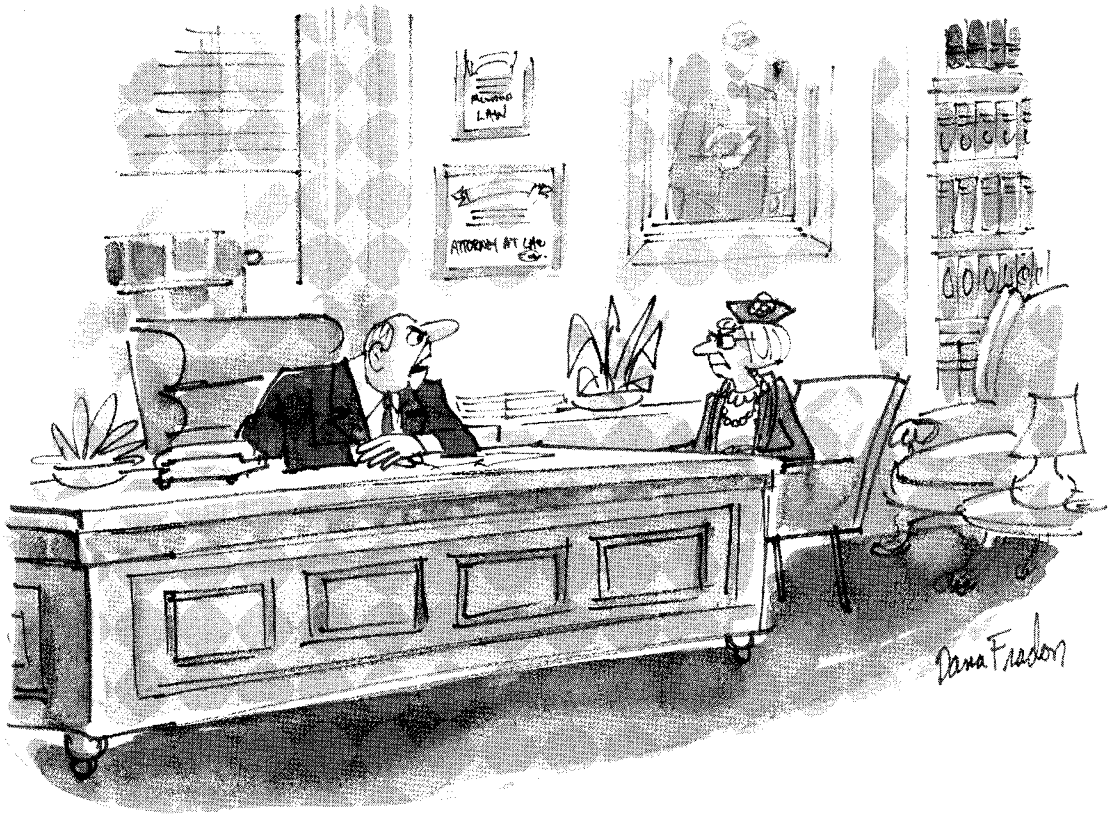
We hopped into a seat beside Mr. Schwartz and watched as he hooked up his communications system—green headphones to monitor police frequencies, and a wireless radio for talking with his traffic-control headquarters, in Queens. Then, as the helicopter lifted off into a pale-pink sky, we looked down at three lanes of miniature cars, trucks, and buses that were proceeding briskly along the Belt Parkway toward the city. Strings of red lights indicated backup as we approached the Verrazano Bridge and the Battery Tunnel, but Mr. Schwartz told us that things looked pretty good. "That long line of buses going into the tunnel tells me that extra buses have been added—that lots of people are taking public transport today," he said. Turning right, we flew up the East River, to find traffic moving everywhere except on the upper level of the Manhattan Bridge. And except for a couple of accidents (a stalled car on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway at Sands Street, and a jackknifed furniture van balanced precariously on the shoulder of the outbound Long Island Expressway at Woodhaven Boulevard, which had produced a rubbernecking backup on the inbound lanes) the situation seemed under control. "I am very much encouraged," Mr. Schwartz said. "I think people are beginning to believe us when we say that there is practically no more space in midtown Manhattan for private cars. Did you know that the central garages are always ninety-five per cent full?" As we swung across northern Manhattan and turned south along the Henry Hudson Parkway, he pointed to a line of red lights edging past a closed left lane. "That construction at Fifty-sixth Street is illegal, because road work is not supposed to begin until ten o'clock," he said. "I'm going to call a highway-patrol unit and get those trucks out of there." We circled the Empire State and Chrysler Buildings to check on midtown traffic ("Thirty-fourth Street is heavy, and Thirty-eighth is all fouled up from the tunnel, but Fifty-seventh is doing surprisingly well") and touched down at the Sixtieth Street heliport. "I saw a tractor-trailer making a U-turn at Park and Fifty-seventh," Mr. Schwartz said, with a smile. "He's going to wonder who reported him."

Then we got into a brown traffic car with Mr. Schwartz and two of his assistants and set off down Second Avenue to check on potential gridlock situations. "The day of the unattended private car is just about over in Manhattan, because we are determined to keep streets clear and traffic moving," Mr. Schwartz said. "In the last three years, our average vehicular speeds have increased from seven point nine to nine point five miles per hour on the avenues and from four point seven to five point seven miles per hour on the cross streets." He added that one side of each midtown crosstown street had been reserved for parking by vehicles with commercial plates, while the other side had been designated as a no-standing zone, to be kept completely free of cars. "We have banned standing by *any* vehicle on Fifth Avenue from Thirty-fourth to Sixtieth, and on every avenue where there are red-zone bus routes," he said. "A parked private car will be towed away. A private car with a sitter waiting in a no-standing zone will be given a summons. Commercial vehicles double-parked or standing on the wrong side of the street will also be ticketed. And at the intersections we have teams of mobile gridlock busters—police and traffic units that will issue spillback violations. Spillback is a moving violation. If you get a summons, it can cost you two points on your license and more than fifty dollars in fines. Most cabbies and many truck drivers are aware of these rules and obey them. But, as Christmas approaches, the private cars can get pretty wild." We passed an unattended express bus parked in a red-zone bus route ("Ticket him," Mr. Schwartz said to an assistant), a large truck parked in a no-standing zone ("Green truck from New Jersey, try to find some room on the other side of the street," he said over his loudspeaker), and a black limousine waiting at a side entrance to Saks ("Move it out, please," he said to the startled driver. "I have tow trucks right behind me"). Then, on West Forty-seventh Street, we came upon four cars with diplomatic plates parked in a commercial-vehicle zone opposite the Ghana Mission to the United Nations. Three of them were unceremoniously towed away. The fourth avoided a similar fate when its driver, an agitated African in a mulberry velvet suit, shot across the street and produced a thirty-minute permit to deliver security mail. "That's O.K. for now," said one of the assistants, "but if you're still here in thirty minutes we'll take you." Circling back uptown, we encountered our first serious gridlock. It was at the corner of Fifty-third and Third Avenue, and was caused by the squeezing of westbound traffic on Fifty-third Street into a single lane between a construction site on the right and a line of cars waiting to pull into a garage on the left. Two transit policemen appeared and began instructing the drivers of the cars blocking the avenue to turn north, to the ac-



"So whether I like you or not isn't what's important. What's important is that you like you."

companiment of angry arguments from several drivers. Mr. Schwartz hopped out of his car to reward with a red-white-and-blue Gridlock Busters button the driver of a white Honda who had refused to enter the blocked intersection despite a cacophony of blaring horns behind him. "There's nothing beyond management this morning," Mr. Schwartz said as traffic began to flow up the avenue. "It's beginning to look as if forty thousand drivers who might have come into the city today had changed their minds. I think that word has got around that we're both relentless and absolute. In recent weeks, we've ticketed or towed a former chairman of the M.T.A., a former first lady of the state, the F.B.I., the Secret Service, and more than a thousand cars with press or diplomatic plates. No excuses and no exceptions."



"Madam, if you think Rumpole of the Old Bailey would handle your case better, then get *Rumpole of the Old Bailey."*

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An American Dilemma

CONSTERNATION! Uproar! Unpleasantness! A debate rages: Have images replaced facts as the grease for our national axle? Some say yes; some say no. We did a small-scale study late last month, at ceremonies marking the "rededication" of Sixth Avenue as the Avenue of the Americas and honoring with plaques the six nations—Dominica, St. Lucia, Belize, Antigua and Barbuda, St. Christopher and Nevis, and St. Vincent and the Grenadines—that have joined the Americas since Western Hemisphere Day in 1960. First some image, then some facts, and then you decide.

Images: A mariachi band in colorful costume listening to a local combo (trumpet, bass fiddle, accordion) perform at the Forty-second Street corner of Bryant Park. Many people with name tags looking up and down the avenue for the arrival of Mayor Edward I. Koch, a necessary ingredient of these festivities. Mayor Koch arriving, a bald cork bobbing in a sea of aides. Mayor Koch speaking (Avenue of Americas broader even than Fifth Avenue, grand street becoming grander). Mayor Koch climbing into a cherry picker to ascend to the top of a lightpole and unveil a plaque. The cherry picker momentarily malfunctioning—retracting instead of extending. Mayor Koch shouting "I'll be back!" and "It's fun being mayor!" Mayor Koch flinging his arms above his head with his thumbs up. Mayor Koch doing the same thing too near the plaque and banging into it. Mayor Koch descending to earth and leaving.

Facts: St. Vincent and the Grenadines, according to Myron Dellimore, counsellor of the country's Mission to the United Nations, has a hundred and twenty thousand citizens, all of them warm and friendly. Its motto is "Peace and Justice." An active volcano, La Soufrière, last erupted in 1979. If it was that sort of nation, it could boast about having the oldest botanical garden in the Caribbean, containing a breadfruit tree that was cut from the original breadfruit plant brought to the area by Captain Bligh.

St. Christopher and Nevis is better known as St. Kitts and Nevis, according to Suzanne Ramus-Jones, counsellor of the islands' Mission to the United Nations. Christopher was Columbus; Nevis he named for the volcanic peak at that island's center, which, garlanded in clouds, reminded him of Las Nieves, a snowy peak in the Pyrenees. The people are *very* warm and friendly. The islands were the sites of the first British settlements in the Caribbean, and are the most recently independent. "That's because the land is so beautiful," Miss Ramus-Jones said.

Belize borders Guatemala, and has just elected a new government in peaceful fashion. "What the rest of Central America talks about—democracy, tolerance, human rights—we practice," said Robert A. Leslie, whose title is Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary and Permanent Representative of Belize to the United Nations. Sugarcane, citrus fruits, lobster, and mahogany form the backbone of the country's economy. "Another thing is we wish people would stop calling us tiny," Mr. Leslie added. "Every time someone writes about Belize in a newspaper, it's 'tiny Belize.' But we're as big as El Salvador. We're twice the size of Jamaica. We're thirty times the size of Barbados and Grenada *put together*."

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

(A POLITICAL STATEMENT HAND-DISTRIBUTED ON THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM)

> A Soviet journalist who received political asylum in Britain last year and turned up in Moscow on Tuesday had signed a contract to write a book on the Soviet press, a New York publisher said yesterday. . . . The Russian . . . was paid an advance through his American literary agent.
> —*The Times, Sept. 20, 1984.*

LET'S not beat around the bush. Ivan Hopov, whose case has been so well publicized through the organ of the New York *Times*, is one against whom I bear a grudge. As his translator, by name V. Vronsky, and being only human, I was adversely affected by his decision to default on his book contract and return to the U.S.S.R. posthaste. For example, I had stood hired by the publisher for $3,000 payment in full, upon acceptance by the publisher of the full Hopov manuscript in an acceptable English-language rendering—an endeavor of which, due to the unfortunate turn of events, I was rendered incapable. On Hopov's part, after six months he had attained no more than the original draft outline and sample chapter. Nor did he withstand the temptation of a fanciful caprice to flee from the West without explaining to me his baffling conduct. As for me, I was let off with merely a small chit for coffee and out-of-pocket expenses.

Nevertheless, I have since received the following letter from Hopov, written in his own English. Though Hopov himself, upon arriving in the West, resembled a hapless baby when it came right down to the crunch of speaking or writing his newfound tongue, he precociously achieved an amazing fluence. So much so that my services may in any case have been rendered spurious. (Though in my esteem his English, as written, lacks the utmost literary filigree, which I would have striven to encapture, to the best of my ability, subject to the reader's judgment.) Besides all that, he became rapidly Westernized to a "T." For example, he had everything. What did he have? A Betamax, a Gold Card, etc.? He did not. He had something much greater. He had the means to grasp those things and everything else worth the candle. He had a book contract. And yet, with this pinnacle of American largesse bestowed upon his brow, mysteriously he fled. Why?

But I do not want to get ahead of his own story. Let me add solely that I here disseminate his letter without recompense or fee, not because of a loyalty to Hopov, which would be surely ill placed, but on a point of principle. If we in the West—including such an habituated émigré as myself, so to say—could delve deep into the curious turn of the Soviet mind as it sets foot in a democratic society, it would really blow the roof off and there would be much light shed. In Hopov's bizarre renunciation (in fidelity produced below) we see the complex case of an individual, smacking of a totalitarian bent, who found himself face to face with freedom of expression and could not come to terms.

—V. VRONSKY

MY DEAR VRONSKY,

I've been hearing things—that I behaved in an unprofessional manner, that I'm a prima donna, that I left you and a lot of other people in the lurch. Well, I can't help it if people feel that way. All I can say is, I was naïve—but, boy, did I grow up fast. I'm sorry if you came out of it badly, but that's your problem. If I know those bastards, they bought you off with a few bucks for expenses. What a ripoff outfit! The last straw for me was when my so-called editor wrote this really stupid jacket copy and then went into a copy-proud snit when I wanted to change it. Get this: "A sassy look at the Soviet press." "*Sassy*"??!! Talk about witless—and what was I supposed to do, let that go through and then look like an idiot? I know, I know—the book-buying public understands that the author didn't write the jacket copy, the jacket copy isn't even meant for them, it's meant for the reviewers who just regurgitate the jacket copy instead of bothering to write reviews, it's *supposed* to be stupid so they don't have to type any unfamiliar thoughts when they're copying it under their own bylines. I know all that. But the idea of having something like "sassy" on your very first book just poisons the whole experience. I wasn't digging in my heels—I might have been able to live with it if she'd changed it to "savvy"—but she wouldn't even listen to me. She had a tape of a ringing phone that she'd play whenever I mentioned the jacket copy, and she'd say she had to take another call and would get back to me. Which was a lie. She was really getting off on the power of making me wait for her calls. Maybe not consciously—but it was so manipulative. I don't see how this makes me a prima donna. Try telling any farmer or coal miner that his work is going to be described nationwide as "sassy" and that he won't even be allowed to discuss alternative wording. He'd be on the next plane to Moscow, just like me.

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

But let me start at the beginning. First of all, the contract was a joke. I think my first agent, Morty, an underling at the Stepin Fetchit Agency, must have been in a conspiracy with the publisher. But what did I know? At that point, my English was so bad he could have showed me a paper that said "Screw you and the boat you came in on" and I'd have signed. When he called me in London, he threw around a lot of names—Svetlana, etc. A snow job. (None of which checked out later, by the way.) Then he sent me a People Express plane ticket. So I went to New York and signed. There I am, churning out my little sample chapter during the day and studying English at night by working my way through *Publishers Weekly* with a dictionary. Needless to say, my curiosity got the better of me and I translated my own contract. Instant shock-horror. The reserve-for-returns clause was so watertight the book could have been a best-seller and I wouldn't have seen a nickel in royalties until the year 2050 or doomsday, whichever came later; there was no guaranteed budget for promotion; and I had no jacket-copy approval.

Then the publishing house turns out to be the pits. When I hand in the sample chapter and outline, I get a note from the publisher—just one word scrawled in the center of a piece of stationery: "Marvellous!" Is that pretentious, or what? When I'm assigned to my editor, Little Miss Tin Ear (who bad-mouthed *you* from Day One, in case you don't know), it turns out they have a good-cop, bad-cop routine going there. The "Marvellous!" notes pile up in my mailbox while she's hassling me to write with more "sass." *This is all very interesting, Ivan, but we publish junk.*

Finally, after weeks of trying to get

through to Mort, who's stopped taking my calls, I nab him outside his office. "Look," I say, "my contract is ludicrous, I haven't gotten my first payment—what's the story? *PW* has pictures of my publisher lunching with movie stars at Le Cygne, and meanwhile I'm licking the wastebasket."

"Ivan," he says, "Ivan, they're a marvellous old house. They publish Shakespeare. They publish Jack London."

"Great," I say. "So Jack London and I are licking the same wastebasket."

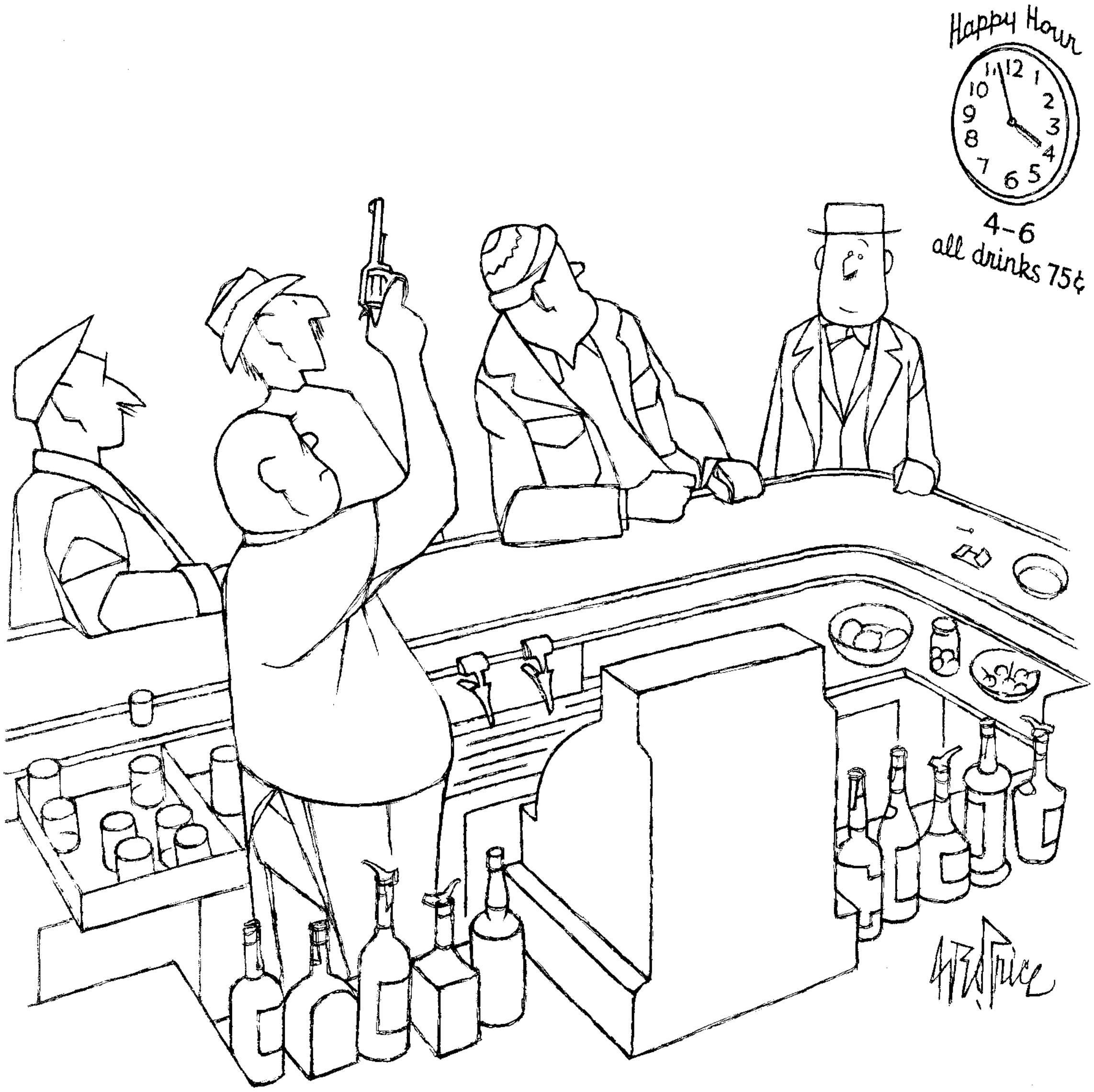
He was no help at all. So that was when I switched over to Milt the superagent. He came on very simpatico. And the deal was, he'd buy off Mort and renegotiate my contract. By this time I wasn't such a babe in the woods, and one thing I insisted on was that they commit themselves contractually to a ten-week promotional tour *up front*—twenty major cities, with me going on all the TV shows and then writing the book about what it was like to go on them. I'd compare & contrast going on Carson, Merv, etc., with the promotional situation in the U.S.S.R.

Some superagent. He told me I was being unreasonable and immature, that I expected him to make me overnight into a combination of Jerzy Kosinski, Barbara Walters, and Jack London. Which is ridiculous. He did nothing for me. Absolutely nothing. He claimed he'd finally wrung my advance out of them, and when I asked where was the check, he said it was being held in an escrow account as a reserve against returns. "Looks good for 1987," he said. This was about the time all hell broke loose with the jacket copy and Tin Ear. God, do I hate her. She's on the end of my nose dancing and I can't flick her off. So in desperation I called Milt, and they wouldn't put me through—his secretary said he'd get back to me after he took his cat to the vet. A week goes by. Nothing. This, mind you, is a guy who sails into the office around noon, chats on the phone with a few call girls, and then has a three-hour lunch at Le Cygne with all the other superagents, where they talk about how their clients need too much hand-holding.

That's the line on me now, from what I hear. That I needed too much hand-holding. And I'll tell you something, Vronsky—they're right. I wasn't in it for the money—I still don't know where the money is or how much there is or if there is any. I was in it for the attention, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I need to have my hand held. Not only do I crave it, not only do I require it to be able to work —I insist upon it, and I insist upon it all the time. And I'll tell you something else—over here, I get my hand held night and day. They have a special guy assigned to me whose only job is to hold my hand. Sometimes he holds both hands at once. Not only that, but while I'm typing this there's another guy here whose job is to stand behind me and massage my temples. I get all the attention I need. Over here I'm famous. I'm the writer who gave up an American book contract.

Best,
I. HOPOV

—VERONICA GENG



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Hudrlik directed the Lake Street Bridge "Preliminary" Case Study that was done in 1979. A detailed inspection was made at the time, and as a result, the report concludes that a new bridge is necessary. The report is the official presentation to the state historical preservation officer, so it makes the case very carefully, acknowledging at one point that "the historic bridge would be adversely affected by demolition."—*Minnesota Monthly*.

Now, *that's* careful.

HAGGIE

"WATCH out, she's on the prowl!"

My father, who was Governor of the Bank of Ireland at the time, was speaking of his sister, who was always known as Haggie. I had just arrived in Dublin, from London, for the Christmas holiday, and was in my bedroom, unpacking my bag. It must have been one of the few private encounters we ever had, and, even more surprising for a man of amazing outward reserve and tolerance, he was white and trembling.

"Keep everything out of sight," he said. "She's got my wallet." And he went downstairs, the house being small and giving him little option, especially as it was snowing outside, to join Haggie and my mother, who were playing Scrabble in the sitting room.

I hesitated, picking out my pajamas and wondering what to keep out of sight. Something, I thought, rang false. Firstly, Haggie had a profound respect for her brother. Secondly, it seemed to me that in her terms the theft of a wallet, of all things, would be totally banal.

I crept down the corridor and entered my father's bedroom, which was understandably separate from my mother's, since my parents had been married for close upon fifty years. It was filled with sunshine, despite the snow, but otherwise stark, with a copy of Spengler's "Decline of the West" on the bedside table beside an open page of Ecclesiastes—"the only intelligent person in the Bible," my father said. But there was a third, striking object. It was an ancient brown wallet, protruding from under the bedcover. I picked it up and, feeling guilty, opened it. Clearly, it was amply stocked and untouched.

I went downstairs to the sitting room, where my father was hiding behind the sports page of the *Irish Times*. He could not sit in the same room as his sister without experiencing what he was accustomed to describe as "a sense of nausea." I timidly beckoned to him, and he came out into the small hallway. I handed him the wallet, saying, "I think you must have dropped it." Looking abashed, he put it in his pocket without speaking.

The Scrabble continued. It was a curious game, in that my mother had only been educated at the Slade School of Art, in London, and my aunt had not been educated anywhere. So that when my mother put down the word "bizy" it was accepted by my aunt without demur. Underneath, though, there was much to demur about. A typical dialogue would run:

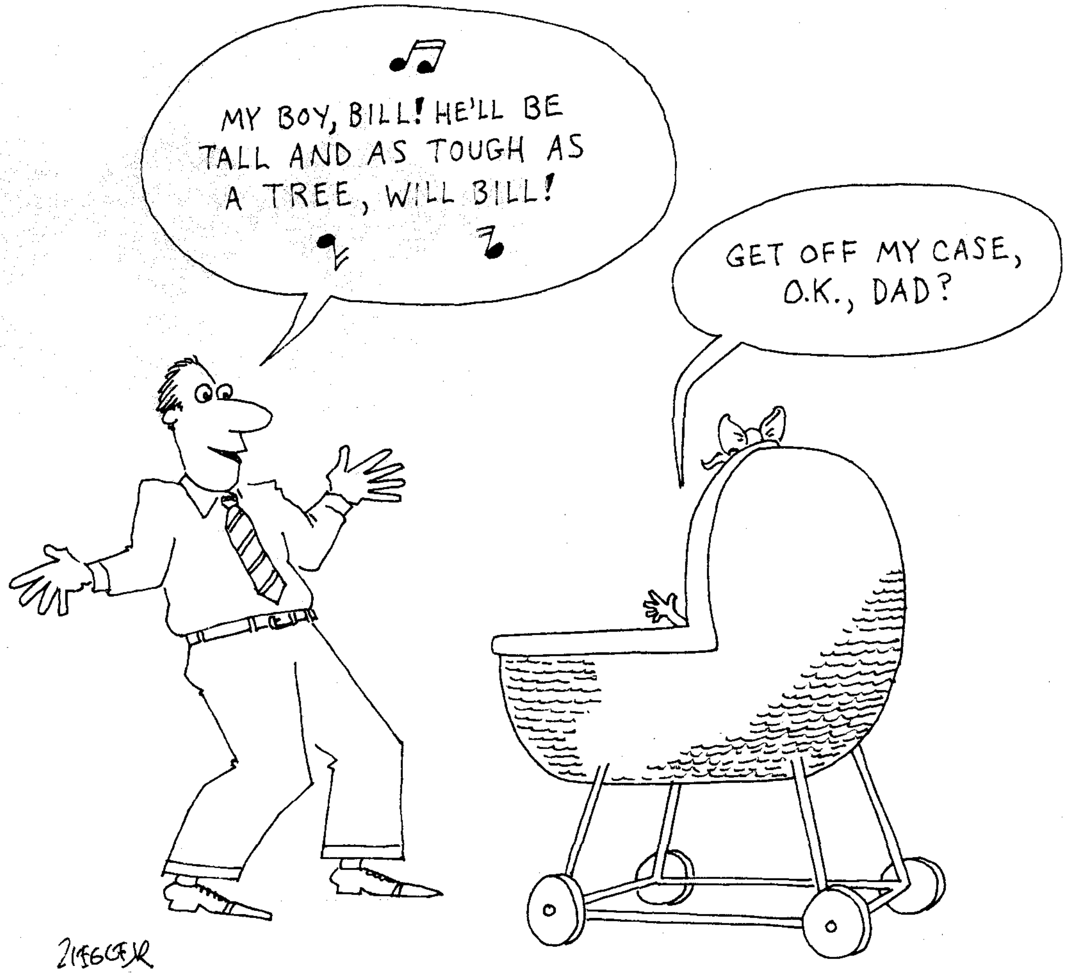
Mother: "You've never done a stroke of work in your life."

Haggie: "We all know you married above your station."

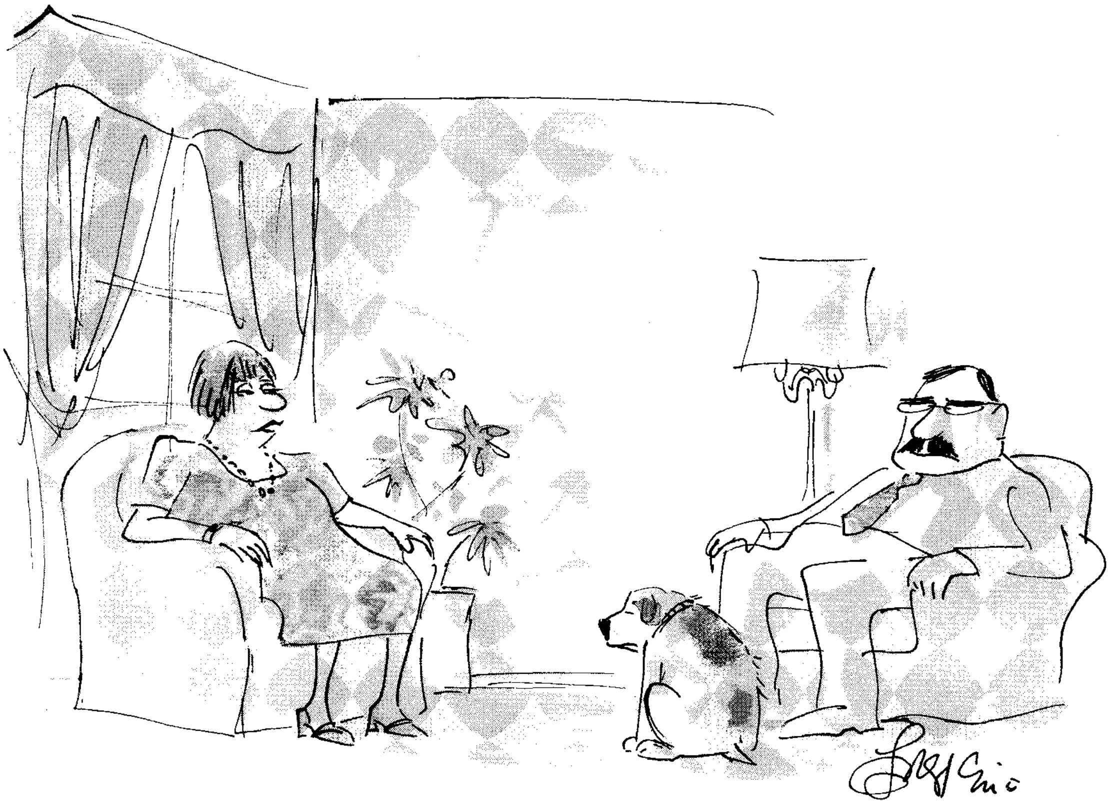
Most strangely, since my mother was a Royal Hibernian Academician—a painter, sculptress, and stained-glass artist of outstanding talent—and in spite of her spelling had written a best-selling autobiography, this riposte always struck home. Her grandfather had been the founder of a highly respected chain of sporting-goods stores in Dublin and Cork, selling fishing rods, tennis racquets, and suchlike, and to the end of her days she still conceived of herself as being "in trade." But who was it who worried about Haggie's solitude and was constantly on the telephone with her, and visited whenever matters seemed beyond assistance? My mother.

That same Christmas, I well remember, I decided to drive in to Dublin, in my mother's Morris Minor, to meet old friends from Trinity College who I was sure would be in the Bailey, a celebrated hotel-cum-pub in the city's center. I slipped out of the house with a sense of escape. But I was wrong. Haggie was already in the passenger seat, impatiently consuming a cigarette. She always seemed to have one in the left corner of her mouth. "Haggie, what on earth are you doing?" I said.

"Give yourself naught, boy," she mur-


MY BOY, BILL! HE'LL BE TALL AND AS TOUGH AS A TREE, WILL BILL!
GET OFF MY CASE, O.K., DAD?
ZIEGLER

mured. "Shopping, of course. What kept you? Let's get cracking."



"I wonder if, like us, he's using only a small fraction of his total brainpower."

I had no option. But I insisted on depositing her at the Royal Hibernian Hotel and said that I would meet her there in an hour's time. She accepted with an immediacy—a quick nod—that should have aroused my suspicions. She sat in silence in her almost unvarying brown tweed garment, which tightly fitted her matchstick frame and went straight from the neck to the ankles with no apparent obtrusion of any bosom.

It was scarcely noon, and there was only one person at the Bailey bar counter, and none of my friends at the tables. I sat at one of these. The person at the bar was Patrick Kavanagh, one of Ireland's most gifted poets. Although belonging to another generation than I, he was, via my parents, an affectionate acquaintance, but he showed no hint of recognizing me, being absorbed, in front of a pint of Guinness, in the racing pages of the *Irish Press*. Frank O'Connor, the great short-story writer, came in and sat just inside the entrance door, in front of something very small and innocuous—I think a sherry. A smartly dressed and elderly American couple entered and sat close to Frank O'Connor. Their accents were clear, but they spoke almost in whispers, as though in awe of something. Suddenly, out of the silence, Frank O'Connor said, in a menacing tone, "I know *you*, Kavanagh." Whereupon Kavanagh was silent for a moment. Then, without even turning his head or taking his eyes off the newspaper, he responded, "And I know *you*, O'Connor." Almost instantly, the American lady turned to her husband and said, "I *told* you, dear, that this is where the intellectuals come."

Being aware of the perils of Dublin literary life, and feeling unwanted, I slipped out and went in search of Haggie. She was seated at a table in the Buttery Bar of the Royal Hibernian Hotel—an elegant, low-ceilinged cocktail bar with a mirror strip above orange tartan banquettes. To my astonishment, because I had never seen her sip at anything except thimblefuls of whiskey, there was an open half-bottle of champagne on the table. Also, brown-paper parcels covered the tartan at either side. "Haggie, what on earth is happening?" I said.

"Celebrating, boy. Sit down. I've brought off quite a coup."

"A coup? What kind of coup?"

"Well, there was a long line of excrescences waiting," she said, meaning the persons in the queue for the cashier.

"Where?"

"Switzers, of course," she said, naming Dublin's leading store. "So I gave up and called out to put it down to my brother's account and got the man on the door and left."

"Good God, did they hear you?"

"Don't know. Don't much care. It's a coup, boy! Drink up."

I gulped at the champagne. "How did you bring everything here?"

"Taxi, of course. We came round the corner. Wouldn't take any fare. Said it was the shortest journey of his life."

"What are they?"

"The two big ones are woolly rabbits for the dogs in Waterford. The excrescence who runs the awful place makes me take her two poodles for walks on the quays."

"And this?"

"Gold cigarette case. Retired colonel thinks I'm the answer to his life. He's a *total* excrescence."

"And this?"

"Long gray suède gloves for myself. An extra coup. They button to the elbows. Thought they went out years ago."

"And this?"

"Gold cigarette holder for the excrescence who runs the place."

"Oh, my God."

"What's come over you, boy? Drink up. It's a coup!"

I paid for the champagne and said, "What do you propose to do next?"

"Easy. Bring the car here. Put them in the boot or trunk, or whatever you call that thing in the back. When *they* are asleep, slip them into the wardrobe in my room, in case she is using the car. After Christmas, repeat same in reverse, and next morning drive me to the station."

I agreed to this, with an awful sense of guilt, not wishing to spoil everyone's Christmas. She, unperturbed, gave her annual performance on the night, having changed out of the tweed into faded black velvet. The performance was always different, but the setting she insisted upon was the same: about a dozen people in darkness and she herself in the best armchair under a standard lamp. (My father slipped upstairs to his bedroom and waited until it was over.) This year it was Kipling's "The Truce of the Bear." Having announced it, she could not remember whom it was by, but she added, for any illiterates present, "It's about Russia," and then commenced. It is a long poem, but, astonishingly for a non-reader, she was word perfect. She approached the close with mesmerizing deliberation, her great eyes opening wide in her deeply lined face:

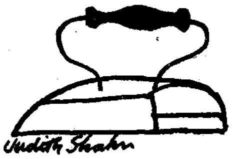
> When he shows as seeking quarter,
>   with paws like hands in prayer,
> That is the time of peril—the time
>   of the Truce of the Bear!
> *Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking*
>   a dole at the door,
> Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells
>   it o'er and o'er;
> Fumbling and feeling the rifles,
>   warming his hands at the flame,
> Hearing out careless white men talk
>   of the morrow's game;
> Over and over the story, ending as
>   he began:—
> "*There is no truce with Adam-zad*,
>   the Bear that looks like a man!"

It was snowing and freezing outside, but I will swear that there was an added chill in the room. There was certainly silence, as she sat with her eyes unblinking. Then the applause broke forth. "Lights!" my mother called out, with a slight but revealing note of hostility in her voice. This was not lost on Haggie, who rose, in the now illuminated room, bowed to the diminishing applause, and calmly left through the door, in full pursuit of her cigarettes.

Subsequently, our plan was completed, and I left Haggie at the station. I should, perhaps, have reneged, but I did not have the heart to do so. On returning home, I had to tell my father, who understood, and, turning pale and lighting his pipe with a slightly trembling hand, said in his ever lugubrious voice, "Archie will deal with it."

Archie was Archibald Robinson, our totally devoted family lawyer, who dealt with Haggie all his working life with infinite patience and a kind of marvelling fascination. He phoned my remembered list to Switzers and dealt with it, financially, in advance of any police action.

HAGGIE was born Violet Lilian Campbell, in the year 1888, but I never heard her called anything else except Haggie. Once, when I was about twenty-five, in a daring moment and since no one else seemed to know, I asked her why, and she replied, through her cigarette, "Simple, boy. One sister and three brothers. Read your Bible. Short for Hagar." The three brothers was correct, my father being the eldest, but otherwise it makes no sense. Hagar, I find in Genesis, was the maidservant of Sarah, the wife of Abraham. She had no brothers at all. Sarah, being unable to bear a child, gave Hagar to Abraham to be his wife. Abraham coöperated. Hagar was having no more of it. She fled into the wilderness but returned to Abraham's camp to bear the child, who was Ishmael.



Apart from the fact that my aunt was childless, I can make only one connection, and it is solely mine, in that Hagar means "flight," or "a fugitive," in Arabic, and Haggie lived in a series of lodging houses all over southern and western Ireland, fleeing from each of them when the landlady finally decided that enough was enough. The fugitive always said, "Put it down to my brother's account," and my father always said, "Archie will deal with it."

Christmas keeps recurring in my memories of Haggie, because this is when she returned from her watering places. I can never forget being awakened at dawn by a pencil-thin dark spectre seated on the end of my bed. I let out a shout. "Sh-h-h, boy," she said. "Buck up. We have to open the presents."

"Haggie, for heaven's sake! What time is it?"

"Nearly six. Pull yourself together. Hurry up." Her present was always

GUINEA HENS

They wait where the dirt lane unspools,
round and plump as mock oranges,
almost invisible in the black pines,
their thousands of pinched, hurt faces
all turning at once when I come home.
What have I forgotten that my wife
should seem to stand among these?
I lean on the wailing motorcycle,
a tide of whiskey in my head,
thinking there may be only one,
little heels like spurs, the shadow
of her wings sudden in the shaken
headlight I can't control. The night
ought to make me remember things
get tricky on a road like this,
the river's tongue luffing, the twin
red glow of eyes that watch, but
the world never helps a bit: it hides
each bump and rut, it summons one
bird to scream like the down-flung dead
in memory where bottles smirk. Lying
beside my love, I can see coming
home is the same pitched, lucky flight
into air the hen keeps. Black, sullen,
she waits with her grip on this place.
Whatever the world says, she's ready
to cackle, crow, rage, strut, and be
by morning soft in new light, nibbling.

—DAVE SMITH

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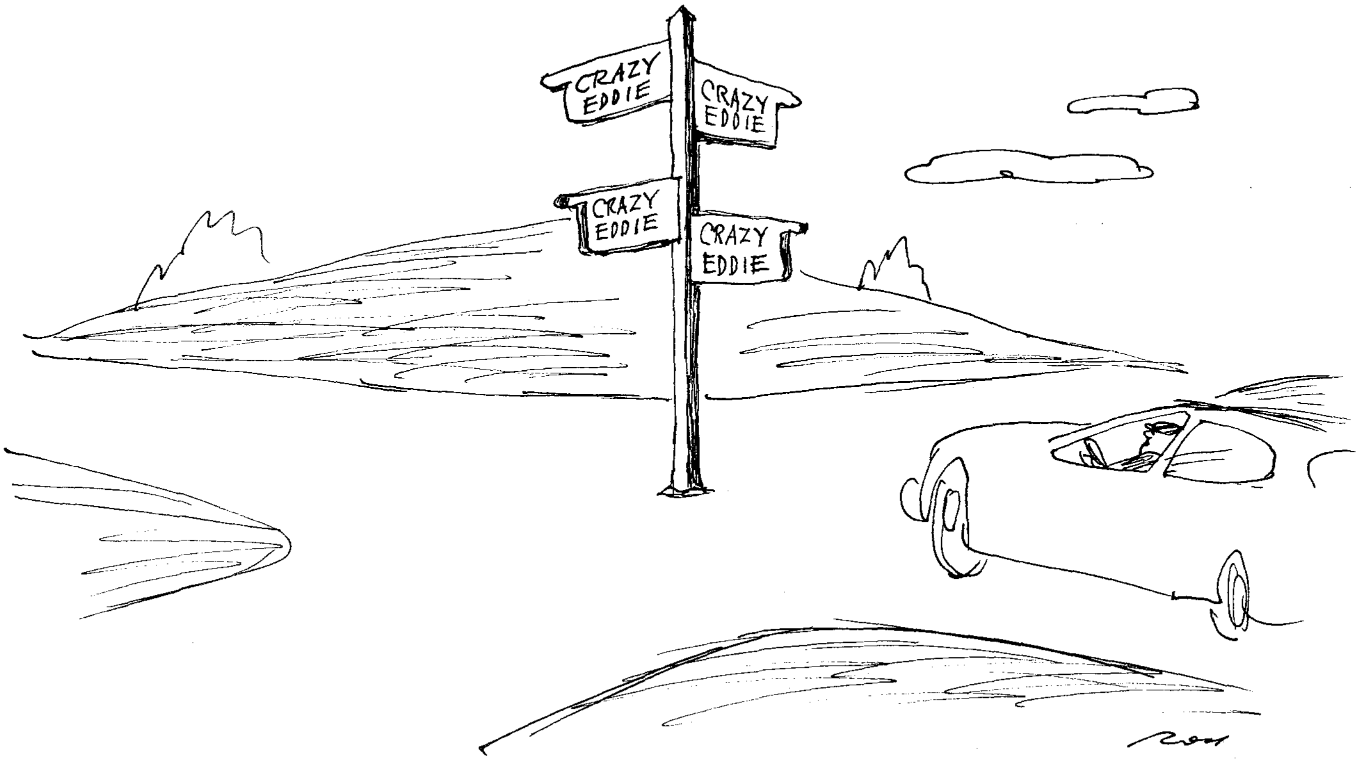


• •

five hundred cigarettes. Perfume, jewelry, or any such femininities would have been anathema to her, but she retained an alarming curiosity about other persons' presents, which had to be held carefully in check.

Haggie's first home was a grand gray mansion in a Dublin suburb. Grandfather called the house Glenavy, after himself. (He had become Lord Glenavy on receipt of a peerage, since there already was—and, indeed, still is—a Lord Campbell.) Grandfather was the son of humble parents, who must have been amazed by the meteoric rise of their brilliant offspring. Like his fierce rival in court, and great friend outside it, Edward Carson, he combined politics with the law. They both espoused Northern Ireland—Glenavy is a village there—and Grandfather was a Unionist M.P. at Westminster. The rhetoric between the two men in the Dublin courts is part of legal history. Grandfather, who never prosecuted but always defended, once won a case in which he made an impassioned speech—out of character for him—and sat down, looking quietly confident. Carson rose and said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you have just witnessed the greatest miracle since Moses struck the rock. Campbell has cried." But his greatest achievement occurred with the founding of the Irish Free State, in 1922. Grandfather was an almost unanimous choice to be the chairman of the first Senate, and he held this post, earning the respect of all, under very difficult circumstances. Eamon De Valera and his supporters were violently opposed to the Free State, and in that same year, 1922, the bitter Civil War broke out. The Dáil, or Parliament, weathered the storm, however, and Grandfather remained as chairman until 1928, when he retired.

W. B. Yeats was a senator. He retired in the same year as my grandfather. In 1931, when Grandfather died, Yeats and my father corresponded. The impeccable prose and the restrained emotion still move me.

Yeats wrote:

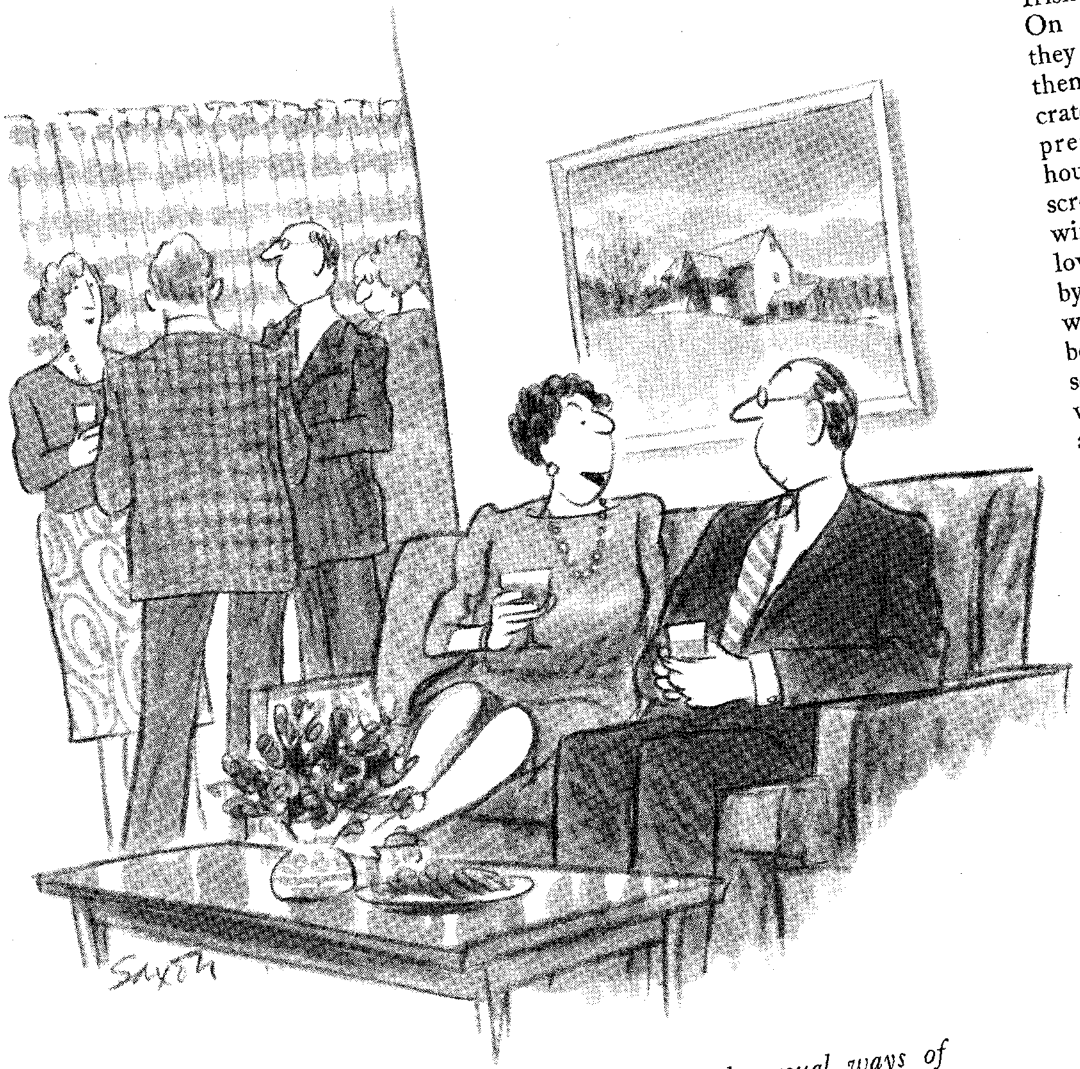
> I read of your father's death with great regret. He was the best Chairman I have ever come across and as Chairman of the Senate he impressed upon that body a dignity that should outlast our time. Handsome, watchful, vigorous, dominating, courteous, he seemed like some figure from an historical painting. I remember with a personal satisfaction that when at a first private meeting of the Senate, convened to choose a chairman, another candidate was proposed I spoke in your father's favour and with some energy. I am certain that none who voted for him that day ever regretted their vote. My wife joins with me in sending you sympathy in your grief.

My father replied:

> In his heart I think father would have treasured your tribute more than any other. Although as a man pathetically uncultivated he would affect a suspicion and an undervaluation of the artist, something in him did acknowledge a superior claim in the imagination. He would not have explained it to himself in that way. But I have heard him puzzling aloud to himself over the sway you asserted over the Senate on some occasions and admitting a quality which he could not exert but did not undervalue.
>
> If he had known that you approved him as Chairman I think he would have been quite content.

Haggie, with such a father, was one of the most eligible daughters in Ireland. She was also a beauty. She was almost six feet tall, and in this and other ways she bore a striking resemblance to Maud Gonne. She had the same splendid eyes and cheekbones and luxuriant hair. However, whereas Maud Gonne was wont to march down O'Connell Street exhorting young men to die for Ireland, Haggie, whose political views were nil, languished in the gray mansion, paying occasional visits to Dublin's most fashionable photographer, while her doting father awaited a suitor.

She suddenly produced one, and declared herself to be engaged, and by all accounts it was a shock. But Haggie was now thirty-three, and Grandfather was, presumably, in a hurry. For the wedding, he staged a regal performance, as the photographs, taken at the church and afterward on the man-



"You are getting bored with all the usual ways of doing chicken. Am I right?"

• •

sion steps, fully attest. The year was 1921, but outside the church there were a score of officers (I can find no written evidence, but they must have been British) with swords upraised above the couple and touching just over Haggie's head. Later, on the front steps of Glenavy, they are there again, as a sidepiece to numerous guests. Haggie, radiant in white and fashionably thin and carrying a vast bouquet, stands on a step below her plump husband and is, even so, taller than he is. He must have been one of the smallest cavalry officers alive.

Apart from his height, and his age—he looks older than she—it is not easy to explain the shock. It can hardly have been his credentials. He was, albeit mysteriously arrived from the Isle of Wight, Major C. D. Knight, of the Carabiniers (the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards), and his wedding garb is stunning: black, with a white sash, his chest covered with decorations, and huge white gloves, one holding a gold-handled sword and the other a magnificent golden helmet with a white horsehair plume. But there was something not clear. During his brief stay, Haggie never called him anything but Peter Knight, for reasons unexplained. He had twinkling eyes and greased black hair (I speak from photographs and reports), and was what used to be known as "a card." Even forty years after the appalling outcome, Haggie would still say to me, "Peter's 'impressions' were awfully funny, boy." And not too respectable, one gathered.

For the honeymoon, Grandfather had lent them his villa at the seaside resort of Greystones, not far south of Dublin. They were also provided with a sweet Irish colleen as a maid. On the wedding night they locked the colleen, themselves, and several crates of alcohol into the premises. After many hours, the colleen escaped, screaming, out of a rear window. And she was followed shortly afterward by Haggie, the fugitive, who ran down to the beach and along by the sea. She was naked. She was taken in by terrified and amazingly kind neighbors. Major Knight remained where he was, but he returned the next morning to the Isle of Wight, where he ultimately died. Perhaps most baffling of all, he left behind the gold helmet with the white plume and the gold-handled sword. We used them every Christmas in charades, and Haggie chuckled, clearly with affectionate memory.

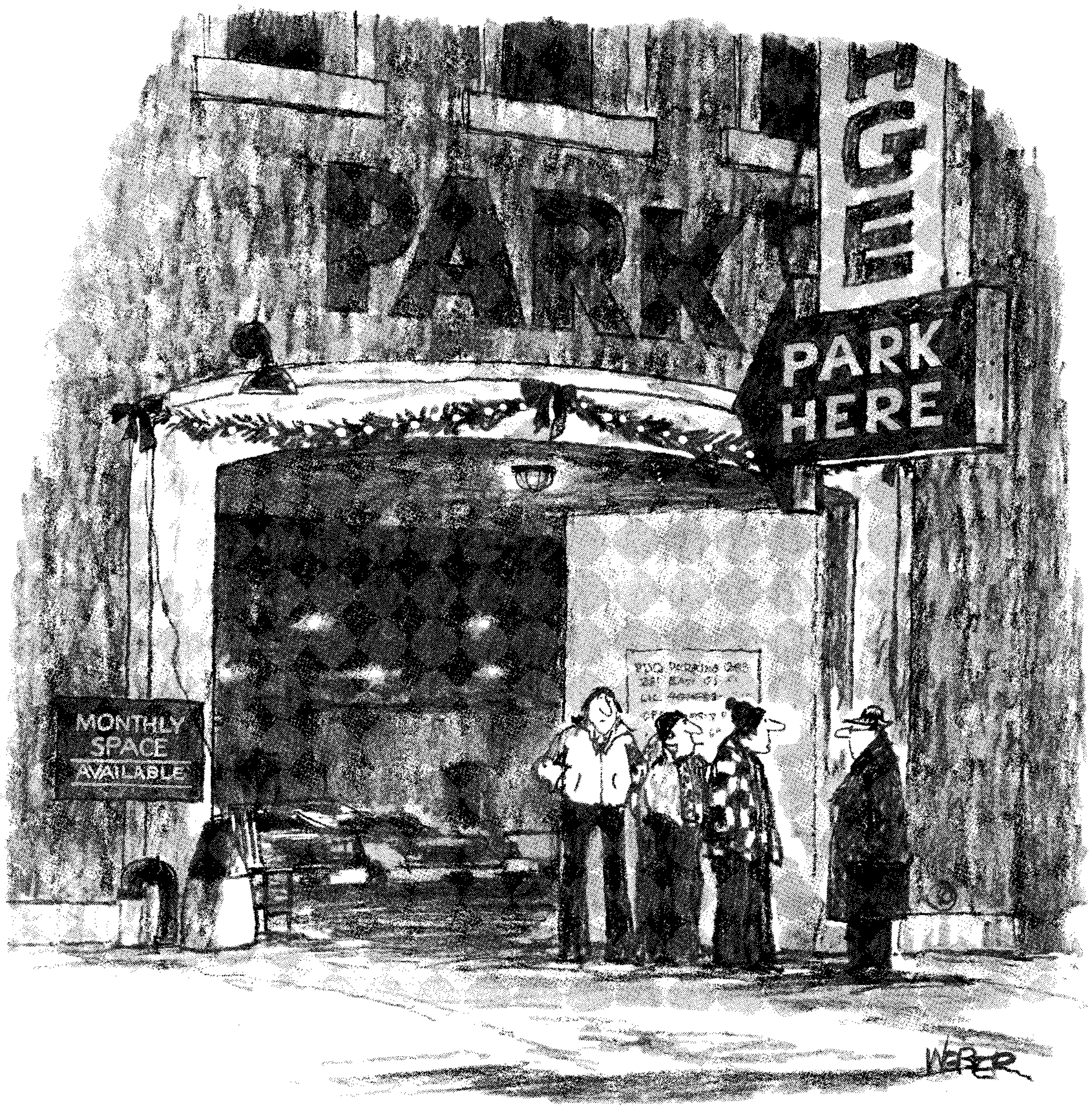
My parents, who tended—in great part, I suspect, for the benefit of company—to disagree about everything, were in total agreement about that event, which took place three years before I was born. But no one ever told me the aftermath. I can only assume that Grandfather took Haggie back into the mansion more in purdah than as the prodigal daughter.

THE marriage of my father, the Honourable Charles Henry Gordon Campbell, to Miss Beatrice Moss Elvery had taken place nine years before Haggie's and was in total contrast. The year was 1912. The church was in Foxrock, County Dublin, and close to the Elverys' home. The groom excepted, the Campbells did not appear, perhaps because the bride was "in trade," or perhaps because she was an "artist" and had drawn models in the nude. Her response was not to wear white. Her youngest sister did, arriving in the midst of the ceremony from a game of tennis, merrily swinging her racquet.

The couple left for London, where my father had been called to the English bar, leaving Grandfather unembarrassed.

It was said of my father that he was two people. One was the brilliant lawyer and Ireland's most respected banker, called Charlie Campbell. The other was the playwright manqué and philosopher, called Gordon. Their paired careers one can only abbreviate: Charterhouse, one of England's most prestigious schools, where Charlie was a Greek scholar and captain of hockey; Woolwich Royal Military Academy, where he became a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers and a superior sapper, or expert in explosives. Why not university I don't know. Read Bernard Shaw, enjoyed an instant conversion—i.e., against the gray-mansion values of his father—expressed Fabian views, and was asked by commanding officer to seek other occupation. Learned law at speed. Married in Dublin. Argued very first case, shaking in his shoes, before House of Lords—his senior having been taken ill—and won it. Tempted from the law to the British Civil Service, where he worked in the Ministry for Munitions, sharing a Whitehall office, hilariously, with Humbert Wolfe, who wrote light verse while Charlie Campbell, well versed in munitions, did all the work. For this, received the O.B.E. from George V. I possess the document, duly signed "George. RV" (Rex Five). Now, as Gordon C., he became close friend of D. H. Lawrence. As lawyer, he organized Lawrence's wedding to Frieda, cousin of Baron Manfred von Richthofen, in very anti-German days. Appeared as witness, along with John Middleton Murry, whose book "Fyodor Dostoevsky" is dedicated to Gordon. Only person seemingly never to receive the Lawrentian lash. On the contrary, the supreme accolade: "Campbell is all right." Became homesick, and my mother also, and left for Dublin for good.

The year was 1922. They moved, with two children, my brother and sister, aged nine and eight, into a pleasant one-story, five-bedroom house in a distant Dublin suburb. My father had accepted the post of Secretary to the Department of Industry and Commerce under the newly founded Irish Free State. One night just before Christmas, masked men of De Valera's persuasion (they called themselves the Irregulars) arrived with guns. The maid identified the two leaders and told them not to be so silly. Nowadays, she would have been shot dead on the spot. My mother appeared, and they said, "We're sorry, but ordhers is ordhers, Ma'am, and we've come to burn your house down." My father, who was awaiting death, descended. The men helped my mother to carry out the children's Christmas presents, and fled, leaving the premises ablaze with paraffin. After they left, my father phoned the fire brigade from the house next door. There was no option for the family but to return to Grandfather's mansion, which was under continuous police protection. My father, however, was now on the murder list, and for Grandfather's sake he moved out to secret addresses, which did not prevent him from proceeding, with outstanding success, in the same governmental posi-



"One of the boys racked up your car, Mr. McVinney, so in all fairness we're going to return your Christmas gift."

"But enough about the world situation, the economy, and all that. Let's talk about the speed of light."

tion. In 1925, when the Civil War was over and the country was left close to economic ruin, he was one of the chief progenitors of a near-miracle, the Shannon Scheme, which harnessed the River Shannon and brought electricity to the whole of the west of Ireland.

This was the achievement of Charlie Campbell. But in 1928, while still in the Government, Gordon Campbell, using a pseudonym that deceived no one, had a play directed by Shelah Richards at the Peacock Theatre (a small neighbor of the Abbey) in Dublin. It had a title that was meant to, and did, deceive: "Treaty with the Barbarians." Silently chuckling at the back, he sat watching Maud Gonne and a group of revolutionary ladies occupying the front rows in expectation of an anti-British outburst from within the establishment itself. They sat mute before a light Shavian comedy devoid of all political connotation. Maud Gonne was not amused.

SISTER HAGGIE's heart was in the theatre, too. Here is a printed program to prove it. The work ran in Dublin for three nights before Christmas in 1925:

THE NEW PLAYERS
DANGER by R. Hughes
A Drama in One Act
Scene—A Coal Mine. The play is given in complete darkness. The audience is asked to be prepared for noises "off".
Characters
Mary—Marjorie Elvery
Jack—T. A. W. Purefoy
Mr Bax—R. Bilton
Produced by Haggie Campbell

Whilst there is no evidence that this particular troupe was ever heard of—or, indeed, seen—again, Haggie, many years later, which is when I came upon the scene, became enamored of Ireland's leading music-hall comedian, Jimmy O'Dea, a happily married man. She yearly occupied the stage box, with a varying cast, for the length of the Christmas pantomime, waiting for him to notice, and Jimmy, on his first entry, always obliged: "Oh, my God, she's here again." The box was put down to her brother's account, and later Archie dealt with it.

After the show, in the Olympia or, later, Gaiety Theatre, it was compulsory for Haggie to visit Jimmy backstage. He endured this—a small bald, graying man, now devoid of his amazing multiplicity of wigs, mostly female—with affectionate patience. When his first wife died, Haggie, irrespective of the fact that Major Knight was still alive (the resemblance to Jimmy in height and comic irreverence was striking), had herself measured for a white wedding by Switzers. The store alerted my father, who dealt with it himself, very quickly. She later denied this aberration to me with another of her favorite expressions, uttered without a hint of offense and in the same deadpan voice, "Excuse yourself, boy."

The boy was now a student at Trinity College, Dublin. Grandfather had been there with Oscar Wilde and Edward Carson, and had accumulated an array of degrees through extreme studiousness. Wilde and Carson indulged in none too friendly badinage, Carson being wary of the long-haired youth in the velvet suit. Grandfather was wary enough to keep out of sight, until Wilde, the finest classical scholar of the three, left for Oxford. He also left behind him the prophecy that Carson, although a "plodder" at law, would one day make himself famous. Grandfather left me with a family name to live up to and also left the front gate open to Haggie, who captivated the porters on duty from the day of my arrival. They much enjoyed sharing her box at the theatre.

To my intense relief, however, she did not invade me. I kept watch from my dingy room overlooking the front square. My father, the eldest son, had become Lord Glenavy on Grandfather's death, in 1931, and he was now, in his own right, an eminence in the magnificent Bank of Ireland, directly across the road. He only invaded once. A shy man, he walked across the Elizabethan cobbles and later told me that he had never been so nervous in his life. He was watched, in the sunlit afternoon, by a group of undergraduates sprawled on the steps. He said to me, “Are those people in corduroy trousers studying modern languages, like you?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “In that case you must change to law at once.” I did, and I hated it. But I made some amends by obtaining a gold medal in composition (subject: “Pessimism”) and a silver in oratory from the college Historical Society, in which Grandfather had been kingpin.

Perversely, I found the most entertaining people in a trio of medical students. So did Haggie. It was to their large and chaotic premises, instead of mine, that she made her way, ramrod erect, on sandalled feet. They, too, were mesmerized. Against all the rules, she frequently, with the porters’ knowledge, stayed the night. It seems incredible now, but in the year 1946 all females had to be out through the front gate before the campanile bell boomed at 6 P.M. Haggie stayed under cover. They called her, affectionately, “Hags,” and she liked it. By now her face was deeply lined and she looked more like Maud Gonne than ever, although if Yeats had imagined her as ever being “old and gray and full of sleep” she would have told him to “excuse yourself.”

Her restlessness was horribly put to the test by this same trio. In April, 1953—the event has not made the history books—there was a festival of the arts called An Tostal (Irish for “a pageant”). The An Tostal flame, resembling a phallic symbol, stood on a plinth on O’Connell Bridge. The medicos made a mockup of the flame, and one evening they took Haggie to the cinema and somehow smuggled it into her lodging house. When she retired, the flame was in her bed. For once, she panicked, and phoned the police, who arrived and were equally deceived. In the morning paper my father read that the An Tostal flame had been found in Lord Glenavy’s sister’s bed. The medicos appeared in court and were fined by the magistrate, who could not stop laughing. (Some nights later, in brash imitation, the genuine flame was cut from its plinth, by persons unknown, and thrown into the River Liffey, whence it was recovered and restored.)

Haggie’s lodging house at this time was in a red brick building estate. I drove her home to it one night after Jimmy O’Dea’s show and when she had said goodbye to the other occupants of the theatre box—two bookmakers and their wives. It was after midnight and bitterly cold. I stopped the car, my mother’s Morris Minor, and said brightly, “Which house is it?” There was an ominous silence, and an extra glow from the cigarette, and I heard, “Haven’t a clue.”

With growing calm, I said, “Which house is it?”

“Don’t be stupid. I told you.”

“Does it have a number?”

“Wouldn’t know.”

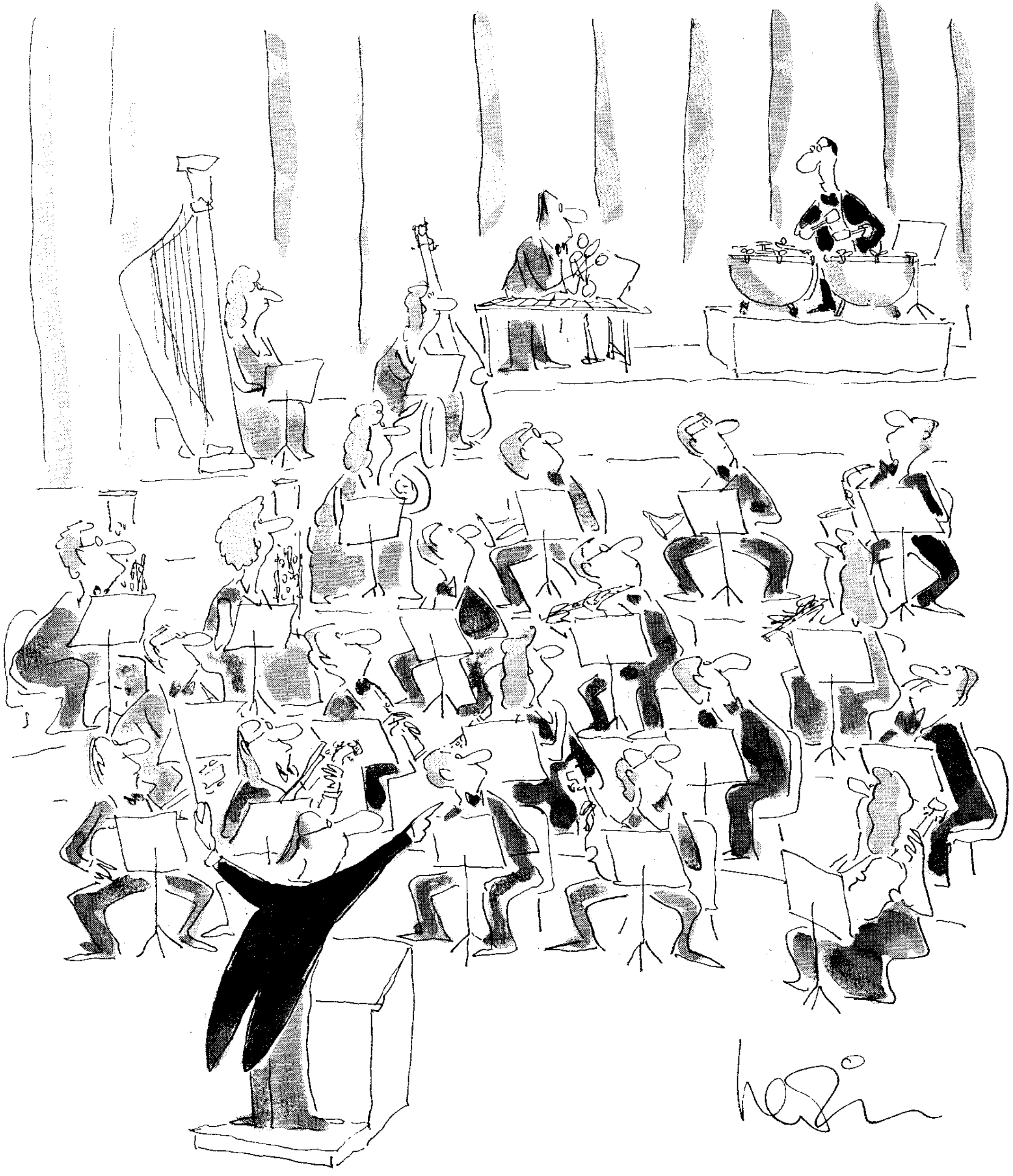
“Haggie, unless you make your mind up within *five minutes* I’m going to leave you here on the pavement.”

“They’re all the same excrescence.”

“You heard what I said.”

“Try the one with the lights on and the red curtains.” I waited. She was admitted.

Normally, she needed no chauffeur. She had her own. His name was Lawless, and he had been chauffeur to



“*Who, me?*”

Grandfather; now he ran his own taxi service, chiefly for her, and still wore the gray livery and peaked cap. He must have parked outside the Gaiety Theatre more often than any other human, and at times collected Haggie from Waterford or Sligo or Galway before curtain call. He, too, was captivated, and felt guilty about charging her the fare, but knew that Archie would deal with it and that my father was acquiescent. After Lawless died, Young Lawless, not in the livery, took over, and often drove ten miles to take her to the tobacconist down the road.

GRANDFATHER's obituaries, both Irish and English (two pages in the *Irish Times*), are panegyrics, although I have caught one phrase en passant: "He had no sense of humor but . . . " This is from the same obituary that says that "his only daughter is the wife of Major C D Knight, late The Carabiniers" and goes on to say that he leaves "£10,000 to follow the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Violet." I do not know what "to follow the trusts" means, although Major Knight must have known, but in any case ten thousand pounds in the year 1931 was a large sum. Where did it go? Certainly the gray mansion went. The widow, Haggie's mother, I only met once, long later, in a small hotel in Kensington, where her sense of humor was definitive and she verbally tore the other ladies to shreds over their cucumber sandwiches. Haggie's inheritance in this trait was a gentle one, and she only used it in absence of her victims: "Rumor hath it that Mrs.——is no longer as closely affiliated to her spouse as was formerly . . ."

The heiress now had what might have been regarded as one of the finest apartments in Dublin, overlooking the Georgian splendor of Fitzwilliam Square. But Haggie would stand at the window in the brown tweed cylinder gazing down, in a state of boredom approaching panic, at the victims entering the houses of doctors and dentists. A lady called a Daily Help visited, emptied the ashtrays, found the kitchen devoid of all provisions, and listened to tales of the missing husband —once "the finest gymnast in the British Army," Haggie said—not to mention, for some reason, stories about "Sir Gerald du Maurier, the only actor worth his salt." The Daily Help became a weekly help and then resigned. Haggie lingered on. No one for bed and breakfast, never mind cucumber sandwiches. Not a shred of gossip. She began phoning Lawless, to take her either to a cinema or else to a tearoom, Mitchell's of Grafton Street, where she sat alone. She awaited Sundays, when she played croquet, in silence, with me and my parents, and sat speechless, among several notables, over my mother's cold buffet in the evening.

THE ICE STORM

It's a world stiff as a principle:
glitter drills both retinas at a glance,
as if the pupils were forced wide
by dilation drops. Militant
yet democratic, ice built this
superstructure of light, flinging
beaded shawls around the meanest shrubs,
tinting shadows to a catatonic
mauve, making weeds brittle as invalids'
glass straws. Overnight, ice struck
rainbows in the dung. The world's become a vision
of the needles and pins that spark
across restricted limbs; the trees creak
like a crop of dreary
wind chimes, or glow like frazzled
candelabra under sunsets
marbled as sirloin.
Now tract housing's polished
to the sheen of citadels,
the hack horse looks unbalanced
in the blinding yard, and pheasants leave
red beads when they tear
themselves to air:
a red less desultory than the gemmy
flashes that resolve
themselves to trees,
heretic as the heart's red
breaking, through extravagant beats,
the etiquette of ice.

—ALICE FULTON

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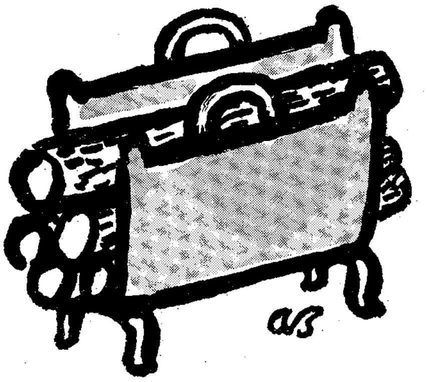
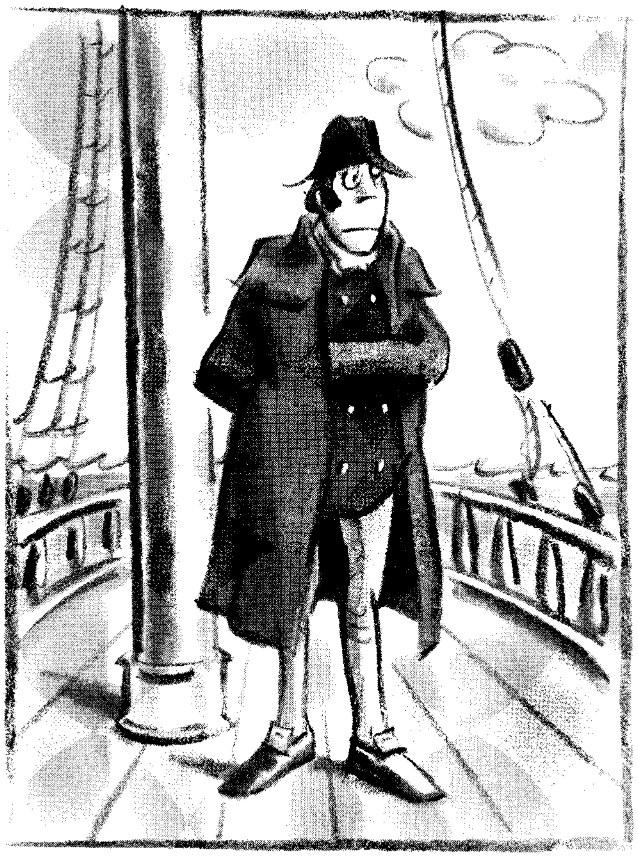
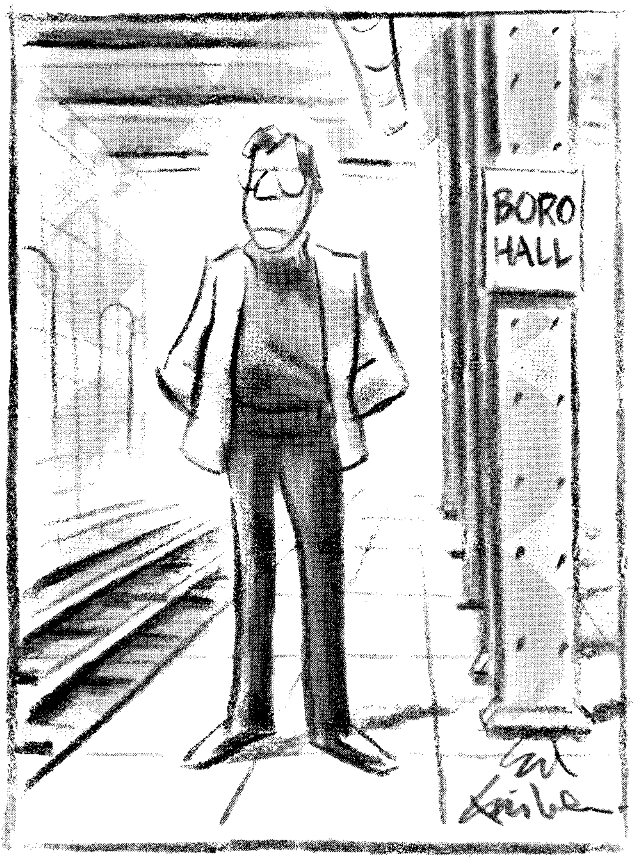
Not for the purpose of name-dropping but to show what she was up against, here is a random sample, covering several years, from my parents' Visitors' Book: Orson Welles, Thornton Wilder, John Middleton Murry, Marcel Marceau, J. B. Priestley, John O'Hara, Micheál Mac Liammóir, Hilton Edwards, Frank O'Connor, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Elizabeth Bowen, Feliks Topolski, Constance Spry, Peggy Ashcroft, Erskine Childers, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Larry Adler, Henry Williamson, A. P. Herbert, Peter Hall, Siobhan McKenna, and Joseph Hone. Thornton Wilder spoke about the "Golden Girls of Literature," giving his vote to Natasha Rostova. Feliks Topolski spoke of journalism in painting from Giotto to the present day. And Haggie, occupying, as ever, the best armchair by the fireplace, talked to the cat, which was called Pudding, because it never stirred from the hearthrug. "Silly people, aren't they, yes they are, aren't they . . ." Strangely, the silly people, presumably out of politeness, never appeared to notice her. I did. I was riveted. My mother was well aware, and would occasionally say, "Haggie, we're trying to *talk!*" Haggie would give it a moment's rest and then begin her murmuring again. My father was silent, but some Sundays, after everyone had gone, he would stand with his back to the fireplace and talk as he used to with D. H. Lawrence, moving from the mystery of economics to the mystery of William





PHILIP NOLAN:
THE MAN WITHOUT
A COUNTRY



PHILIP NOLAN IV:
THE MAN WITHOUT A
MANHATTAN APARTMENT

• •

Blake. I have never heard anything ike it.

ANNUALLY, my father, as Christmas loomed, announced that hospitality was leading us toward bankruptcy. One year I have in mind was in the early nineteen-fifties, when we were living in a Georgian house sitting on a hill beneath the Dublin mountains and wide open to the west wind, with a tennis court and a natural swimming pool. My father said we would have to move to Ringsend, an area of Dublin dominated by a vast factory and a gasometer. That afternoon my mother slipped away, much disturbed, in her ancient car, and came home and said, meaning it, "I've been. It's ideal!"

"What is?" my father said.

"Ringsend. There's a row of sunny red brick houses with little balconies and red geraniums. It's surrounded by shops, and there's even a cinema down the road. It's perfect!"

My father nearly swallowed his pipe, rose with difficulty from his chair, and went, dazedly, upstairs to his room. My mother said, "What have I done?"

I said, "I don't think he was really serious. I mean Ringsend." She looked astonished, and then downcast. The wind beat against the windows. We weren't allowed to pull the curtains, because it was "keeping out Nature." "Can you get me a crème de menthe?" she said, naming her only, and rare, tipple. "I feel a bit weak."

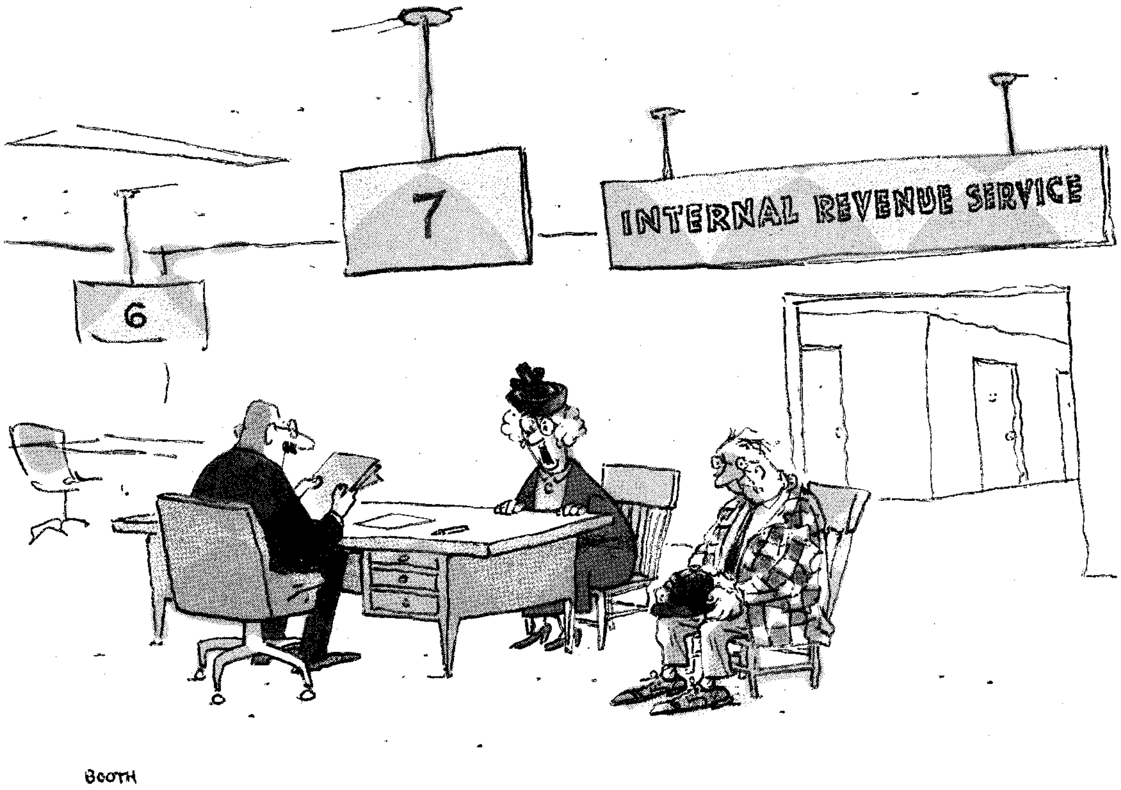
As an alternative to bankruptcy, my father then thought of something else. Many, many years before, he had received some letters from Lawrence, together with a map he had drawn, describing Rananim—a utopian island Lawrence proposed to found—and asking my father to have passports made out for persons who varied, almost by the day, from E. M. Forster to Bertrand Russell, and so on. My father had put the letters in a "safe place" in this our new home, and now was convinced that they had slipped down behind the mantelpiece and were deeply lodged somewhere in the back of the fireplace and worth a fortune. Two builders came out from Dublin in a van and proceeded to demolish the fireplace, repeatedly asking me, "What in the name a God are we doing?" I tried to explain, but it was impossible. And nothing was found.

Haggie also came out, driven by Lawless, on a Sunday afternoon, and discovered herself, in her favorite chair, faced with a one-bar electric stove and a gaping wall. My father was outside on a stool on the tennis court, weeding. My mother was upstairs, painting a picture. Haggie sat with calm, lit a cigarette, and said, "Has someone taken leave of their senses?"

I said, "Haggie, I've tried to explain this to two builders, and I will try to explain it again."

She said, "Proceed. Before somebody leaves me in the fridge."

"Years ago your brother put a map and some letters from D. H. Lawrence in a safe place. He says we're nearly bankrupt, and he thought they were behind all this rubble, but they weren't. He thinks they're worth a



"Stop referring to my husband as 'he whose ox is gored'!"

fortune. They're about an island called Rananim, which doesn't in fact exist. There's even a letter asking for passports."

Her great eyes turned slowly toward me. "Have you been drinking, boy?"

"No. Rananim is from a Hebrew song known to Koteliansky, whose portrait, by Mark Gertler, happens to be hanging above your head at this very moment. Lawrence wanted passports for them as well."

"For an island that doesn't exist?"

"Yes. Correct. Well, that's to say, it began as one and then turned into a five-hundred-acre estate in Oxfordshire called Garsington Manor, belonging to a woman called Lady Ottoline Morrell. But Lawrence hated the war and decided on Florida instead, and a plantation belonging to Delius, who stopped him because he said it was an unhealthy swamp."

"What was? Delius?"

"No, he was a famous English composer. I am *trying* to be patient, Haggie."

"Me, too. I'm with you there."

"So in 1917 Lawrence decided on the Marquesas Islands, and this was when he asked your brother for the passports."

"No luck?"

"No. So it wasn't until years after the war that he decided that New Mexico was Rananim and he went with his wife to Taos."

"Is that the end?"

"Yes."

"Thank God for that. I think I'll phone Lawless. I've gone numb."

"But you've only just come, and Lawless is partly why we're going bankrupt."

"I did not expect, boy, to be regaled with a nonexistent fireplace, not to mention a nonexistent island which keeps on turning up on dry land."

"Haggie, I warned you. I have tried to explain the letters and the map. You have to use your *imagination*."

"Why? There seem to be quite enough people doing *that*."

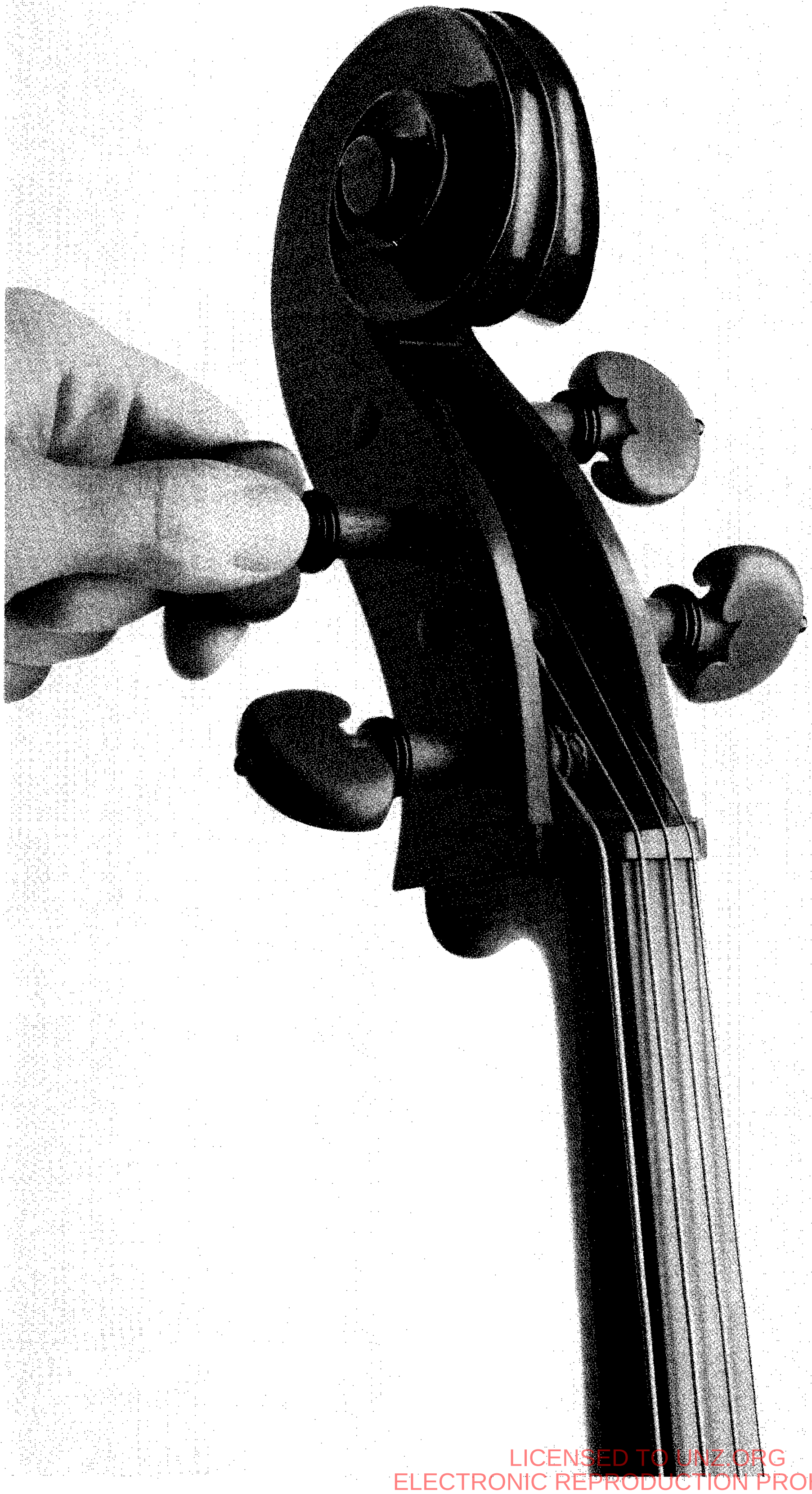
"All right. *I'll* phone Lawless."

She was back next Sunday, as was the fireplace.

IN 1955, I was assistant to the London editor of the *Irish Times*, and I had written most of the London Letter column six days a week for nine years, at a minuscule income, and was faced with the Chelsea Flower Show looming up for the tenth time. I thought I must do something else. It slowly began to dawn.

Haggie had been relieved from staring down on Fitzwilliam Square and was in a boarding hous in the hill village o Clifden, overlooking the sea, in County Galway. Archie had deal with it. He had spen holidays there. Clifden is described in the official guide to Ireland as "the capital of Connemara." It says, "Here the traveller may tarry and laze on the golden sands of the many beautiful beaches." I know Clifden. What is known there as "the soft rain" comes in from the Atlantic with such vehemence that the windscreen wipers of any known automobile are rendered powerless There is nothing to be done except to sit in the car, entrapped, and wait This is also what the landlady and the other guests in the boarding house did while Haggie held them in thrall. As we Irish say, and I mean it with much affection, "There were no flies on Archie."

Thus it came to me. Obvious. A funny novel about Haggie. Set, safely in Fitzwilliam Square. I wrote it. I was accepted by Heinemann, in London, and, two years by now having elapsed, when it was about to be published, even the jacket filled my heart with excitement. There was the spitting image of Haggie staring out of the window. Deciding that she had been totally celebrated, I dedicated the book "To my Father and Mother" and posted an advance copy to them in Dublin. The plot, I thought, was cunning, in that in case Major Knight was still alive (he was, on the Isle of Wight) I had invented an aging waiter who took on his persona, crossed the Irish Sea wearing a wig, and invaded Haggie, demanding money or else permanent, though nonmarital, residence. I called her Peter Perry—I have no idea why. Perhaps the Peter was an echo of Peter Knight, and the Perry was merely euphonious. Unfortunately, the novel included a party in Fitzwilliam Square, and except for Major Knight, who remained, interestingly, silent, the only persons who did not recognize themselves as being present, and libellously so, were a totally invented group of pantomime



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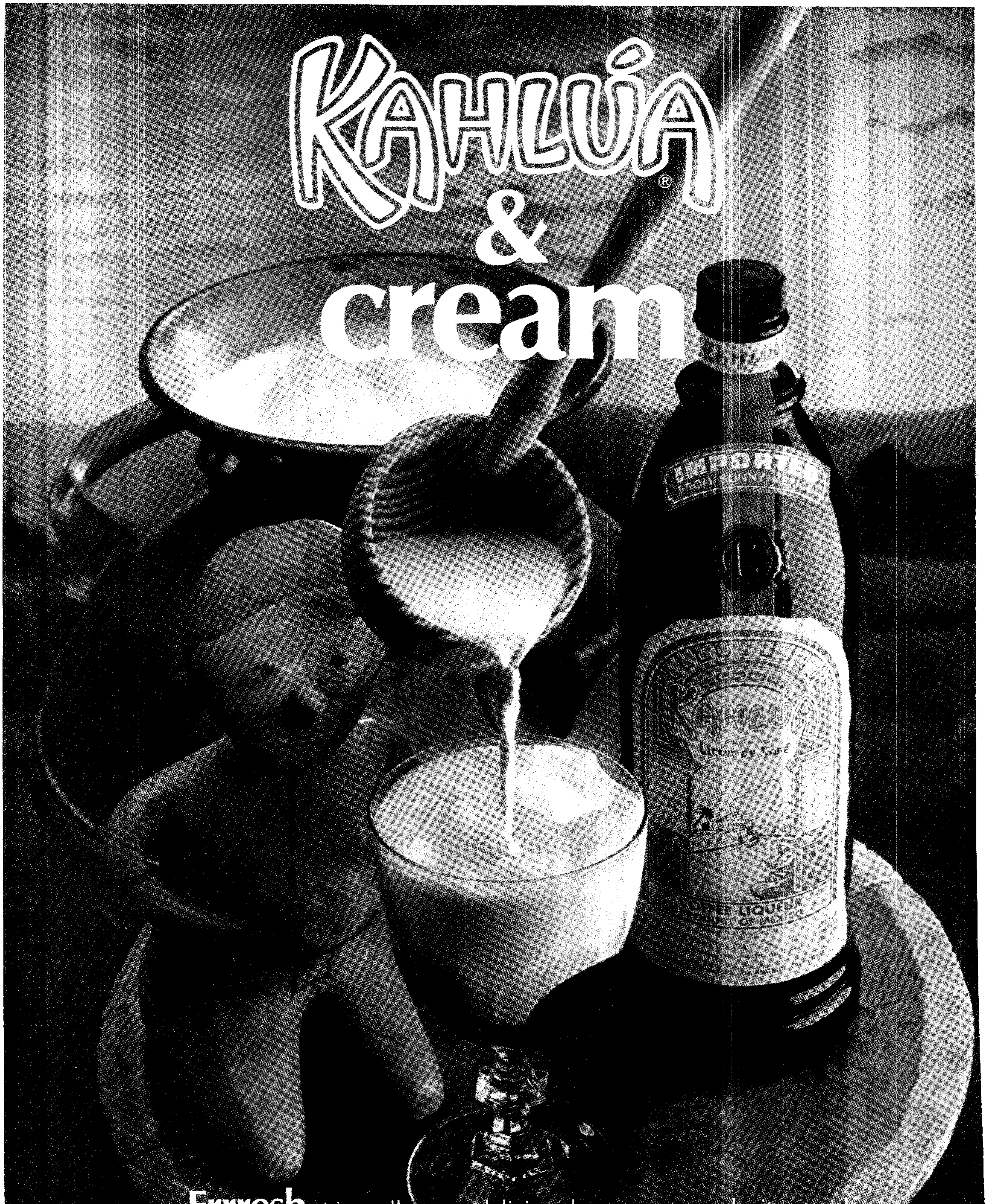
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ugglers from Argentina. Everyone lse was eager.

The New Stateman in those days was permitted to publish book reviews n advance of publication date, and in he issue that came out that Friday the ate John Raymond placed my novel on top of the fiction section and called t "brilliant." Astonished, I walked on ir and bought a bottle of champagne. My father was on the phone that same night. He said, "It's very good indeed. But it's absolutely out of the question hat it can be published. I'm having it topped."

"What?"

"Haggie has been to see Archie and s claiming thirty thousand pounds."

"What for?"

"You say she's enamored of a mu-ic-hall comedian."

"But she's seventy."

"And you also say she fabricates, doesn't pay her bills, and is almost oothless."

"But she is. I mean, she does."

"As for Jimmy O'Dea, he has an action for at least forty thousand. I know you call him Tommy Kinsella, but it's clear enough, especially with Haggie on the jacket. You say he drinks onstage."

"But he drinks a pint of Guinness n one go and the audience cheers, and he always gets an encore."

"That's irrelevant. I've just phoned Kingsley Martin, via *The New Statesman*, and told him that the magazine he edits has contravened all the laws of reviewing and they will be jointly sued. He said he was in his pajamas in the dark, claimed total ignorance, and made some remark about receiving phone calls from Ireland. We'll see about that. I thought of resigning from the Bank and all my directorships, but your mother is distressed enough as it is. I've stopped publication. I've got Archie an Aer Lingus return ticket. He'll be in Heinemann's office to see you with the editor on Monday at 3 P.M. It's all very unfortunate, but that's the way life is. Have a good sleep."

I cannot remember, but I think I fainted. I am pretty sure that I drank all of the champagne. One thing was clear: my life was finished.

Nevertheless, I let it continue on its own two feet and shaky legs, and appeared in the Heinemann office on Monday. Archie was there already, small, bald, elegant, but with the humor lines around his eyes ominously low. He was wearing either the regimental or the old-school tie, and his accent, when he spoke, sounded more English than the English. He said, "Sorry about this, Michael," and looked down at the book, my firstborn, where he had underlined the alleged libels in both blue and red. With us at the round table in the minute room was the junior editor, James Michie. His senior, whether or not by chance, was absent. James, who is now a director of the Bodley Head, later established himself as a fine poet and translator of the Epigrams of Martial and the Odes of Horace. I only mention this, with scruples about someone so modest as Mr. Michie, to make the point that dealing with Horace was one thing but dealing with Haggie was another. In short, James looked up at me and asked, in a voice in which sympathy, despondency, and quiet amazement were commingled, "Does this woman really exist?" Sinking into my chair, I faintly said, "Yes," and was aware of a simultaneous but much stronger "Yes" coming from Archie. With the license of memory, I think I can add that James, his elbow on the table, put his hand over his eyes and murmured, almost inaudibly, "Oh, my God."

Archie was in no mood for murmuring. Like my father, he loathed London and its "uproar," and was longing to use his Aer Lingus return ticket. Aware of this, I sought the initiative and said, "Archie, what on earth are all these red and blue underlinings? Absolutely nobody does *anything*."

"That's true," said Archie, "but you have Haggie saying things about them, and at least eight people in Dublin are threatening to sue. Only this morning Erskine Childers [later to become President of the Irish Republic] passed your father in Grafton Street, on his way to the Bank, and said, 'I've read Michael's book and have decided not to sue, on account of the family.' "

"Which is he?" I said, feeling faint.

"You describe him as phoning Haggie and asking her if he can bring a beautiful young woman who has a wooden leg to her party."

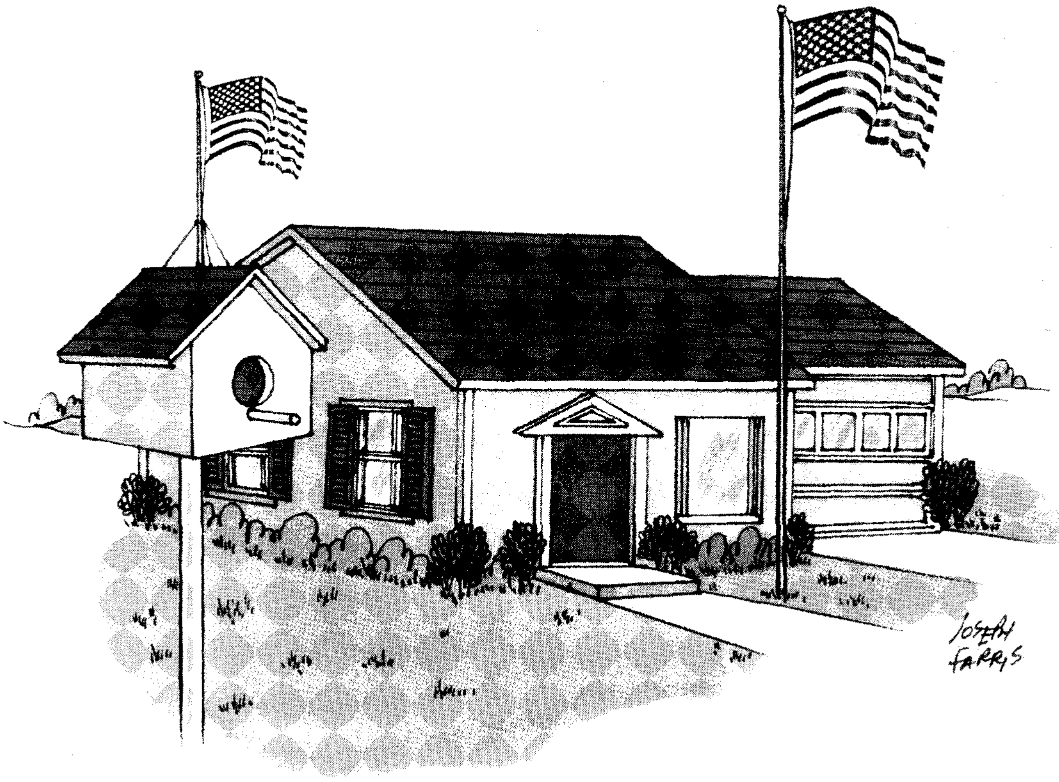
"But he couldn't conceivably have wanted to go to one of Haggie's parties."

"That's irrelevant. Let's stick to what is. Haggie and Jimmy O'Dea."

Upon which, James Michie said, "Does he exist, too?"

"Yes," said Archie.

The meeting broke up with the decision that I could only beseech Haggie and Jimmy O'Dea to give their permission. I went home to my room



and turned on the gas ring, then decided against it and, instead, sent a hysterical telegram to Haggie. It said, "THEY HAVE STOPPED BOOK. HAVE MADE YOU FAMOUS. NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW. FOR GOD'S SAKE CHANGE MIND. THINK. MICHAEL." I then sent another, care of the Gaiety Theatre, to Jimmy O'Dea: "BOOK STOPPED. WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG? PLEASE GIVE PERMISSION. MICHAEL."

I waited for what seemed an eternity. Toward midnight Haggie wired back, "HAVE CHANGED MIND. AM IMMORTALIZED FOREVER. ON WITH THE STRUGGLE. HAGGIE." Swift upon this came: "CONGRATULATIONS. ONLY OBJECTION NOWHERE DO YOU DESCRIBE YOUR AUNT AND MYSELF GOING TO BED TOGETHER. ALL THE BEST. JIMMY."

Everyone seemed to be busy at Heinemann's for the next week, but a letter arrived from Haggie in support of the "struggle." It was in an elderly—impossible to call her old—lady's spidery handwriting, but its message was clear. It began with the words "I *went to my brother's house on* Sunday as usual, for lunch. He refused to hand me the vegetables. I fetched them myself!"

This letter, which continued in the same vein for two pages, I tucked into an envelope, along with the two telegrams, and I went to see James. He was three years younger than I, and shared my concern, but had the greatest difficulty in disguising a smile when he came to the refusal to hand her the vegetables. He said, "We'll have to bring the lot to Mr. Rubinstein."

I said, "Who's that?"

James said, "He's the leading libel lawyer for books in this country."

We took a taxi, in grim silence, and at Rubinstein's office we were placed at a long, shiny table. Mr. Rubinstein appeared, bearing a curious resemblance to Archie, except that he put on spectacles to read the relevant documents. He got through, with calm, my aunt's not going to bed with Jimmy O'Dea, but when he studied the letter about my father's not handing the vegetables, tears, to my total dismay, came out from under his glasses. He took them off and wiped them with an elegant handkerchief. I thought, This is the end. I'm finished.

He said, "It is incredible. The lady is exactly as you have described." Mr. Rubinstein was laughing—silently but uncontrollably laughing—as he turned to Haggie's page 2.

James was nonplussed. Me, too. I said, "Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

Mr. Rubinstein said, "Good. You have full permission here. And also"—wiping his glasses once more—"from Mr. O'Dea."

The book was published six months later, without a single alteration. W. H. Smith, one of the major retailers in the U.K., refused to have any truck with it. But there is no such thing as bad publicity, and the people of Dublin would seem to have developed a newfound interest in Literature, because it sold twenty-five hundred copies, which for a first novel was not bad at all. Afterward, my agonized mother said, "When you think of all the people you've met, why did you have to pick on *her*?" I don't know the answer. They all had successful vocations. She had none, perhaps, except for being herself.

The following Christmas, even though the struggle was over, I felt *that I could not possibly present myself* in Dublin and must, miserably, stay in London. I wrote as much to my mother, and received from my father a telegram—our only correspondence: "COME HOME. ALL IS FORGIVEN." I did, and nobody said a word. Haggie was there, in a boarding house just up the road. It was freezing solid. My mother had slaved at the turkey, but so had most of Dublin, and the electricity blacked out. We were left with candles and nothing to eat. Haggie said, "I can't wait or give my performance—take me home." I led her, on the ice (she was in her sandals), back to her room.

When I got home, the lights had come back on. I said, "I'll have to go back for her. She's got to do her performance." Haggie was lying on top of her bed, in the tweed cylinder, and a one-bar electric fire was smoldering against the blanket at the end, giving off a cloud of smoke. "Haggie, fo God's sake, the room's on fire!" cried. "Where's the plug!"

"Excuse yourself, boy."

"You could be *dead*."

"So what?"

"Don't be silly. You've got to giv your performance. Come back wit me. It's all fixed now."

This time it was I who clutched o to *her* bony elbow on the oute staircase, which was solidly iced over Sadly, her choice for the performanc was not good. She attempted Lad Bracknell and Mr. Worthing, and I'r afraid her words, for once, wen askew. The applause was minimal Still, she had done it, against fire an ice. The show had gone on.

HAGGIE now began to make som more rapid moves, and fast became, if she was not one already, wha is known as a "character." In Clifde the sun shone on the lazy beaches The residents of her boarding hous went for a walk, and so did the landlady. Haggie, suffering, I suspect from light-headedness owing to malnutrition, but maybe also from a desir for revenge upon life and the huma race, turned on the taps in the basi and bath on the upper floor and wen for a walk in the opposite direction She returned an hour later, and th house was awash and the landlady an the residents in a state close to panic She said, "What is happening here My brother will be informed. You ca give yourselves naught. I am leaving."

Archie dealt with it. He found her boarding house in the town of Sligo. decided that someone ought to visit and I borrowed my mother's car. Slig may seem a small distance from Dublin, but in Ireland it becomes a matte of winding roads, not to mention merrymakers coming at you in Volkswagens. At any rate, I found Haggie in a red brick house with a direct view of the main gate of Classiebawn Castle, the summer home of Lord Mountbatten. The house, built in 1826, to the orders of Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of Great Britain, had descended to Edwina, Lady Mountbatten, and it had a distant view, through Neo-Gothic windows, of the dramatic flat-topped mountain Ben Bulben.

Haggie was on top of her bed, in the brown tweed cylinder and her sandals, and just as I entered was putting out a half-smoked cigarette in a half-eaten boiled egg. She said, "What's come

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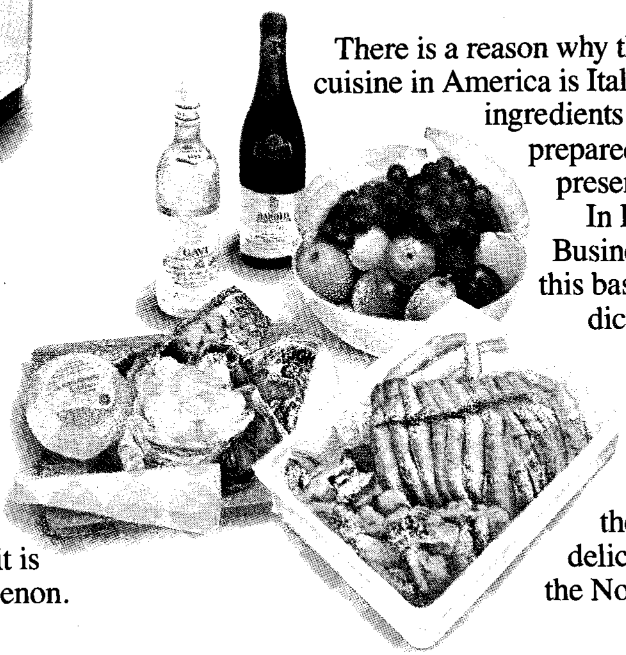

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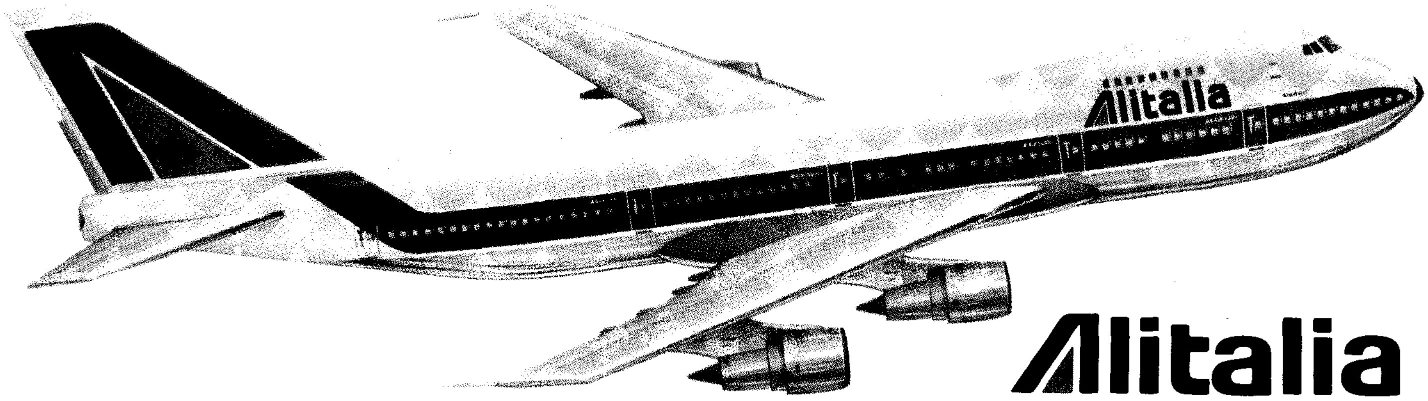

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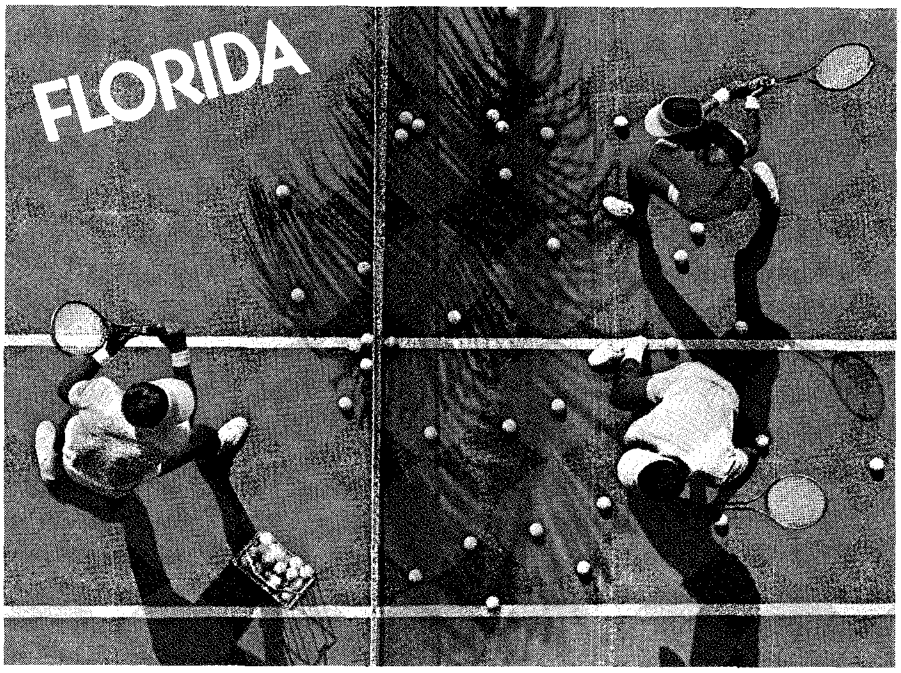

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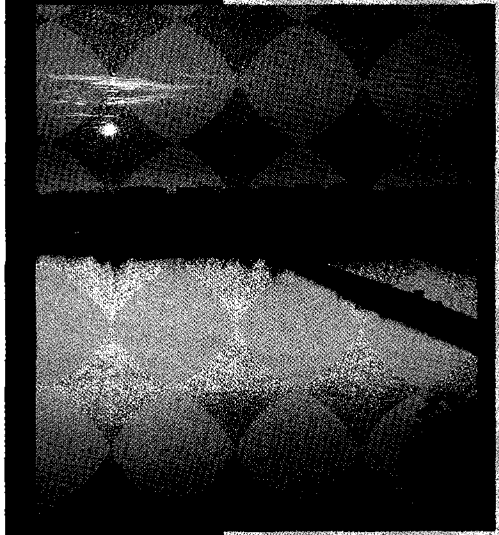

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over you, boy? What are you doing here?"

I said, "I thought I'd visit."

She said wearily, "The Mountbattens are down the road. They keep on asking me to dinner." As so often with Haggie, this could just possibly have been true. She was, almost incredibly, the Honourable Mrs. Violet Knight and daughter of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

I said, "Why haven't you accepted?"

She lit another cigarette with a trembling match and murmured, "Couldn't be bothered. Waste of time."

There must have been trouble with another match—the facts here are uncertain—because later there was a minor fire. Archie dealt with it, and found another boarding house, well to the south, in Waterford, where she had once taken two poodles for walks on the quays for the only landlady who regretted her absence. But Christmas was approaching, and she had booked her box for the pantomime, so she returned to Dublin, this time, though, not at all well. She had eaten nothing, and her mind was wandering. Archie by now was no longer alive. My mother dealt with it. She found Haggie a nursing home and left her to be interviewed by the matron. Haggie, who had spotted a key on the inside of the door, sprang from her chair and locked the matron in. On the desk there was only an outside telephone, so that the unfortunate lady could not call for help from indoors. Haggie, meanwhile, had discovered a telephone box down the street, and phoned Lawless to drive her to the Gaiety Theatre, where she found Jimmy O'Dea in a rehearsal of "Cinderella" and volunteered to play one of the Ugly Sisters—an offer that was rejected. Jimmy had someone phone my father, and my mother found another nursing home, where the doors were more secure.

My father, aged seventy-seven, died in 1963. My mother, aged eighty-eight, died in 1970. Haggie was still somewhere, defying the laws of the human frame, and, maybe, her two competitors. However, a year later I received a phone call in London. It came from a hospital in Sligo: "Your aunt died peacefully this morning." Only I was left to deal with it, so I phoned the rector at Drumcliff. He said, "My dear chap, do you realize that this is where Yeats is laid?"

I said, "Yes, I know that."

He said, "Well, you must appreciate that you have to book at least four months in advance."

I said, "Book?"

He said, "I fear so."

I said, "But she only died this morning."

He said, "I'm truly sorry to hear that, but the waiting list is three to four months long. You will have to take her to the municipal cemetery." He gave me a phone number, and I spoke to another rector, who said, "Yes, of course."

It may seem irrelevant, though to me it is not, that in 1948 the body of Yeats was ceremoniously brought back from the village of Roquebrune, in the South of France, where he had been buried in 1939. He was interred, as he had demanded, under the shadow of the mountain Ben Bulben, in Drumcliff churchyard. I made the journey from Dublin to Sligo in a car with Shelah Richards, the director of my father's play, but, far more important, one of the leading actresses of the Abbey Theatre Players. Her reason for going was one of emotion and gratitude, and mine was one of curiosity. We did not speak a word all the way. We found ourselves behind an amazing cortège, which somehow sorted itself out and, on a dark day, resorted itself into an extremely moving procession. The rector spoke some quiet words with Mrs. Yeats, her children, and Jack Yeats, the poet's brother and Ireland's finest painter, standing beside him on the grass. Shelah and I found ourselves on a newly erected stand—a long white wooden plank—at a distance. It was occupied by giggling young men of Sligo, who were obviously unacquainted with the Great Poet. The plank cracked, and all fell down. Luckily, this was too far away to be observed. A fat lady was there, probably the cause of the crack, quivering with laughter. Shelah, in a hushed and furious voice, let rip: "Do you realize that you are attending a *funeral*?" To this the fat lady, still shaking, replied, "Ah, what does it matter? Sure isn't he nine years dead!" There was no answer to that.

Archie's firm dealt with Haggie's funeral arrangements. I took a plane to Dublin, hired a car, booked into a hotel and got on the phone, and found all possible company to be surprisingly busy the following day. So this time I drove alone. It was a dreary day. I knew that there would be no Government representative (for Yeats it had been Maud Gonne's son, Séan MacBride), no military guard of honor, no diplomatic corps or congregation of writers, but I was pretty sure of a hundred or so persons who had known Haggie as one of Dublin's characters.

The drive took much longer than I had anticipated, and I arrived just in time, before 3 P.M. The church was not the barracks I had imagined but a charming little gray building. I hurried in. A white-haired clergyman in a white cassock hopped down the steps from the altar and ran toward me, saying, "I don't know who you are, but thank God you've come. I've never had to do this before." He threw his arms around me.

After we had unleashed ourselves, I said, "Do what?"

He said, "Give a brief address to nobody."

I looked about the church. There was no one there.

Feeling numb, I sat down in the front pew. Four men in ragged tweed suits came walking down the aisle. For a mad moment, knowing that Haggie had been able to commune wherever she went, I thought that they must be Sligo acquaintances. But they were carrying the coffin. They placed it in front of me and left the church. The rector spoke at me, but I was not hearing a word. I was reflecting that, albeit in another field, but also under Ben Bulben, Yeats had, by his command, the words cut on his gravestone:

> Cast a cold eye
> On life, on death.
> Horseman, pass by!

And it seemed to me that Haggie deserved a share in this.

I walked back down the aisle of the empty church. Whether out of shyness, or because she wouldn't enter a Protestant church, there was a pretty girl standing just inside the doorway. She said, "Excuse me, you must be Masther Michael?"

I said, "Yes."

She said, "I'm one of the nurses from the hospital. We wanted you to have this." It was a card, with a picture of the Virgin Mary. "She spoke a lot about you," the girl said. "She was wonderful. She had us all in stitches of laughter."

—MICHAEL CAMPBELL

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Portsmouth* (*N.H.*) *Herald*]

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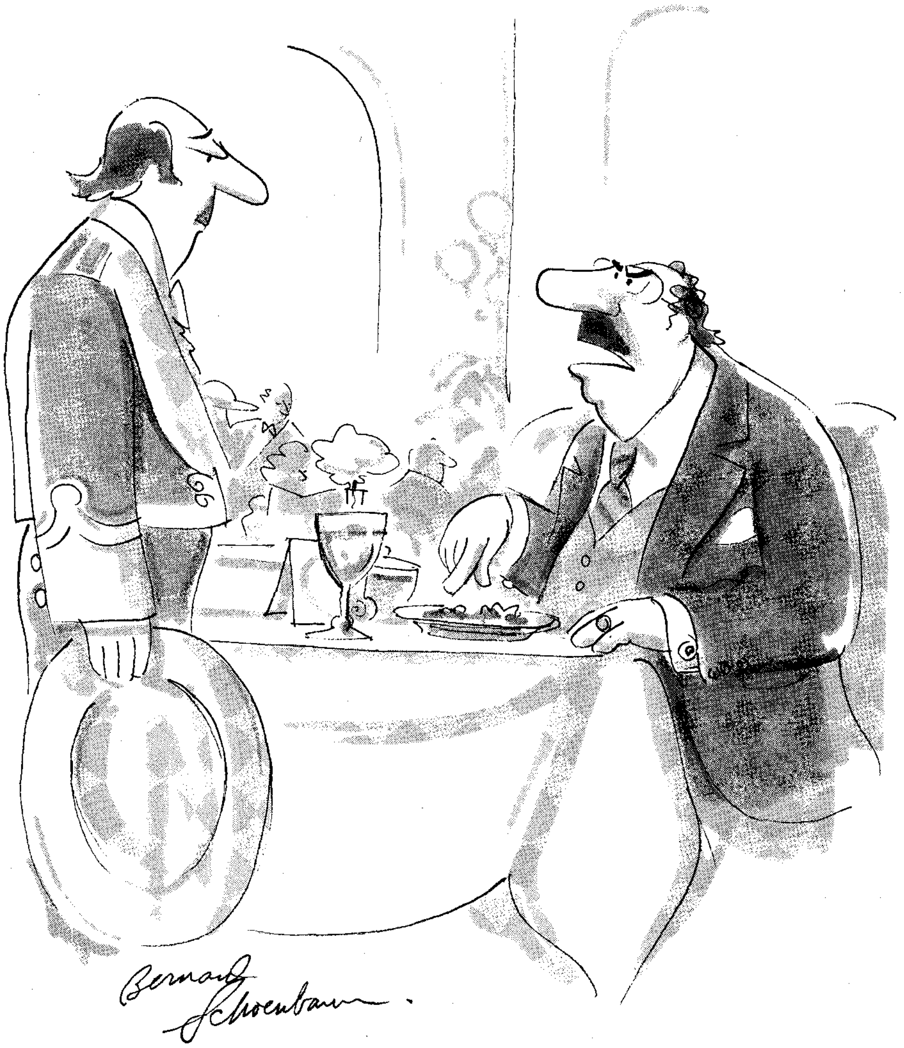
THE KICKER

IN the autumn of 1979, the Chrysler Corporation, the third-largest automobile-manufacturing company and the seventeenth-largest industrial corporation in the country, appeared to be coming apart at the seams. As a result of a number of circumstances—among them a generally depressed national market for automobiles and the belatedness of Chrysler's recognition that current demand was chiefly for small, economical cars rather than the traditional gas-guzzlers—the company had already lost well over half a billion dollars that year and was continuing to lose money at an appalling rate. Its private borrowing resources were exhausted, and unless vast sums of new money could somehow be found quickly bankruptcy appeared to be inevitable. As early as August 9th, G. William Miller, a former chairman of Textron and subsequently chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who had just become Secretary of the Treasury, stated that the Carter Administration was willing to consider government assistance to Chrysler. On September 15th, Lee A. Iacocca, the volatile executive who had joined Chrysler the previous year, after being dismissed as president of the Ford Motor Company by the even more volatile Henry Ford II, asked the United States government to guarantee a billion two hundred million dollars in loans to save Chrysler from bankruptcy. According to an estimate made by Secretary Miller a little later, for Chrysler to declare bankruptcy might cost the country's taxpayers two billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars and result in the loss of between seventy-five thousand and a hundred thousand jobs within two years.

In mid-September, however, the Secretary was unreceptive to Iacocca's request. The sum of a billion two hundred million dollars was not at all what he had had in mind, he said, and he went on to suggest, in effect, "How about seven hundred and fifty million?" On October 17th, Chrysler, recognizing that beggars could not be choosers, lowered its request to that amount. But at that very moment Chrysler's financial situation was deteriorating more alarmingly than ever, and the Treasury Department, as a result, was in the process of changing its mind. Just before the end of October, the company reported that its losses for the third quarter of 1979 had come to four hundred and sixty million six hundred thousand dollars, so that the year's loss up to the end of September was seven hundred and twenty-one million five hundred thousand dollars; and that money was still draining out hour by hour at a fearful rate. On November 1st, the Administration proposed that the government, by act of Congress, guarantee loans to Chrysler of up to a billion and a half dollars—a sum that handily topped even Iacocca's original request.

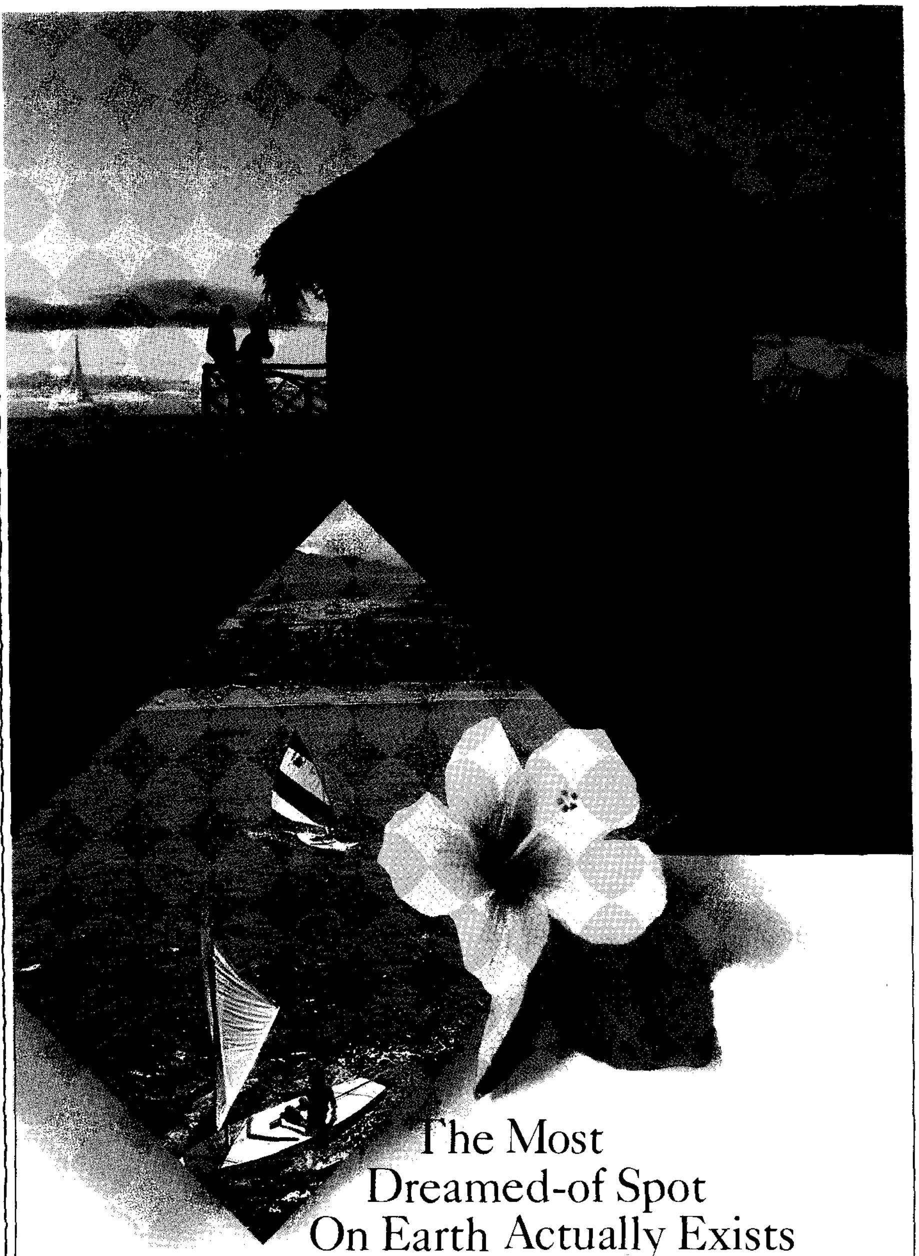
Since late summer, well before the Administration made this proposal, a group at the Treasury under the general direction of Secretary Miller had been mulling over the question of loan guarantees to Chrysler, and had begun to prepare a draft of legislation to submit to Congress. The immediate boss of this group was Robert Carswell, Deputy Secretary of the Treasury. Before joining the Carter Treasury Department, in 1977, Carswell, a Brooklyn-born, Harvard-educated lawyer, had been a special assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and since 1965 he had been a partner in the New York City law firm of Shearman & Sterling. Among those working with Carswell on the matter were Roger C. Altman, previously a partner in the investment-banking house of Lehman Brothers, who had come to the Treasury in 1977 as Assistant Secretary for Domestic Finance; Robert H. Mundheim, a professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania, whom Carswell had hired in 1977 as general counsel to the Treasury; and, at the staff level, two energetic and talented thirty-four-year-olds—Luke Lynch, Jr., who had been an associate at Shearman & Ster-



"You call this sustenance?"

ling and had come to the Treasury in 1978 as assistant general counsel, and Brian M. Freeman, a former New York City lawyer and faculty member of the Harvard Business School, who was now serving as deputy to Altman. All but one of these men had had previous experience, either in the private sector or in the public one, with bailouts of apparently failing corporations. (Some professionals in the field prefer to speak of them more politely as "workouts.") Carswell, while he was at Shearman & Sterling, had played an important role in arranging government loans or loan guarantees to the Penn Central Transportation Company, which ran the Penn Central Railroad, in 1970-71, and to New York City, in 1975-76, and a lesser role in arranging those to the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, in 1971; and on behalf of the Treasury he had conducted the negotiations in the second round of the New York City bailout, in 1977-78. Altman, although he had never been involved in such undertakings at Lehman Brothers, had in 1977 and 1978 spent more of his time at the Treasury on the New York City situation than on any other problem. Lynch was virtually a specialist in staff work on bailouts, having worked on them with Carswell at Shearman & Sterling, and having been hired for the Treasury job specifically to lend a hand in the matter of New York City. As for Freeman, his career at the Treasury since 1976 had been spent mostly on bailouts, principally Lockheed's and the aftermath of Penn Central's, and as a result he was coming to be known in the trade as Mr. Bailout. Among the group, only Mundheim had never before worked on a workout; but as an experienced professor of corporate law he, too, well knew how such things were ordered in private business.

In designing legislation to deal with the Chrysler problem, this seasoned crew decided to profit from experience by following the Lockheed model. They knew, of course, that any bill they might come up with would face problems in Congress, not only because of the serious risk of huge government losses but also because of the anomalous political attitudes that existed—and continue to exist—toward all government loan guarantees to corporations. The issue does not divide politicians along the usual left-right lines. Generally speaking, liberals and conservatives alike are opposed to government bailouts on principle, the for-



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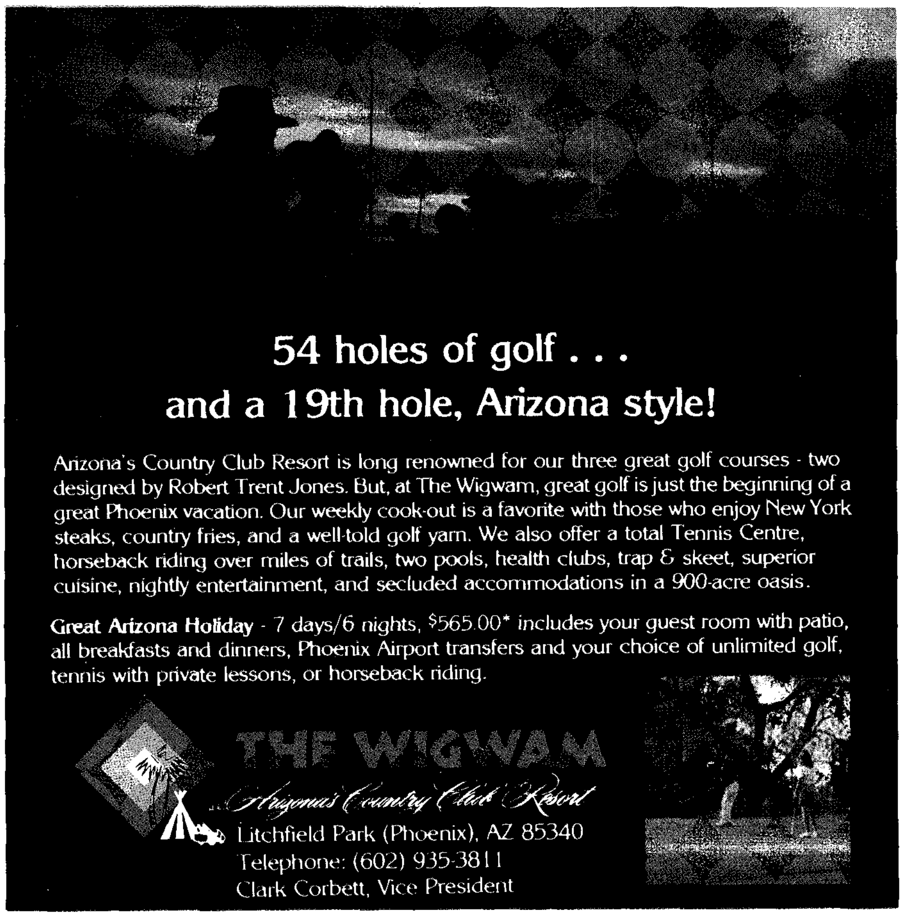

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mer because they are inclined to have little love for corporations in any condition, the latter because government intervention in corporate affairs violates their notion of the free-enterprise system. (In the Chrysler affair, Alan Greenspan, the deeply conservative former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, found himself allied in opposition to a bailout with the sometimes radical consumer advocate Ralph Nader.) The support for government bailouts comes essentially from non-ideological pragmatists, both Republican and Democratic, who are reluctant to see productive institutions and the jobs they provide vanish from the economic scene.

The practical results of government bailouts up to 1979 had been mixed. In 1971, Congress—by a margin of only one vote in the Senate and three votes in the House—had granted Lockheed guarantees of two hundred and fifty million dollars to save that company from what appeared to be certain bankruptcy. The move had succeeded brilliantly: by 1977, when Lockheed was back on its feet, the Treasury had lost nothing and had taken in more than thirty million dollars in fees paid by the company for the guarantees. On the other hand, in 1971 the government had guaranteed an initial hundred and twenty-five million dollars to the already bankrupt Penn Central to keep its trains running, and had subsequently in effect nationalized the railroad—at an ultimate cost to taxpayers of more than five billion dollars. Thus, in the autumn of 1979 the practical advisability of providing guarantees to Chrysler—in an amount far larger than those made to Lockheed or than the initial guarantees to Penn Central—was highly debatable.

Carswell and his crew set to work on legislation that would be made as palatable as possible to Congress by requiring parallel concessions, to match the government's, from other parties to Chrysler's affairs—the company's management, its stockholders, and its employees, and the private banks and other lending institutions. They also stipulated that the government should receive as compensation from Chrysler cash fees, over and above the interest that Chrysler would pay to the private investors whose loans the government would stand behind. There was nothing new about that; fees had been required in each of the government's previous bailouts. This time, though, the Treasury men, almost from the first, found themselves considering a less orthodox form of potential compensation to the government. Perhaps, they suggested, as a reward for the risk that Uncle Sam would be taking he should have a chance, if the bailout succeeded, the Chrysler Corporation recovered, and the price of its common stock shot upward, to share in the loot; that is, perhaps Chrysler should be required to turn over to the government some of its common stock, or the right to buy a certain quantity of stock at a predetermined price. Such a provision is known in private-sector loan arrangements as an equity kicker: "equity" because it involves common stock, which implies ownership of a part of the corporation, and "kicker" because it means the promise of something extra for the risk-taker in the event that the enterprise succeeds.

The classic form of equity kicker is the stock warrant, which is an option issued by a corporation to buy a certain quantity of the corporation's stock at a stated price within a stated period of time. The pre-set price, called the exercise price, is always higher than the current market price of the stock at the time the warrant is issued, so the warrant is a gamble for both sides. Other things being equal, no corporation *likes* to have warrants on its stock outstanding, because they represent potential dilution of the stock and consequent reduction of earnings per share. But market plungers with sporting blood love to hold warrants. Somewhat like lottery tickets, warrants offer their holder the hope—usually a remote one—of a bonanza beyond imagining. They confer on him a version of the quality that F. Scott Fitzgerald attributed to Jay Gatsby—"some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life." Perhaps a national government, like its lottery-playing citizens, should have a chance to experience that sensitivity from time to time. As long as the market price of a stock remains below the exercise price of warrants on it, the warrants are more or less worthless pieces of paper, with only speculative value, based on the chance that the stock's market price might go above the warrants' exercise price before their expiration date. If, however, the market price does rise above the warrant price, the warrant holder is in clover. In such a case, he can profit in either of two ways—by exercising the warrant, and thereby getting the stock at a price below current market value, or by selling the warrant, which has gained immediate value in addition to speculative value. Now the government was considering becoming a market plunger itself.

There had never been an equity kicker in a government-loan-guarantee deal. True, the federal bailouts made in the nineteen-thirties to failing private institutions, chiefly banks, had often been accomplished through purchase by the government of the institutions' preferred stock; but those arrangements did not constitute equity kickers, because preferred stock, although it is technically equity, has a fixed return, and therefore does not tend to rise sharply in price in response to improved profits as common stock does. In the case of New York City, an equity kicker had been out of the question, since New York City, not being a for-profit corporation, does not issue common stock. The government had not asked for equity in the case of Lockheed, only fees; and in that of Penn Central the whole question had been irrelevant, since the government had simply taken over the railroad. Nevertheless, most of the Treasury men who worked on the Chrysler loan guarantees feel in retrospect that there was nothing very iconoclastic in their thinking about taking some form of equity in the Chrysler case. Carswell, a man whose speech and manner constitute a model of lawyerly measure and prudence, tempered with a certain boyish zest, said recently, "Don't forget that most of us were veterans of workout situations in the private sector. In any private-sector workout of a near-bankrupt company, the creditors always consider the upside—the chance to profit from the company's eventual recovery. The fellow who puts up new money at the time when things look worst is assumed to be entitled to an equity ride if things go well. We thought, Why shouldn't the government have the same thing?" Altman, a fast-talking investment banker, says now, "Looking back, I'd say that, even though the government had never had an equity kicker in this kind of deal before, the unconventional thing in the Chrysler case would have been for us *not* to ask for one." That is, an equity kicker in a government bailout seemed to be an idea whose time had come.

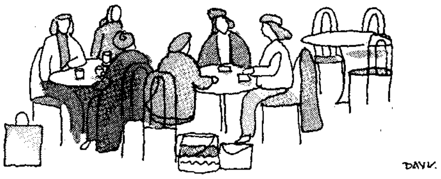
Nevertheless, the inclusion of an equity kicker in the Chrysler loan guarantees did not come about smoothly or easily. The Chrysler Corporation, naturally, opposed it; so did some members of Congress, and there were moments when the Treasury itself wavered on the matter. None of the Treasury men remember which of them first broached the idea that the government might ask for some Chrysler stock, or rights to some, in exchange for its pains to save the company. Carswell, now out of government, says, "We were collegial. We kicked ideas around together. I suppose it would all be in that big file I kept on my windowsill, but God knows where that is now." At any rate, there is written evidence, not from Carswell's windowsill, that on September 14th Lynch and Freeman sent a memorandum to their superiors, Carswell and Altman, that contained a first draft of a bill for a Chrysler bailout, and included in the bill, on a tentative basis, was a provision that would point the way to an equity kicker. Under the heading "Guarantee Fee," the Lynch-Freeman draft provided that the government should receive a cash fee of at least one-half of one per cent on any loan guarantee granted, and added, in brackets, "Alternative: Such fee shall be not less than an amount which, when added to the amount of interest payable to the lender of such loan, produces a total charge appropriate for loan agreements of comparable risk and maturity if supplied by the normal capital markets." Lynch, Freeman, Carswell, and Altman all knew well, of course, that in the normal capital markets any such loan agreement customarily included an equity kicker.

A little more than a month later, on October 17th, after further discussions, Freeman sent a revised draft to Carswell, Altman, and Mundheim. In it, approximately the same clause was included, but this time, in addition to being designated an "alternate formulation," it was taken out of the text of the proposed bill and relegated to the status of a footnote. Syntactically, at least, the equity-kicker idea seemed to be losing ground. The following day—the opening day of hearings on the subject of loan guarantees to Chrysler before the Subcommittee on Economic Stabilization of the House Committee on Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs—Iacocca appeared as the first witness, and in the course of his testimony he gave his opinion, in answer to questions from Representative S. William Green, of Manhattan, on the idea of the government's taking Chrysler stock as part of any deal. Representative Green said to Iacocca, "I was wondering what your view would be if, in addition to getting some sort of fee that the federal government normally gets when it gives a loan guarantee, we were also to seek some sort of equity kicker, so that if all [the] wonderful things that you say are going to happen as a result of those loan guarantees do occur the American taxpayer can share in the profits that they have made possible." The subsequent colloquy went this way:

> Mr. Iacocca: Well, I think that is something to talk about. Would the government want an equity kicker? The head of our union [Douglas Fraser, president of the United Automobile Workers of America] suggested that the government take, à la Great Britain style, a one-billion-dollar equity position in the company. . . .
>
> Mr. Green: I am not suggesting that we put any additional money in, in the form of equity, but it is not unusual for lenders making loans involving some degree of risk to get, in addition to the repayment of their loan, some form of option on stock or equity, as a free ride.
>
> Mr. Iacocca: We have been very innovative, and we would be very open to any suggestions you might have, Mr. Congressman, because there are many ways that this could be done. But we have requested a loan guarantee.

Clearly, Iacocca was less than enchanted by the idea of the government's getting "a free ride" in the form of an equity kicker. At the same time, he represented a company in desperate straits, and well understood that he could not afford to quibble about terms. What he wanted above all to do when it came to talk of an equity kicker was to change the subject. (In fact, the issue had previously been raised, if not joined, in private discussions involving the Treasury, Chrysler, and Representative Green. According to Altman, the Treasury men had brought it up with Chrysler executives and had found that, although they were steadfastly opposed to any form of government equity participation, "they didn't throw themselves against the barricades"—that "they didn't like the idea of the government's getting stock warrants, but they had to have our support." Meanwhile, sometime in October, Carswell and Green—old friends, who had worked together, as Harvard undergraduates, on the staff of the *Crimson*—discussed the equity-kicker idea privately, and with joint approval.) Iacocca's public lack of enthusiasm appeared to have an effect on the Treasury. Five days after his testimony, the team there got together for another conference on the projected terms for a bailout, and then Lynch sent the group a re-revised draft bill, in which the equity-kicker clause—although included in the text this time instead of being put in as an "alternate" or a footnote—was reduced to generalities. "In addition [to regular fees]," it read, "the Secretary [of the Treasury] shall be authorized to negotiate provisions which shall adequately compensate the Federal Government for the risk it has assumed in issuing the guarantees under this Act."

ALMOST the same language—by no means a prescription for an equity kicker, but not an exclusion of the possibility of one, either—appeared in the draft bill that Miller, on behalf of the Treasury, sent to Capitol Hill on November 1st. The congressional reaction to this innocent-sounding but unusual clause was mixed—as, indeed, was the reaction to the whole idea of making loan guarantees to Chrysler. In the House hearings, only one representative—Green—actively pushed the notion of including an equity kicker in the transaction, but none of the others expressed themselves as explicitly opposed to it. The matter was simply not treated as very important. On November 7th, when Secretary Miller was testifying before the House subcommittee Green got him to say, "I would have no objection, Mr. Green, to our taking compensation in the form of some sort of kicker, some equity kicker or some other." (Miller went on to warn that the deal should not be made *too* profitable for the government, because "it might encourage Congress to want us to take over other companies.") The bill that was eventually approved by the subcommittee included broad authorization for the government to seek a kicker, just as the Treasury men had written it. In the Senate, however, the notion of an equity kicker, along with the whole idea of loan guarantees, received more critical treatment. Some members of the Senate Banking Committee were disturbed by the thought that the government might end up owning a big block of Chrysler shares. In such a situation, might not the government decide to buy all its vehicles from Chrysler, to the obvious disadvantage of other automobile-makers? Perhaps worse, for some senators it raised the spectre of creeping socialism. The committee's chairman, Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, said in his formal report on its deliberations that although the committee's version of the Chrysler bill agreed to the principle that the government should be compensated for its risk, nevertheless "nothing [in that version] is intended to encourage the Federal Government to acquire an equity position in the corporation." That was to say, no equity kicker. Instead, the Senate Banking Committee felt that Chrysler, if it should become profitable before the guaranteed loans had been repaid, should simply pay a fraction of its profits to the government in cash.



On December 18th, the House approved its version of the bill by a vote of two hundred and seventy-one to one hundred and thirty-six, and the following day the Senate passed its version fifty-three to forty-four. Shortly thereafter, a conference committee of senators and representatives met to arrive at a compromise version. One outcome of the tradeoffs involved in such deliberations was that the "Guarantee Fee" section of the compromise version authorized the government "to the maximum extent feasible" to "enter into contracts under which the Government, contingent upon the financial success of the Corporation, would participate in gains of the corporation or its security holders." Thus, the bill, in its final version, did not specify an equity kicker but did not forbid one. That detail, along with many others, was to be left to future negotiations between Chrysler and a governmental Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board, created by the act, the voting membership to consist of three high federal officials: the Secretary of the Treasury; the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Paul A. Volcker; and the Comptroller General of the United States, then Elmer B. Staats.

Late on December 20th—by which time, in the absence of government action, a Chrysler bankruptcy appeared to be only weeks away—the House approved the compromise version, by a vote of two hundred and forty-one to a hundred and twenty-four. Early the following morning,

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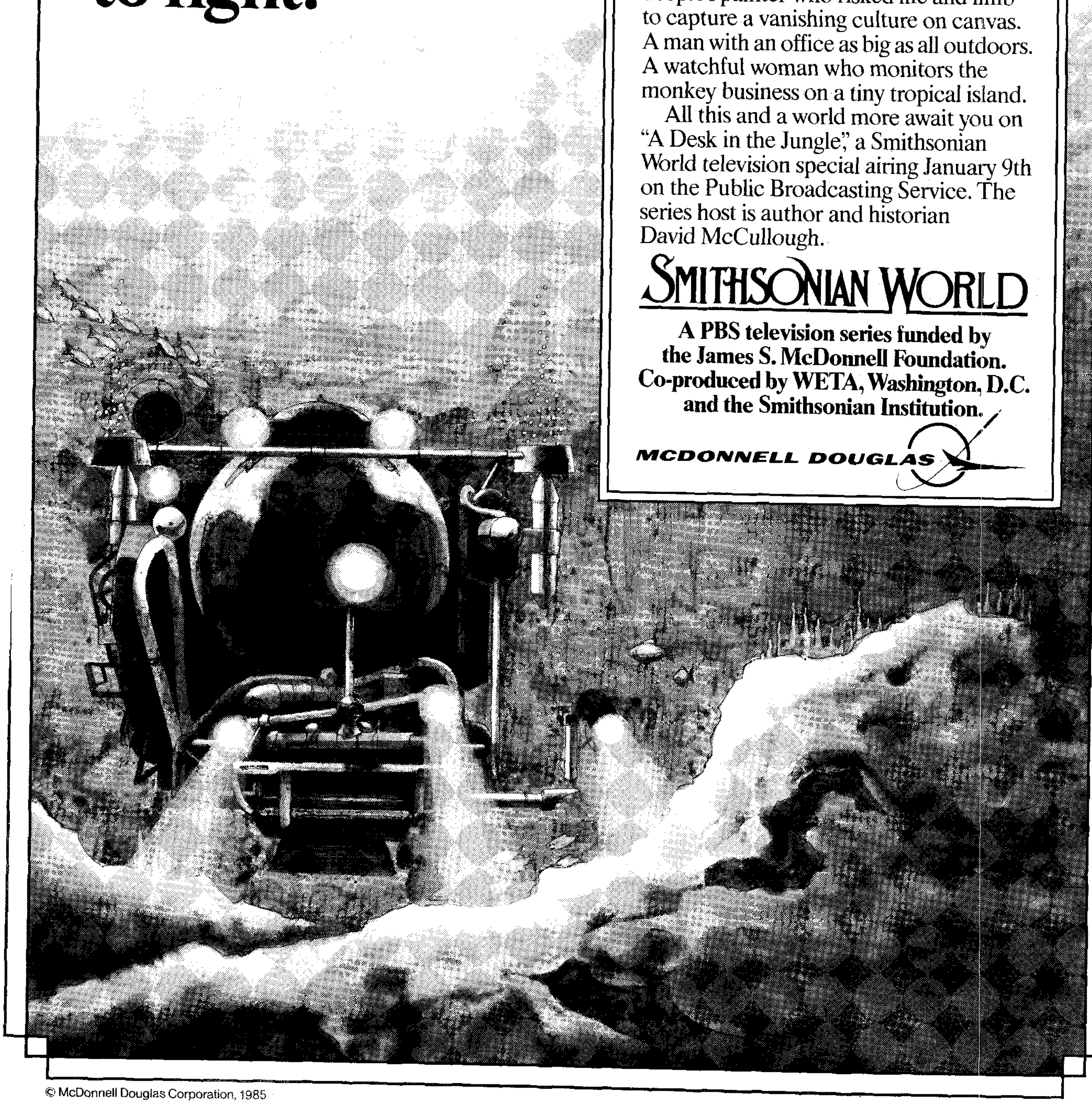

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the Senate passed it by a vote of forty-three to thirty-four—and on January 7, 1980, President Carter signed the Chrysler Corporation Loan Guarantee Act into law. It provided that all the government-guaranteed loans were to be made by private investors rather than by the government itself; no money was to come from the Treasury except in the event of a Chrysler default.

IN February, Freeman was designated executive director and secretary of the Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board—a position placing him at the center of the negotiations to produce terms that would satisfy the requirements of the act. A fanatical worker, given to putting in fifteen hours a day seven days a week on the job, Freeman was known to colleagues and antagonists alike as intelligent, aggressive, and, above all, persistent. During the first weeks of negotiations, the focus was on matters other than fees: the detailed analysis of Chrysler's business which the government was called upon to make; the new advances to Chrysler from private banks and insurance companies which would have to be agreed upon before the government could make any guarantees; the concessions by Chrysler workers and balancing concessions by the corporation which were similarly required. There were frequent meetings, both in Washington and in Detroit, between Treasury officials and Chrysler executives. The Treasury even established a temporary office in Detroit and hired as a consultant John Secrest, a retired financial vice-president of the American Motors Corporation, to give it the automobile-industry perspective. The three members of the Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board, each of whom had many other responsibilities to occupy him, assigned staff representatives to work full time on the Chrysler deal. Freeman says, "It was like a circus, with a lot of little acts going. It was very dynamic, very iterative."

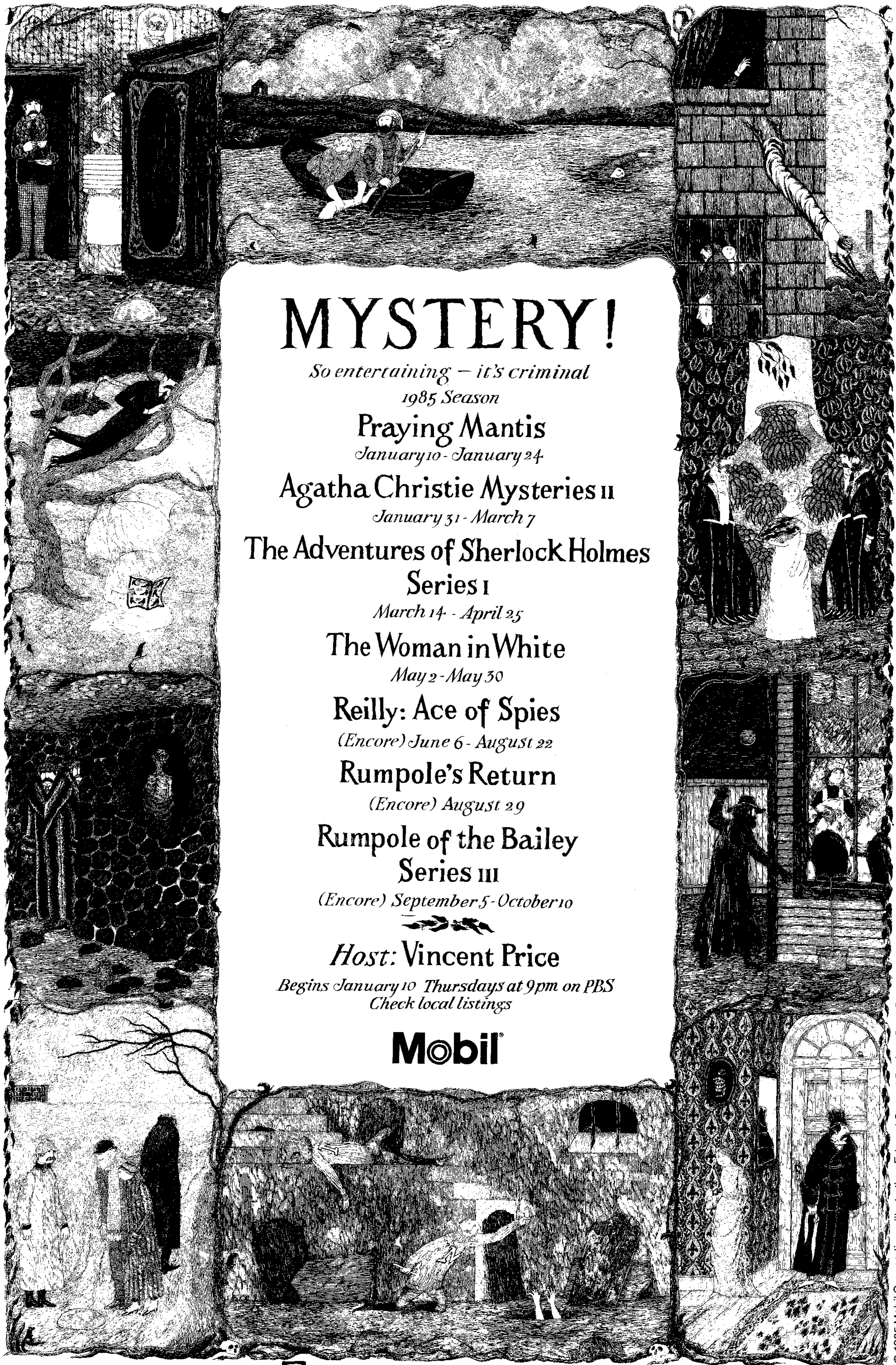
By March, the negotiations were going badly, the principal stumbling block being the difficulty of getting the required commitments from Chrysler's unhappy private lenders—especially banks. Altman recalls that he was constantly on the move, flying off this way and that to try to extract commitments from recalcitrant banks in distant places. Once, he left Washington at 4 P.M. to fly, by way of New York, to Amsterdam; spent the following day in that city meeting with a group of reluctant Eurodollar lenders; and returned in the evening to New York, in order to be back in Washington the next morning for a meeting at the Treasury. When the question of fees—and, in particular, fees providing additional compensation for the government's risk, over and above the agreed-upon fee for guaranteeing loans—was addressed, during March, it appeared to all concerned, Treasury officials and Chrysler executives alike, to be something of a side issue. Suppose the government *should* insist on having an equity kicker—warrants on Chrysler stock, say, to extend until the expiration of the loan guarantees, in 1990? If the warrant price were to be set at fifteen or twenty dollars a share, the market price of Chrysler stock would have to rise to that price or higher before the warrants would be worth the bother to the government of having insisted on them. And the price of Chrysler stock at the time was under ten dollars a share, and it was soon to sink below seven. Even if the government should be given warrants, it would have no more than a sporting chance of collecting a penny on them. Altman says now, "The ship was in heavy seas, right near the rocks. The equity question was like whether we should put up a blue sail instead of a white one."

Indeed, in the course of March the equity kicker almost went out of the deal, not because of objections from Chrysler but because at that time the Treasury team and the Loan Guarantee Board had too many other problems on their minds. At a meeting on March 13th, the board approved a schedule of fees that excluded equity entirely, on a number of grounds, among them that Congress—or part of it, at least—looked unfavorably on the prospect of federal ownership of shares in Chrysler, and that a deal not including equity would be simpler and less controversial. The decision was not an irrevocable one, because, although staff representatives of all government parties to the transaction were present at the meeting, a quorum of the Board was not: of its three voting members, only Staats was on hand. Even so, at the end of March the equity idea seemed to be dead. It was revived early in April, on the initiative of Secretary Miller. The turning point may have come on the morning of April 7th, when Miller called Freeman into his office where he was meeting with Carswel and Altman. According to Freeman Miller appeared to be momentarily annoyed with the top Chrysler executives, Iacocca and Gerald Greenwald who was an executive vice-presiden and the chief financial officer, because they both happened to be unavailable for consultation by telephone. Miller told Freeman, who by this time had become known as the Treasury staff man most insistently in favor of stock warrants, that he was interested in the idea, and asked him to put something in writing about it.

The following day, Miller and Volcker, between them constituting a majority of the Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board, met and agreed to pursue the equity-kicker idea. Meanwhile Freeman had come through with the memo that Miller had asked for In it, he proposed specifically that as part of the loan-guarantee agreement Chrysler be required to grant the government a quantity of stock warrants —perhaps, Freeman suggested, at an exercise price of twenty dollars a share. The warrants might never be worth much, or anything, but with them included the government would at least have made a gesture toward getting a reward, on behalf of the public, for the risk it was taking.

If any doubt remained that the government was now determined to get warrants, it was dispelled the following week, when the hundreds of banks and other financial institutions that were required to make new loan commitments to Chrysler before the government could make its guarantees reached an agreement with Chrysler under which *they* would take stock warrants, with an exercise price of thirteen. If the banks were to get this still unripe but potentially delectable plum in exchange for going out of their way to help Chrysler, why shouldn't the government? On April 18th, the Loan Guarantee Board met again, this time with a quorum present, and agreed that Chrysler should be asked for warrants—up to thirty million shares' worth, with an exercise price of ten to fifteen dollars a share, the exact price to be determined in negotiations with Chrysler.

OVER the subsequent weeks, those negotiations went on, as such negotiations do, at various levels, with the most frequent and intensive conversations taking place between Freeman, as the staff representative of the Loan



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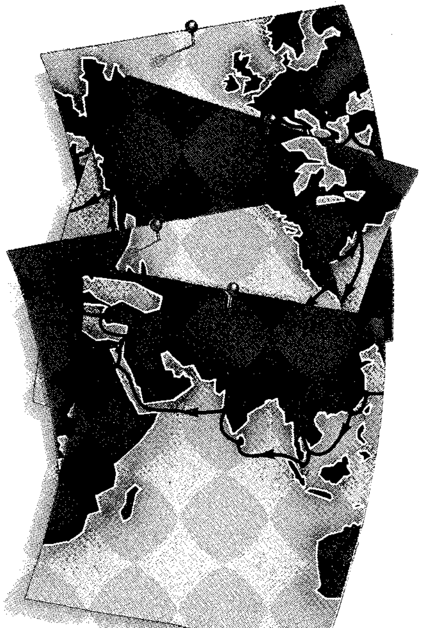

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Guarantee Board, and Frederick W. Zuckerman, an assistant comptroller of Chrysler, who was serving as the staff head of Chrysler's negotiating team. The two talked on the telephone, between Washington and Detroit, four or five times a day. Zuckerman, who has since become a Chrysler vice-president and the company's treasurer, says of those conversations, "I'm sure the Treasury, not Chrysler, first raised the subject of stock warrants. *We* would never have brought it up. In giving them warrants, we didn't think we were giving up anything that would be valuable soon. I'd say, for example, that we thought the odds against warrants' having any value as early as 1983 were a hundred to one. But we had a lot of confidence in Chrysler's ability to come back eventually, and we did all think that any warrants we issued would be worth something by their proposed expiration date, which was 1990. Obviously, Chrysler would have preferred not to give warrants. But we didn't have many bargaining chips. We desperately needed those loan guarantees, and quickly." Zuckerman could sense that somebody in Washington was adamant on the subject of the government's getting warrants, but he wasn't sure who. "Freeman clearly wanted warrants all along, and he seemed to be the most creative," Zuckerman says. "He was always throwing up ideas for his superiors to mull over. He gave them lots of ammunition. But, of course, Miller provided the leadership. He could veto Brian's ideas if he wanted to."

Despite their adversary situation, Freeman and Zuckerman came to like their hagglings on the phone. They became friends, and remain friends today. "I thought maintenance of good communications was essential, and so did Brian," Zuckerman says. "It was a case of friends or enemies, and we both chose the former. People have to behave reasonably with each other to get things done." In mid-May, the negotiations were triumphantly concluded with an agreement, which was published in an enormous volume entitled "United States of America: Agreement to Guarantee $1,500,000,000 Aggregate Principal Amount of Indebtedness—Chrysler Corporation." It specified details on all terms. And deep in its interstices was a provision that Chrysler was to issue to the government warrants to buy Chrysler stock at any time before December 31, 1990, at a price of thirteen dollars a share, and in a quantity of eighteen million shares if Chrysler should require the whole billion and a half dollars in loan guarantees, or a proportionately lesser quantity if its actual borrowings should come to less than that.

Thus, the government, in return for its daring in guaranteeing the loans, had for consolation a large, very unripe plum. The precise degree of the plum's unripeness may be gauged from the fact that on the day the agreement was signed Chrysler shares closed on the New York Stock Exchange at six and five-eighths—an eighth of a point above half the price at which the hard-won warrants would entitle the government to buy those shares.

CHRYSLER lost no time in availing itself of a large chunk of the loan guarantees provided for in the act and the agreement. On June 24th, it sold, through Wall Street firms, new government-backed notes amounting to five hundred million dollars. This drawing of a third of the promised guarantees meant that the government automatically got a third of the promised warrants—six million of them. The infusion of new cash, while it undoubtedly averted a Chrysler bankruptcy in July, had little immediate salutary effect on the company's operating results. At the end of July, it reported that for the second quarter of 1980 its loss had been five hundred and thirty-six million one hundred thousand dollars—the largest three-month loss ever reported by any American corporation. During July, Chrysler sold three hundred million dollars' worth of guaranteed notes, bringing its drawing under the act to eight hundred million dollars, and the government's holding of warrants to nine million six hundred thousand. In the autumn, the news from Detroit was worse than ever. Chrysler announced on October 29th that for the third quarter it had lost almost four hundred and ninety million dollars. When its operating losses for the whole year were totted up, early in 1981, they came to a billion seven hundred and ten million dollars—another melancholy, not to say appalling, all-time record. In mid-January—the closing days of the Carter Administration—the Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board gave conditional approval for a new loan guarantee of four hundred million dollars, bringing the total of funds guaranteed to a billion two hundred million. Before the board would make its approval final, it reuired that the Chrysler union agree o a twenty-one-month wage freeze nd that most of the private financial nstitutions lending to Chrysler conert most of their credit into future oldings of Chrysler preferred stock. The negotiations leading to this agreement were difficult and protracted, nd, along with the financial negotiations attendant upon the release of the American hostages in Iran, they made he last days of the Carter Treasury a ime of high drama. With Miller peronally dealing with Chrysler's banks and Carswell concentrating mainly on ran, things came to what Carswell lescribes as "a Wagnerian crescendo." Carswell recalls that as of January 20th, Inauguration Day, he "hadn't had any sleep for five days." The Iranian deal and the third loan guarantee to Chrysler having been wrapped up the previous day, he waited at the Treasury until, shortly after 1 P.M., he got word that the plane carrying the hostages had taken off from Iranian soil. Then he headed home to face a counter-Inauguration party that evening, arranged by his wife, Mary, and others for about a hundred and fifty Democrats who preferred not to attend any of the Reagan Inauguration balls. He went to the party and remembers it through a haze of exhaustion in which warrants, hostages, and sums in the billions spun wildly in his brain.

In February—with the Treasury now headed by Donald T. Regan, more of a pragmatist and less of a conservative ideologue than his boss, the new President—Chrysler drew its four-hundred-million-dollar guarantee and immediately sold new notes in that amount. As for the warrants, of which the government now held fourteen million four hundred thousand, they looked less promising than ever. Far from having risen toward the exercise price of thirteen, at which they would become more than mere pieces of paper, Chrysler stock in mid-February stood just above five.

ONE by one, the Treasury men who had worked on the Chrysler team went their ways. Miller left office on Inauguration Day, to be replaced by Regan, and shortly thereafter he set up his own banking operation, G. William Miller & Company, in Washington. Carswell, after catching up on his sleep and then remaining at the Treasury for a few days to help with the transition, spent several months teaching at the University of Pennsylvania Law School and then went back to Shearman & Sterling, in New York. Altman had left in December to rejoin Lehman Brothers (which by that time was Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, Inc., and has since become part of Shearson Lehman/American Express) as a managing director. Mundheim had left even earlier—in September—and then, at Carswell's request, returned to the Treasury for ten days in January to work on the Iranian crisis; after that he left for good, resuming his professorship at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, of which he later became dean. Lynch stayed on for a year, and then left to join the New York City law firm of D'Amato & Lynch. Freeman remained at the Treasury for a month or so after the Inauguration and then left to become a financial adviser on corporate restructuring—in particular, an adviser to the employees of Conrail, the government-owned railroad company that came out of the Penn Central debacle.

At their new stands in the private sector, they all found themselves keeping track of the Chrysler situation. What they learned during 1981 and early 1982 was not reassuring. For the first quarter of 1981, Chrysler lost two hundred and ninety-eight million dollars. A ray of hope appeared when for the second quarter the company managed a marginal profit of almost twelve million dollars; for the last two quarters, however, it was back in the red, and its net loss for the year came to about half a billion. Chrysler's stock price during the year ranged from a low of three and an eighth to a high of seven and five-eighths, and closed the year at three and three-eighths. Far from ripening on the tree, the warrants seemed to be hanging there frozen solid. Carswell says of his feelings during 1981, "I wasn't thinking about the warrants. I was thinking about the survival of Chrysler." Mundheim wasn't thinking about the warrants, either; as a conscientious lawyer, he was brooding about the continuing possibility that the government might lose a great deal of money as a result of what he and his colleagues had done. As for Freeman, he went on calling up Zuckerman at intervals, out of habit and for old times' sake. Zuckerman would assure his former antagonist, perhaps a bit nervously, that everything was going to be all right.

And so it was. In 1982, Chrysler turned the corner and became profit-

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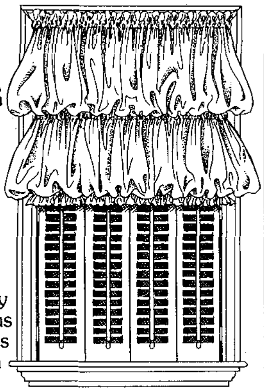

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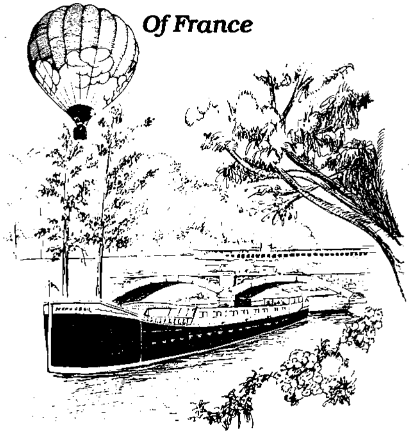
able. (It never had to take up the last three hundred million dollars of the billion and a half dollars in loan guarantees.) In April, Iacocca, in an understandably ebullient mood, announced that the company was now "in good shape" and might earn a hundred and fifty million dollars for the year. In fact, it ended up earning a hundred and seventy million one hundred thousand dollars. Meanwhile, in August there began a great stock-market boom—the first of such dimensions in years. Responding to that and to the company's increased earnings, the stock, after some initial hesitation, began rising. Having stood at seven and three-fourths at the beginning of August, it rose by early November to above eleven. Later that month, it reached twelve, and in December it passed thirteen—the exercise price of the government's warrants. As of the start of 1983, then, the miracle had occurred: Chrysler had become successful, far sooner than its own executives had dared to dream that it would, and the government, besides experiencing the satisfaction of having made the miracle possible, held Chrysler stock warrants that had immediate value.

How much that value would prove to be gradually became clear over the following months. In January of 1983, Chrysler announced plans to issue new stock and use the proceeds to retire more than a billion dollars of its debts to banks and insurance companies. In February, the Treasury announced that Chrysler was beginning to pay off its government-guaranteed loans, more than seven years ahead of the 1990 deadline. In May, Iacocca took the occasion of Chrysler's annual meeting of stockholders to be more specific on the point: by the end of June, he said, the company would have paid off four hundred million dollars, or one-third, of the guaranteed loans. Chrysler stock, meanwhile, had shot up to about twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents a share. At that price, the government's warrants—leaving aside their speculative value based on the prospects of further stock rises by 1990—had a current value of fifteen dollars and fifty cents per warrant, for a total value of two hundred and twenty-three million two hundred thousand dollars. The warrants plum, then, had not just ripened; it had ripened to the point of lusciousness.

One might have thought that that was that, but it wasn't. The average kitchen-table poker player, in adher-



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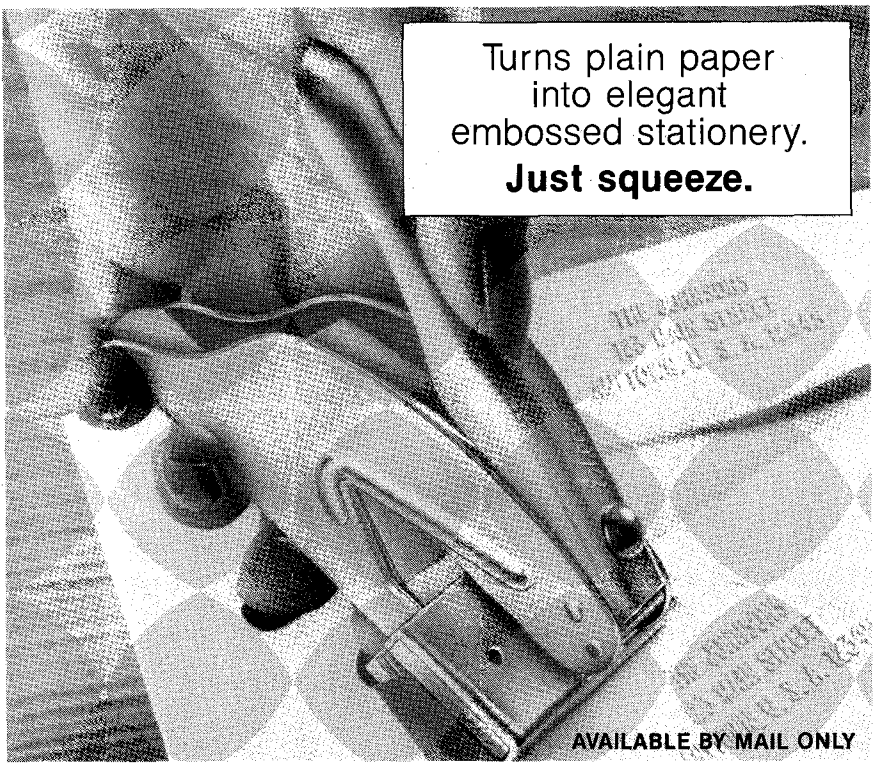
nce to the game's unwritten code of onduct, would rather hold a flush gainst a hidden full house than be aught in a cavil or complaint about a egitimate loss that he incurs. Regretably, but perhaps inevitably, a huge orporation, whatever its other virtues, s less of a sport. Although it likes to amble, it operates through too many ommittees, and is responsible to too nany stockholders, to maintain so unctilious a sense of gambler's propr conduct. In May, Chrysler decidd to try to get its warrants back for othing. On the sixth, Greenwald, ow Chrysler's vice-chairman, gave it s his opinion and the company's that, s things had turned out, the terms of Chrysler's agreement with the govern-nent had been too onerous. "At some oint, you have to define what the erm 'usury' means," Greenwald said. Chrysler's moral problem in making the request was, of course, that if usury was in question that definition ought to have been made when the agreement was negotiated, but in fact the term had not so much as come up at that time.

Members of Congress were quick to react. One of them—Representative Stewart B. McKinney, of Connecticut —was sympathetic to Chrysler. The company, he pointed out, had already paid a "pretty hefty price" for the loan guarantees, in the form of cash fees (they had come to more than thirty million dollars); for the government now to make a windfall on the warrants seemed to him "a little bit absurd." But others—perhaps kitchen-table poker players—saw the matter differently, and among them were Senator Proxmire and Representative Green. "The equity kicker that Congress insisted on is entirely consistent with the high risk," Green said. "There is no reason for surrendering a penny of it." (Green commented to me recently, "It wasn't a windfall. I didn't notice Mr. Iacocca offering to give back *his* options on Chrysler stock, of which he held many. He had earned his profit, and the Treasury had earned its.") A couple of days later, Miller, from his desk at G. William Miller & Company, wrote to his successor at the Treasury, Secretary Regan—with copies to Iacocca, Greenwald, and nine members of Congress—urging that Chrysler not be released from any of its obligations. "It would be a matter of grave public concern and an ill-advised precedent if the U. S. government, and hence the U. S. public, did not receive full benefit



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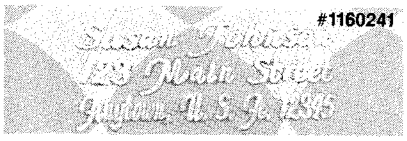

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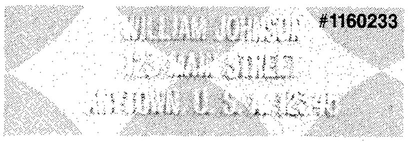

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of rights received as consideration for the loan guarantees," Miller wrote.

The Loan Guarantee Board met on May 11th to decide the matter, with Chrysler representatives on hand to plead their case. It decided not to give back the warrants, and as soon as the decision was made public Chrysler withdrew its request as gracefully as possible. Greenwald said, in an abashed way, "Reaction to news reports about the request to cancel the warrants has obscured our primary intention, which is to meet our obligations and pay off a federally guaranteed loan."

Some of the Treasury men who had negotiated the agreement were astonished that Chrysler had ever made the request. They tended to consider the move a bargaining tactic, aimed not at getting the warrants back free but, rather, at getting them back at a reduced price. However, Zuckerman, of Chrysler, who was in the thick of the attempt, vehemently denies this, insisting that the company was innocent of any such devious intent. "We had a religious conviction that Chrysler should return to the status of a privately capitalized company," he says. "At the time the agreement was made, in May of 1980, Chrysler had a poker hand full of deuces and the government had one full of face cards. We *had* to give the warrants. In 1983, there was a philosophical issue as to whether or not it was right for the government to be profiting so enormously. Remember, it hadn't put up any money—only guaranteed loans made by others. Besides, after reading over the legislative history of the act I decided that a case could be made that the intent of Congress had not been clear that the government should get warrants in addition to a cash fee." Zuckerman—who, perhaps jokingly, now likes to speak of the three greatest American events of the twentieth century as the invasion of Normandy in 1944, the landing of men on the moon in 1969, and the turnaround of Chrysler in 1982—goes on, "I was sent to Washington to try to persuade the Loan Guarantee Board to our point of view on the warrants. Clearly, I was unsuccessful. But I don't think it was a bad negotiation on our part. We really believed in our hearts that we were right."

Right or not, Chrysler continued to flourish. In mid-June, as promised, it repaid more than a third of the guaranteed loans, and a month later Iacocca said that the entire sum would shortly be paid off. By the beginning of September, it was. Meanwhile, th Treasury announced that it was considering selling its warrants in th open market to the highest bidder Chrysler itself—its stock now selling at about thirty—offered two hundred and fifty million dollars for them, or the condition that it be allowed to defer payment for a year. The Treasury said no. A Wall Street firm, Shearson/American Express, offered close to three hundred million dollars. The Treasury turned that down and scheduled a sealed-bid auction for September 12th.

As the date approached, Chrysler suggested that, eager as it was to have the huge bundle of warrants off the market, it would not take part in the auction. "It's not our appetite today to enter the bidding fray," said Zuckerman. "We're going to sit back and watch this particular set of fireworks." However, as is well known to connoisseurs of auctions of all kinds, not to mention kitchen-table poker players, it is not unknown for such statements to be made in advance by parties who do intend to bid. On September 12th, the bids had come in and were duly opened at the Treasury. A syndicate of investment firms headed by the First Boston Corporation offered $15.559 per warrant. Another, headed by Morgan Stanley & Company, offered $17.541, and a third, headed by Goldman, Sachs & Company and Prudential-Bache Securities, topped both of those with a bid of $20.668. The successful competitor was Salomon Brothers, which bid $21.602, thus bringing the Treasury, for its fourteen million four hundred thousand eight hundred warrants, a total of three hundred and eleven million sixty-eight thousand dollars. And Salomon Brothers' client was none other than the Chrysler Corporation, which, through its purchase of all the warrants, retired them once and for all from the market. In explanation of Chrysler's having done so, Greenwald said that if the warrants had stayed on the market, and eventually been exercised, "the problem was that we wouldn't have got the cash probably until 1990, and then it would have diluted our stock." Including the price for the warrants and the more than thirty million dollars in cash fees, Chrysler had paid the government a total of more than three hundred and forty million dollars on the entire transaction. A spokesman for the Treasury said that this sudden huge nfusion of cash would be deposited in ts miscellaneous-proceeds account.

IACOCCA, in his recently published autobiography, written with William Novak, expresses bitterness about the warrants episode. He writes, "At the time [when Chrysler bought the warrants back], I was furious. In fact, I still am. Why should the government be playing the stock market with our warrants? I had offered two hundred and fifty million dollars, which was a generous payment. But that wasn't enough." Elsewhere in the book, he states that he has seen Carter twice since Carter left office, and that on one of those occasions the ex-President said, "Of all the things we accomplished in my Administration, I look back on this as something we really did right."

The people who had participated in the Chrysler negotiations on behalf of the government reacted to the end of the warrants saga in various ways. Miller, happening to see Freeman at a gathering of financiers in late 1983, called to him, according to Freeman, "Hey, we brought the Treasury three hundred million dollars!" Altman says he took greater pride in Chrysler's recovery than in the money the warrants brought. He adds, "The whole negotiation had been a very emotional and tumultuous thing, to which my colleagues and I had given a slice of our lives."

All the Treasury participants are convinced that a precedent has been established, and that the government will surely insist on stock warrants in any future bailouts of corporations. (Indeed, there has already been a second such case. Shortly after the Chrysler agreement, a syndicate that included the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation bailed out the First Pennsylvania Corporation, a bank holding company, in a deal in which the F.D.I.C. took warrants; later, the F.D.I.C. sold half its warrants back to First Pennsylvania for thirteen million dollars. In the recent rescue of Continental Illinois Corporation earlier this year, the government did not take warrants.) When they reminisce with one another about the Chrysler warrants, there are many satisfied chuckles and companionable silences. Three hundred and eleven million dollars was hardly a dent in a federal deficit running around two hundred billion dollars a year, they remind themselves. But it wasn't exactly chicken feed, either.

—JOHN BROOKS

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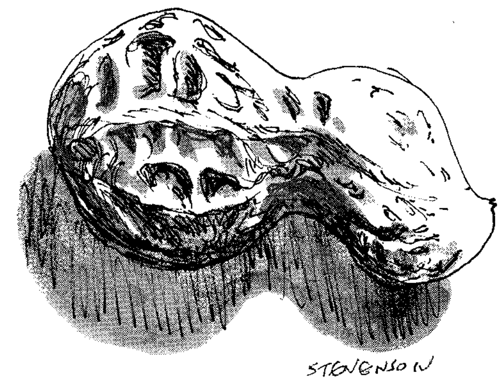
Connecticut, April 25, 5:30 a.m.

Got up; fed dog, self (Purina Dog Chow, peanut butter on cracker, respectively); prepared for departure. Light rain falling. Nobody in house awake yet. Say goodbye to dog, who is stunned to learn he is not going along. Close front door on brooding pet; get in car; open map, trace projected route: New Haven. Danbury. Into New York State. Route 17 to Jamestown, then Route 60 north to destination, Fredonia, N.Y., at edge of Lake Erie (and not very far from Buffalo, N.Y., or Cleveland, Ohio), home of the Red Wing Company, which manufactures world-class peanut butter. Appears to be roughly four hundred miles.

Not much traffic on Route 84. Turbulent sky. General clearing near Danbury. A distant hilltop struck with sunlight: Hudson River School painting. Gray clouds sliding back, revealing light blue. Slopes here densely speckled with buildings of the corporate-headquarters variety. (Are there really this many corporations? Or are these like platforms for osprey nests, built in the hope that a corporation may alight?) Big hills ahead with waves of color rising and falling in bands: aurora borealis of blooms—yellow-green willows at base, pink-budded trees (swamp maples?) above, then bare trees to the crest. Sun goes under again; looks like rain. Startling vista as car comes over rise: purple and blue mountains ahead—those in foreground dark, distant ones paler and paler, merging finally with clouds. Teen-age girl wearing white jacket and clutching schoolbooks waits on side road that runs parallel to highway. A mile or so later, school bus goes by, heading in her direction. At 60 m.p.h., one has overview of life, knows how everything will come out: bus will arrive, girl will get aboard, education will occur. Sudden downpour; windshield wipers frantic. Then skies clear, road glistens. Sign: "Right Lane Closed ½ Mile." Familiar orange cones along the white line, mile after mile. No visible workers. Maybe too early. Maybe not. Perhaps cones honor work once done here—or work to be done here, although not at the moment. Horizontal clouds ahead, driven by the wind, tumble like gray surf, throwing off foam. Exit sign for Wappingers Falls. (Wonder how falls got that name: "Uh-oh—there goes Wappinger!"?)



Arachis hypogaea

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Peanut Butter is to me what bamboo is to the giant panda. Looking back over the decades, I see a great river of Skippy winding through the landscape of my life—sustaining, nourishing, comforting. Tributaries of Peter Pan, Jif, Beech-Nut, and other brands join the main channel. Sweet, dependable, available—peanut butter has never let me down.[1]

A while ago, reading an article in *The New Yorker* by William F. Buckley, Jr., I was startled to learn that Buckley—who confessed to being a peanut-butter addict—claimed to have discovered a peanut butter called Red Wing that was "quite simply incomparable." If true, this was major news. Caution dampened my excitement. Buckley had on previous occasions perceived things that some of the rest of us were unable to detect or appreciate, and, in my opinion, he had been somewhat murky on the subject of academic freedom; a bit slippery on civil liberties; slightly misguided on international affairs; a trifle intransigent on economics; obdurate, perhaps, on philosophy, religion, and ethics; and myopic to a degree on politics. Could he possibly be right on peanut butter?[2]

Red Wing, according to Buckley, could be found in a number of stores and supermarkets under a variety of labels and could be identified only by a yellow plastic top on every jar.

•

Turn north on Route 17. Billboard: "Middletown Motel—The End of Highway Robbery." Sign for Grossinger's says, "Casinos Mean Jobs." Catskill mountainsides have lots of green in them, as if spring had arrived. Closer study reveals it is only evergreens. Lakes, campsites, hotels, rodeos, cowboys on billboards. Exit 109: "Vegetarian Hotel." Exit 105B: "Lefty's Char-Broil." Blue ski lift visible above a grassy slope; merely sculpture in this season. Cows on dainty hooves grazing on semi-vertical hillside, oblivious of gravity. Hollow-eyed, mournful bungalows in a valley. More rain. Road twists between Henry Moore mountains: big intersecting shapes; bellies; thighs. Fog like smoke pouring out of the woods high up on mountainsides. Two hawks turn slowly overhead. A solitary cabin with a TV dish antenna angled between surrounding peaks. Stop at rest area; get out for stretch and stroll. Green sign with arrow: "Dog Area." Seems arbitrary, since nothing but wilderness in every direction.

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The Four Major Periods In My Personal Peanut-Butter History: An Outline

1. *The Archaic* (*c. 1930-38*).[3] The primitive sandwich: two slices of bread joined by a layer of peanut butter.

2. *The Renaissance* (*July, 1938*). The discovery at Camp Bonnie Dune, on the Bass River, Cape Cod, of peanut butter *and* raspberry jam on a cracker.

3. *The Classical and Overlapping Rococo-Baroque* (*1938-84*). Further experimentation with combinations—some good (jams, jellies, bacon, Hershey bars, marshmallow, and ham-lettuce-and-mayo), some not so good (turkey, tomatoes, pancakes, Swiss cheese, meat loaf).

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[1] I consider myself a peanut-butter moderate; nevertheless, over 50 years, personal consumption has probably exceeded 16,000 p.-b. sandwiches, or the rough equivalent in gross tonnage of two Fender amps and a Honda Accord.

[2] Well, why not? I understand Buckley is excellent on sailing.

[3] Born in 1929. Doubt I had p.-b. sandwich prior to first birthday.

4. *The Neoclassic* (*1984-*). Post-Red Wing.

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SAIL past Binghamton 10:25. Stop at Owego for break. Splendidooking town on banks of Susquehanna. Founded 1787. Plenty of Victorian architecture plus Burger King. Duck into Tioga County Historical Society Museum. Magnificent 1912 Monarch motorcycle (tan) on display. A hundred and four buildings destroyed in 1849 fire. Photograph of sidewheeler Owego; used to carry as many as two hundred revellers to nearby Hiawatha Island for picnics, clambakes. Passed Hiawatha Island when coming into town. Looked like wooded Huck Finn-type island in Mississippi, but with big "For Sale" sign on it. Briefly tempted. Need something in my life, but probably not island in Susquehanna. Huge majestic portrait of Boss Platt, Owego boy (and banker) who went to New York City and dominated Republican politics for thirty years. Chilly chap. Into car again; onward.

•

AFTER reading the Buckley endorsement, I hopped on my silver three-speed, proceeded down to the local supermarket, and went directly to the peanut-butter department. There, tucked away behind the lurid yellow, red, and aqua labels, with their strident boasts and offers, were some jars as modest and out of place as a delegation of Amish at Caesars Palace. "Smooth Peanut Butter," said their plain white labels. I reached in and picked up a jar. It had a yellow plastic top. At the bottom of the label were the words "Packed by: The Red Wing Co., Inc., Fredonia, N.Y." This was it!

I glanced down the aisle. Very crowded. An on-the-spot comparison of Red Wing with other leading brands seemed inadvisable, so I purchased a jar ($1.29) and biked rapidly home. Testing began immediately, using Brand X (my usual peanut butter) vs. Red Wing, one on one.

Test Results:

1. *Lids:* In the category of jar-opening, Red Wing won hands down. Unscrewing its plastic top is a hushed, private operation compared with the loud, sometimes embarrassing screech made by opening the metal lid of Brand X, which can be heard rooms away.

2. *Appearance:* Brand X is uniform. Red Wing has tiny grains. Hard-Edge vs. Impressionism.

3. *Fragrance:* Red Wing takes you right back to the Big Top. Brand X has less immediacy; takes you only as far as the box office.

4. *Texture:* Brand X is factory-extruded, like toothpaste. Red Wing seems lumpier, suggesting that old Alf in his overalls filled the jar with a trowel.

5. *Spreadability:* Brand X goes on like chassis lube, and stays there. Red Wing is more like wet putty; requires a slight additional effort.

6. *Flavor:* Red Wing is sweeter, richer, calling up visions of hot sun, hoes, wagons, dirt, burlap sacks. Brand X is futuristic, corporate, R. & D.

Conclusion: Brand X is delicious; always has been. Red Wing is superb.

•

APPROACHING Corning. Prosperous-looking farms; no collapsing barns or junked cars visible. Graceful swirls of plowed fields running down hillsides. Historic marker describes how Generals Clinton and Sullivan drove out the Iroquois in 1779, burned their crops, starved them, and cleared way for colonists' western migration. Now dark rain clouds ahead; tattered-looking. Towns: Arkport, Angelica, Friendship, Cuba, Belfast, Salamanca. Allegheny Mountains rise to the south: abrupt dark walls.

•

"WE'RE the fourth-largest peanut-butter producer in America, just behind Jif, Skippy, and Peter Pan," Douglas Manly, the president of Red Wing, said on the phone. I'd called him up after my product-testing. "We make about a hundred and forty thousand pounds a day. We have the world's largest roaster, and we employ about four hundred people. Red Wing is distributed under a hundred and fifty different labels. We also make jams, jellies, syrups, ketchup, toppings, and a lot of other things." Manly sounded enthusiastic but easy-going and affable. "Fredonia is a pretty small town," he said. "Half the people in the United States live within five hundred miles of Fredonia, but nobody lives here. Come on up and we'll show you around."

I said I would.

Notes on Peanuts & Peanut Butter (Result of Subsequent Visit to Local Library)

THE peanut is not a nut; it is the pod of *Arachis hypogaea*, a legume. Also known as a groundnut, an earthnut, a goober, a monkey nut, a *pistache de terre*. We are ahead of Brazil in peanuts, but behind China and India. Ancient graves in Peru contain jars of peanuts. "Peanut plants bloom continuously, but the flowers are short-lived, opening in the morning and withering by noon" (Merit Students Encyclopedia). The nuts (pods) grow underground, like potatoes. The plants are pulled up for harvest, then cured for four to six weeks. Peanuts restore nitrogen to the soil. George Washington Carver found more than three hundred uses for peanuts and their plants. Encyclopædia Britannica says that "pound for pound peanuts have more protein, minerals, and vitamins than beef liver; more fat than heavy cream; and more food energy (calories) than sugar." First peanut crop for market in U.S. was sold in Nashville, 1845. Merit Students Encyclopedia says, "Peanut butter was first made commercially in 1890 by a St. Louis doctor. He prescribed it for patients who needed a high-protein food that was easily digested."[4]

Additional Thoughts

WHAT a benevolent, surprising, fun-loving, homely, lowbrow, rowdy, festive legume: goes to baseball games, parties, circuses; sits on bars;

---

[4] Imaginary Drama. Scene: *St. Louis, 1890. Dr. Smith's office.*

Doctor: You need a high-protein food that is easily digested, Mrs. Bixby.

Mrs. Bixby: I do?

Doctor: Yes. I would like you to take one tablespoon of this three times a day.

Mrs. Bixby: What is that?

Doctor: Peanut butter. I just invented it.

Mrs. Bixby: Peanut butter?

Doctor: You can spread it on bread— Mrs. Bixby, where are you going?

Mrs. Bixby: I want a second opinion. (*Exit.*)

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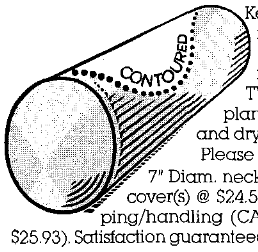

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stays up late; ends up on the floor. Caviar to elephants, a favorite of swine . . .

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TURN north on Route 60 out of Jamestown, enter Fredonia approx. 5:30 P.M. Vineyards on all sides. Concord-grape country. Sign on wine shop, "Taste Free Chautauqua County Wine," presumably means sample gulp gratis—not like "Caffeine Free." Fields are divided into long rows, with four-foot-high posts standing about fifteen feet apart and connected by two wire strands—one near the top, one a couple of feet below. Grapevines attached to the wires at intervals. No leaves at this time of year, but the twisty vines look sort of manic, making comic exertions, like Matisse's jazz dancers.

Check into motel. Room has brown walls, brown rug, brown chairs, brown table, brown television set, brown curtains. One wall is green with ghostly white mural of ruined temple (Corinthian) attached to what appears to be large house in Oyster Bay. Call Red Wing, agree to meet Manly at 8 A.M. tomorrow.

Chamber of Commerce brochure says 11,101 people live in Fredonia (Manly must have been kidding); 5 square miles; 765 feet above sea level; 11 churches; 25 marketing establishments. Crops: grapes, peaches, corn, oats, hay, apples, potatoes, etc. Fredonia famous for The First Gas Well (1821), The First Grange (1868), and The First Women's Christian Temperance Union (1873). Fredonia was once "the seed center of the United States."

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Night Thoughts While Tossing and Turning in Brown Motel Room in Former U.S. Seed Center

THE larger question: Why peanut butter? Not long ago, I was taken aback—not to say wounded—when a companion whose insights I respected remarked to me in a restaurant, "You know what? I think you have no taste buds." She was consuming spicy moules à la marinière while I was putting away my customary hamburger ("Well done, please"), cooked to resemble a meteorite.

"That's not true," I protested.

"What's your favorite food in the world?" she demanded.

"Not counting peanut butter?" I asked.

She shrugged.

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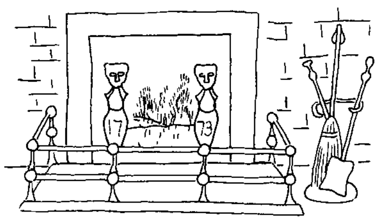

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"Russell Stover jelly beans," I said. She nodded. Conversation stopped.

"It's not my fault," I protested, over he clatter of mussel shells. "It runs in he family."

"Oh?" she said.

"When my brother Eric was in colege, he kept a spoon and a bowl of Jell-O on his windowsill all winter," I said. "When he got hungry, he'd open the window, brush away the snow, and dig himself a spoonful."[5]

There was no response.

"It's probably a Freudian thing," I said. "My brother and I may feel, deep down, that we should never enjoy anything better than what Mother used to make. This condemns us to a life of Chicken McNuggets, Whoppers, Yodels, peanut butter . . ."

Our mother was, and remains, a person of extraordinary qualities—most of them laudable—but an indifferent cook. Other people may recall their mother's kitchen as a warm, cozy, fragrant place, with pots bubbling merrily on the stove; ours was filled with smoke and cries of dismay. I can still hear the knife scraping blackened ash from the burned piece of toast in the morning,[6] and, at night, the clang of the garbage-can lid bidding farewell to the half-eaten plat du jour.

●

FREDONIA, N.Y., APRIL 26, 7 A.M.

BREAKFAST in motel dining room. Ponderous organ music rumbling over empty tables. Ceiling made of plaster wavelets, like meringue. Half-timbered walls decorated with gruesome farm implements (rusty axes, saws, scythes, chains), prints of naval battles and sinking ships, and portraits of long-gone political figures. My table faces large illustrated poster captioned "FIRST AID FOR CHOKING;" to my right is a depiction of early-nineteenth-century frigate in distress, and photograph of Andrew Jackson in his last days, possibly his last day. Brief dialogue with waitress concerning grape industry, then get into car, head for Red Wing. Listening to radio news of Canadian fisher-

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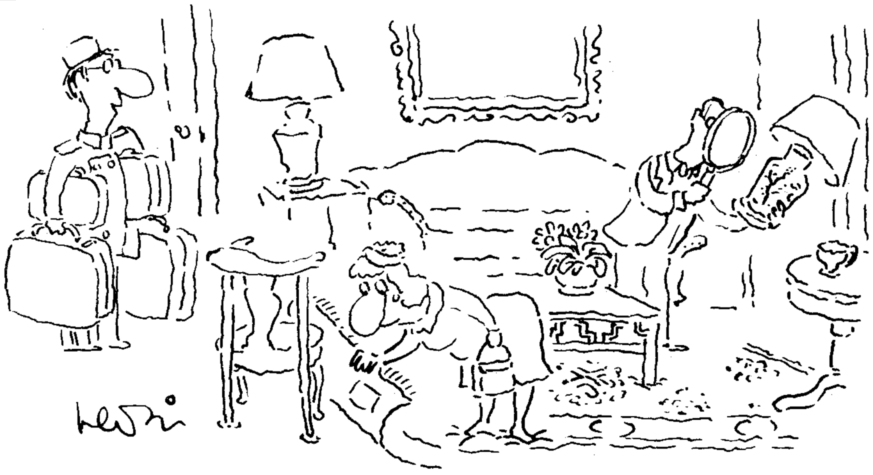
[5] I regarded this as eccentric. Eric, on the other hand, deplored my habit of eating undiluted Campbell's soup.

[6] In the nineteen-thirties, toasters did not yield up the toast when toasted. You had to maintain surveillance. Many toasters, including ours, had a sort of drawbridge on either side. A slice of bread was placed on each; the drawbridges were raised, and the captive slices toasted on one side. Then you lowered the drawbridges, turned the slices over, closed the drawbridges, and toasted the other sides. This process gave our mother two opportunities to burn the toast.



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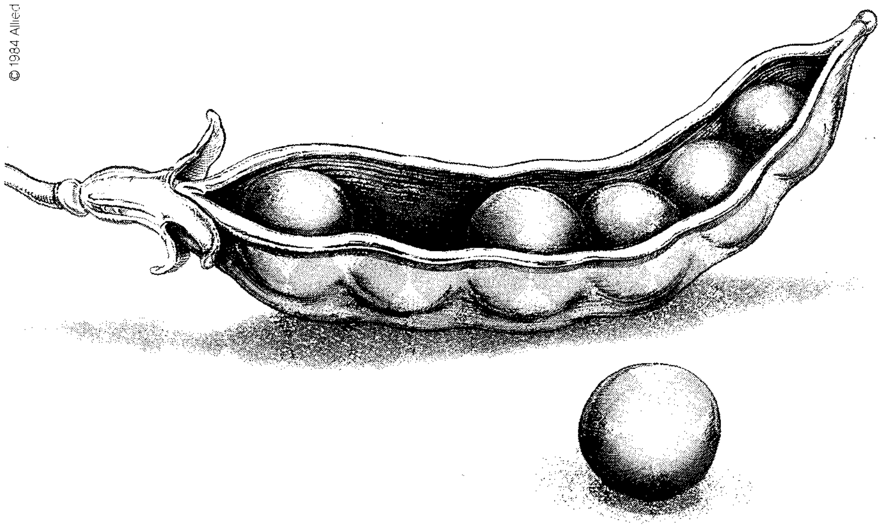

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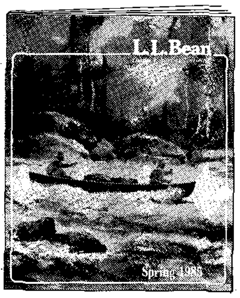

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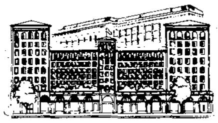

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ies, I take wrong turn at intersection. Scenery becoming increasingly rustic. Finally, stop car, get out, and approach gloomy farmer in overalls and cap who is attending rusty tractor at edge of vineyard.

"Good morning," I say. "Could you tell me where the Red Wing factory is?"

"Red Wing?" says farmer. He sizes me up, trying to decide whether or not I am one of these fellows who sell industrial secrets to the Russians. Then he gazes into the distance. Long silence. "That's back in Fredonia," he says, after a while. Conversation seems to be over.

"Thank you," I say, and head for car.

"You can't miss it." I turn around, but farmer is staring into space again.

"Thanks," I call, opening car door.

"On Main Street." He is studying the horizon. I get into car. "Right next to the American Legion."

"Thank you." I hang a U and drive back into town.

Red Wing turns out to be a modest cluster of factory buildings of various sizes and styles—some red brick, some corrugated metal, connected to each other in harmony despite age, architectural differences—situated between American Legion Post 59 and graceful old cemetery, and across East Main Street from handsome Victorian church. I park in back, walk over to unpretentious entrance that may be either loading platform or front door. Turns out to be latter. Romantic old painting on wall of reception room depicts Red Wing herself—Waspy-looking Indian princess dressed in basic Tepee Town (plus red feathers in hair), holding bunch of grapes and bottle of grape juice. Douglas Manly greets me, leads me down hall to cheerful first-floor office—red chairs, white rug. He is amiable, bright, remarkably skinny for man whose life is intertwined with *Arachis hypogaea.* Within moments, we are talking product.

"Sourcing is primarily out of Georgia and Alabama," says Manly. "Peanut farming is a unique deal. Along with tobacco, peanuts are one of the last two fully protected crops in America. You can grow peanuts only on acres that were allotted in the nineteen-thirties. There are restrictions on yield, and a minimum price is established by federal legislation. There's also a law against importing peanuts. Peanut-butter consumption in America, not including candy, is a six-hundred-million-pound-a-year business. That's relatively small in the food field."

"Do you eat peanut butter?" I inquire.

"I love it!" exclaims Manly. "I often bring a loaf of bread to the office, and we make peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches. We produce thirty-five flavors of preserves and jelly here. Also, every day I go to what we call the cutting—that's part of our quality control. We get somebody from sales, somebody from production, and somebody from quality control, and we all taste samples of the previous day's output. That's how we maintain organoleptic standards."

"Organoleptic?" I ask.

"Yes," says Manly. "Organoleptic."

"Is that a word?" I ask.

"Isn't it?" asks Manly. "It means what you can see, feel, smell, and taste." Brief silence.

"We manufacture mostly for chains and wholesalers in the Northeast," Manly continues. "Upstairs, we've got two hundred and twenty million labels in stock. The only place we use a Red Wing label is here in Fredonia. People sort of like to feel they're buying a home-town product. We make four kinds of peanut butter—old-fashioned, traditional, generic, and no-salt. Generic is nutritionally the same as old-fashioned or traditional; the main difference is we use smaller peanuts and leave the skins on, because it's hard to get them off, and that makes little specks. Traditional contains hydrogenated vegetable oil, and old-fashioned does not."

"What does 'hydrogenated' mean?" I ask.

"A peanut under a microscope looks like a sponge, or a honeycomb," says Manly. "It's filled with oil. When you grind up a peanut, the oil floats free. That's why peanut butter in the old days used to have a layer of oil on the top, and you had to stir it. In hydrogenation, you mix in a fat that at room temperature is a solid. We use palm oil. It has extra hydrogen ions. If it's mixed in when you grind the nuts, the friction causes the fat to melt, and it becomes homogeneous with the ground-up nuts; when it cools, it turns solid and locks the peanut oil in. You see?"

I give thoughtful nod I mastered in grade-school arithmetic class, and Manly continues, "We've been making peanut butter for eighteen years. We use yellow plastic tops because they seal better and are less expensive and more attractive than metal tops. It makes good sense to use them, and now most of our competition have started using plastic tops, too." Manly stands up. "Let's give you a look at the factory." He makes phone call. "George Pilgrim, our plant manager, will be your guide. I was going to show you around myself, but I've got a doctor's appointment now. I was lifting a case of peanut butter out of my car, and I did something to my back."

Pilgrim enters. He's a stocky, dark-haired, serious young man in glasses, wearing long white lab coat and white hard hat with Red Wing logo (plus hairnet). He appears to have on a Walkman headset, but it turns out to be earplugs for combatting factory noises. "Let's get you suited up," he says.

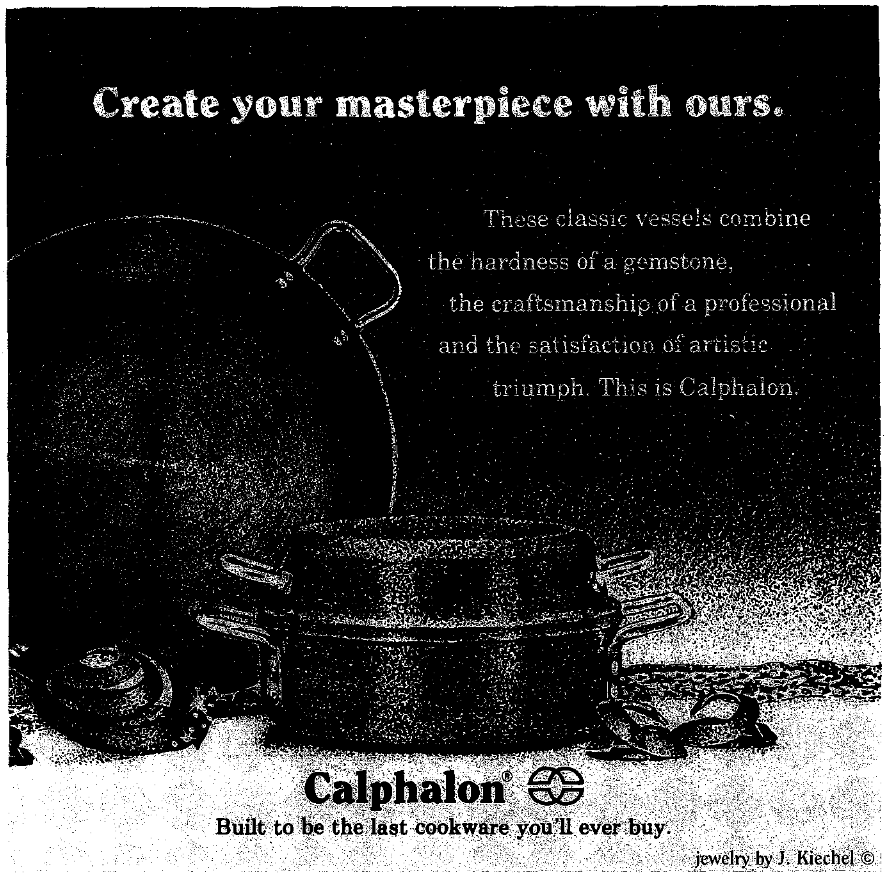
I bid goodbye to Manly, and follow Pilgrim through various hallways.

"I've been plant manager for two years," says Pilgrim. "I've got a master's degree in chemistry, and a heavy technical background."

Enter office, select white coat and hard hat: suit up.

"We've got three hundred thousand square feet in Red Wing," Pilgrim is saying as we go through door to factory proper, and then I can barely hear him over pandemonium of production. Piercing smell of ketchup. "Tomato . . ." Pilgrim is yelling. "Spaghetti sauce . . . Chili sauce . . . Ketchup." Glass bottles jiggle along a conveyor belt in a vast room, clattering, rattling, clinking; then—*fup! fup!*—each bottle is smartly filled with ketchup and dances onward. Men and women in white coats peer intently at the crimson parade; others hover by control panels. Next room has various levels, like ship's boiler room. "Ketchup cook room," Pilgrim is shouting. Awesome array of eight shiny stainless-steel vats, each fifteen feet high, connected by complex interweaving of big pipes of various colors with red or blue valve wheels. "The valves control the direction of the product through the equipment!" cries Pilgrim. "Designed to be very flexible!" Floors being hosed down. We trot up metal stairs to mezzanine wi yellow railings. "Water, vinegar, liquid sweetener . . . piped directly into these kettles . . ." A worker crouches, opens small door near top of giant vat, studies churning, bubbling liquid within, closes door. Must be O.K. We go back downstairs.

Out of ketchup department, down



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hall, up fire stairs. Pause at landing between first and second floor, look out window. Railroad siding with tank cars below; lots of trucks. "The tank cars bring in corn sweetener, soybean oil, things like that," Pilgrim says distinctly, in the relative quiet of the stairwell. We hurry up to third floor. "Jams and jellies!" exclaims Pilgrim, throwing door open. Sweet, sweet smell. More noise. More hosing down: a few rogue berries rolling across floor pursued by stream of water. More enormous pots. Open drums full of mushed-up cherries. Workers in distance move around what looks like steamy forest of furnaces with pipes branching outward. Hot. "We run ten to twelve different flavors of jelly a day here!"

We descend to first floor; pass through enormous warehouse containing hundred-and-fifty-yard-long rows of thirty-foot-high shelves crammed with supplies and products. Forklifts carrying huge loads zoom up and down the aisles, honking at intersections. "We keep three hundred and fifty thousand cases in here," says Pilgrim. "I.B.M. printouts tell us where a product is, so the drivers can find it, and also the date of production, so we can have proper stock rotation." In nearby room, automatic pallet-making machine slides cartons containing jars of peanut butter onto pallets. Suddenly, a crash of glass. Despite careful planning, automation, safety measures, forklift has backed into stack of cartons. A welcome sound; even Pilgrim laughs.

In cavernous room where peanuts enter Red Wing plant, towering stacks of lumpy hundred-and-ten-pound burlap sacks repose in dusky limbo. Peanuts inside them are poised for a moment between sleepy down-home Southern gooberhood and high-speed, high-tech food-processing that can be heard roaring just around the corner. "We need three truckloads of peanuts a day," says Pilgrim, "which is about a hundred and twenty thousand pounds." Two men are opening bags, dumping peanuts into chute. Across hall, peanuts are piped into bizarre, noisy machine that shakes violently. "Gravity separator!" cries Pilgrim. Separator thunders, spews desirable nuts into one section, spits rejects into another. Pilgrim goes through door into yet another colossal room, at one end of which is world's largest peanut roaster. World's largest is about sixty feet long, ten feet wide, eight feet high; looks pretty much like

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ong metal box. "It takes about thirty ninutes to roast a peanut," says Pilgrim. At far end of box is a narrow ıorizontal opening about twelve feet ong, and a cataract of peanuts is pouring out, tumbling down onto vibrating onveyor belt, and being carried away. The falling peanuts sound like a hailstorm. Exquisite smell of newly roasted nuts. I'm hungry.

Into next room. More contraptions, nore workers, more noise. "That's he blancher!" yells Pilgrim, indicating tall green contraption. "It rubs the skins off and blows them away!" Pipes and chutes angling all over the place. "Sorting . . . Chops peanuts for crunchy . . . Goes through sizing grid!" Against one wall is small separate room, with big windows. "That's the grinding room! In there we add stabilizer, sweetener, and salt!" Rattle of empty glass jars again, coming along conveyor belt. "The de-aerator there takes the air out of the peanut butter, then the peanut butter comes through a tube to the assembly line here."

Somewhere between world's largest roaster and here, the naked peanuts have been transformed into peanut butter, and now I see it for the first time: empty jars coming down the line move onto rotating disc, spin around, and nozzles squirt peanut butter into them from above. One squirt fills jar, then jar goes around the circle, receives additional glop from different nozzle, is whirled off merry-go-round, and proceeds down assembly line. Pilgrim and I stand staring at endless procession of peanut butter; it is hypnotic. Suddenly, Pilgrim lunges forward and grabs a full jar. "Come on!" he shouts. Leads way into very small room. "We never eat in a production area," he says, clutching jar. Room contains shelf with stack of white plastic spoons. Pilgrim takes spoon, hands one to me. "This is the *ultimate!*" Pilgrim cries passionately, his spoon poised above open jar. "You can't *get* anything better than this!" His spoon dives into warm, fresh peanut butter. I think for an instant of my long life with peanut butter, and realize that I am now at the summit. This is it. I dig in.

Mmm-*mmm*. —JAMES STEVENSON

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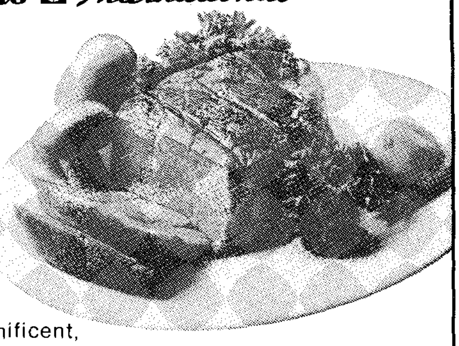

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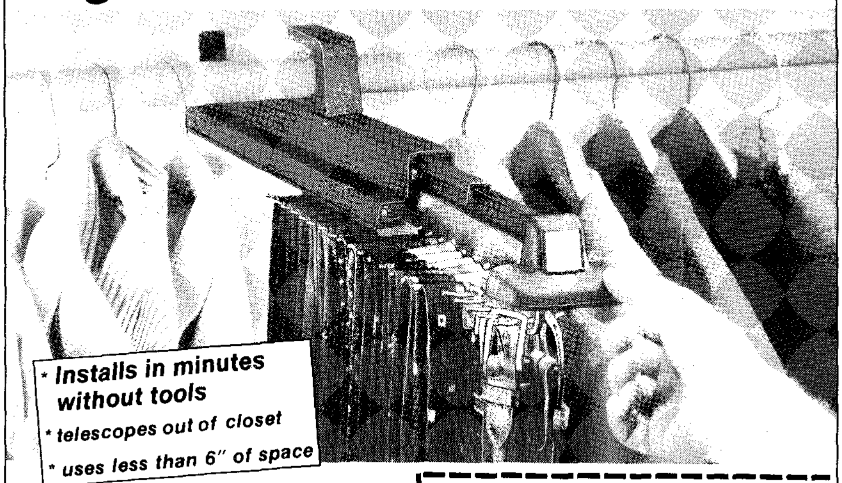
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"MRS. SOFFEL" gets into a great subject: repressed, often well-educated women who fall in love with prisoners—men in cages. In our day, we read news accounts of a woman lawyer helping her client escape from prison, or a woman professor abetting a jailbreak, or a business or professional woman reading about a prisoner, visiting him, marrying him. "Mrs. Soffel" is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. As the movie tells it, Kate Soffel (Diane Keaton) isn't radicalized in any ideological sense, and Ed Biddle (Mel Gibson) and his brother Jack (Matthew Modine) aren't political, or even big-time. They're just holdup artists who have been condemned to be hanged because someone got killed when they robbed a grocery store. But they're young and handsome, the fiery-eyed Ed swears that they're innocent of murder, and they've developed a considerable following among the impressionable women of Pittsburgh. Teen-age girls bring flowers to the prison, and the next-to-oldest of Kate's four children—the naïve twelve-year-old Margaret (Jennie Dundas)—is staunch in her belief that though the Biddles have committed ninety robberies, they're laboring-class rebels who have never hurt anyone; she pastes newspaper clippings in a scrapbook so she'll have a record of all the injustices done to them. Their case becomes political.

Working from a script by Ron Nyswaner, the young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively, inviting you to feel your way into Kate Soffel's disappointment with her marriage. We can see the torment and dissatisfaction in Kate's face, and the neurasthenia that has kept her in bed for three months, and keeps her from sharing a bedroom with the husband she married eighteen years ago, when she was seventeen. (At first, we see that she's sick and that she's married to Edward Herrmann; soon we suspect that she's sick because she's married to Edward Herrmann.) The family lives in the warden's quarters, which are built right into the jailhouse structure, and the ornately furnished rooms seem airless and confining. Surrounded by husband, children, and servants, the imprisoned Kate sits in her tightly bound clothes; under the curls on her forehead, her eyes are full of misery. As the warden's gracious, devout wife, she makes her own rounds, taking Bibles to the inmates and offering words of moral guidance. But there's something about her that makes you uneasy: she's telling the prisoners that faith will do something for them that it has obviously failed to do for her.

What's daring in the way Gillian Armstrong presents this love story is that we don't quite trust the emotions of either Kate Soffel or Ed Biddle. She's sickly, frustrated, unstable; he's an opportunist, with only one opportunity—to make her love him so madly that she'll bring him and Jack the saws they need to get out. From behind bars, he works on her, quoting the Bible in a ringing, romantic voice, challenging her by telling her he's not a believer. He asks her to read to him—that keeps her close. He writes her a poem; he touches her, grabs her, kisses her. (And Jack, in the cell next to Ed's, grins.) But Kate isn't a fool, and she's twelve years older than Ed; she's aware of how he's trying to use her. At the same time, she's sexually aroused by him—he's like a trapped animal reaching out to her, pulling her up against his cell.

Mel Gibson, who miscast can seem a lightweight, is superb here. Much wirier than in his earlier roles, he's convincingly passionate, shrewd, relentless. There's concentrated emotionality in this performance—an all-out romanticism that you don't expect from an actor who's only twenty-eight. As Ed, he's like the young Henry Fonda, but with a streak of something darker, more volatile, and more instinctively knowing. Ed comes on so strong that we don't know quite how to read him—especially since much of the time he's behind bars and we see only part of his face. He puts the squeeze on Mrs. Soffel, and it makes her feel alive; it takes a while before we realize that she does the same for him. Diane Keaton has trouble with the period role: her fast, distraught manner of speaking, the word she emphasizes, the ones she throw away—it's all very specifically modern. So is her conception of neurosi and so, I think, is the tender, eas manner Kate has with her children (Shouldn't she be more erratic, taking out some of her suffering on them, or at least, be negligent and indifferent? But she has a moment here that' freakishly inspired: Ed has been holding her against the bars and sh has been speaking like a moral exemplar when suddenly, in mid-sentence she lets out a dirty little giggle. W know then that Kate is living in a fever dream and doesn't want to wake up. And the post-hippie diction and the other surface flaws in Keaton's performance fade into relative insignificance, because the things that come from inside are so startlingly right Kate has a broad, lewd smile when she holds out her Bible to Ed—with the saws in it; then she reads the Good Book out loud to the brothers, keeping watch for them as they saw away.

The movie is set in winter, in the grime and fumes of an industrial city at its worst, and then in snow-covered farmland as the three try to escape to Canada. There isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale; Armstrong and her cinematographer Russell Boyd, give us a completely fresh vision of the American past, and the whites glisten in Boyd's deep-toned shots. But Armstrong may have overdone the ominousness and gloom of the early scenes—the murk indoors and the sootiness outdoors may make the movie hard for viewers to get into Even if you know that Pittsburgh used to need its street lights on in the middle of the day, the darkness may seem affected. If you give the movie a chance, though, it justifies the early dreamlike, funereal underlay. Each of Armstrong's three features has been amazingly different from the others. As a piece of filmmaking, the first, the feminist princess fantasy "My Brilliant Career" (which she made in 1978, when she was only twenty-seven), was careful, pictorial, leisurely. The second, the pop musical "Starstruck," set in modern Sydney and starring the blithe new-wave singer Jo Kennedy, was visually jangly and all over the place, but exuberant and likable. Clearly, Armstrong adapts herself to her subjects, and this time her style has an edginess: the scenes have unexpected tempos, the perspectives on the richly furnished Soffel household are always slightly unsettling, and we never know when we'll hear the clanging of the iron gates and doors. The prison is a major presence—it's the prison from which the actual Mrs. Soffel and the Biddles fled into the night. Designed by Henry Hobson Richardson to resemble a fortified church and built in the eighteen-eighties, it's oppressive yet in its way exalted—an architectural marvel that is still in use, housing five hundred inmates. With its majestic cell-block atrium, and the warden's quarters as part of the structure, it's a perfect setting for a Gothic romance.

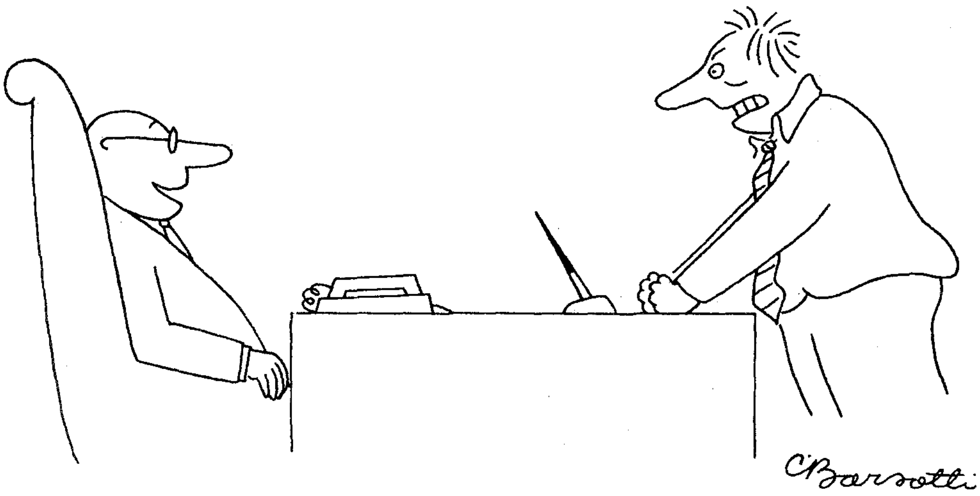
This stone-and-iron monster is so solid that you may get the feeling that at first Kate Soffel could enjoy the titillating danger that Ed Biddle represented because she felt cloistered and secure—she could go anywhere in the prison, but he was safely behind bars. She could go to him, but he couldn't come to her. One thing that makes their love story different from the familiar ones is that they finally come clean with each other. She abandons her protected status; he abandons the public poses that turned her little daughter into a groupie. (And Gibson has a rare kind of delicacy when Ed offers Kate proof of his love.) There are some surprising elements in this movie—such as the confusion of the prison break, the shock of seeing Ed and Jack in the warden's quarters, the hostility that Ed and Jack's friends feel toward Kate, and the brotherly bond between the Biddles that we're aware of throughout. They match up well physically, but that's only a small part of it; Modine enables you to see how Jack takes his cues from Ed, and why Ed feels responsible for him.

"Mrs. Soffel" lacks humor, and its themes don't fully emerge. (The fault may be in the screenplay—that it just doesn't go far enough.) But the movie builds an excitement that has something to do with the fact that the flight of the Biddles with Kate in tow is deranged. They're killing each other by staying together, yet you can see that staying together is all that matters to them. When the three of them are out in the snow, rushing toward the border, the hurrying about makes Kate flush, and her eyes and teeth shine—she seems elated and glamorous. She's experiencing freedom, and the feelings that were buried in her are released. When a stranger says something grossly insensitive in her presence, and she slaps him, all her senses seem to be whirring. She's a Victorian madwoman heroine.

If a whiz-kid director from the three-minute-rock-video field tried his hand at a Jazz Age gangster musical, the result might be "The Cotton Club." Francis Coppola, who co-wrote and directed it, seems to have skimmed the top off every twenties-thirties picture he has seen, added seltzer, stirred it up with a swizzlestick, and called it a movie. The shots don't look as if he were framing for the movie camera; they're framed for video excitement. His only goal seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The thinking (or the emotional state) behind his conception appears to be that it's all been done before, and that what remains is to feed your senses. He just wants to look at pretty lights, movement, color. He's watching his brain cells twinkle.

The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club that from 1923 to 1936 was situated upstairs over a theatre on the corner of 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners and the "tall, tan, and terrific" Cotton Club Girls (who were required to be "high yaller," under twenty-one when hired, and at least five feet six) performed for a white clientele. The club was a showcase for the "primitive" joyousness and sensuality of the black singers and dancers, and the revues, which were produced by whites and ran for an hour and a half or two hours, with the last of the three nightly shows starting at 2 A.M., had motifs in keeping with the club's advertising itself as a "window on the jungle . . . a cabin in the cotton." (The jungle predominated, and the club itself was decorated jungle style.) Seven hundred socialites, celebrities, Broadway stars, bootleggers, and assorted mobsters could be seated at the tiny tables, arranged in a horseshoe around the dance floor; among them might be Mayor Jimmy Walker, Fred Astaire, Irving Berlin, Fanny Brice, Charlie Chaplin, and such underworld figures as Legs Diamond, Dutch Schultz, and Lucky Luciano. Starting in 1927, the house bandleader was Duke Ellington, and he soon began broadcasting a nightly radio show live from the stage; when the show went national, on a weekly basis, the whole country heard of the Cotton Club and listened to its music. And people went on listening after Ellington left for other commitments and Cab Calloway, who at first had just filled in, replaced him. The entertainers, who were the highest paid in Harlem, included Bessie Smith, Josephine Baker, Lena Horne, Ethel Waters, Bill Robinson, and, later, Buck and Bubbles, and the Nicholas Brothers. Financed by a syndicate of white mobsters, the club had a slightly flexible Jim Crow policy: twelve seats could be filled by Negro dignitaries, racketeers, and the families and friends of the performers, and a few more if the applicants were well groomed and very light-complexioned. (This exclusionary policy was somewhat further eased under pressure from Ellington, though people of color were likely to be seated at the back, near the kitchen.)

The movie has its own racial problems: white moviegoers will rarely attend pictures on black themes or with



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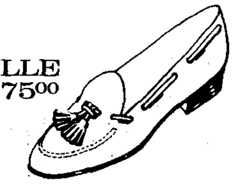

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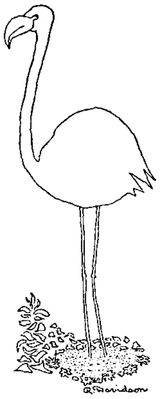
black stars, and so Richard Gere was signed up to play the leading role—on a contract in which he stipulated that he was to appear as a cornet player—before there was anything resembling a role or a script. After a few attempts at scripts failed, Coppola was brought in; he had trouble, too, and enlisted a collaborator, the novelist (and former film critic) William Kennedy. Together, they hatched some thirty to forty versions—an insane number. But how do you make a movie about the Cotton Club starring a white cornet player when there were no white musicians at the Cotton Club?

In diagrammatic terms, the intricate plot that Coppola and Kennedy devised isn't bad. They introduced another famous Harlem nightspot—the Bamville Club—where Gere could go to blow his horn in jam sessions, and then they worked out a gimmicky scene in which Gere, a smiling-eyed young Irishman, saves Dutch Schultz (James Remar) from a stick of dynamite planted by assassins. In gratitude, Dutch puts him on the payroll, and hires his loutish brother (Nicolas Cage), too. This still doesn't give Gere much connection to the Cotton Club, except that he sometimes goes there with Schultz, a married man, who uses Gere as escort to his teen-age mistress (Diane Lane). Having compounded the initial lunacy of the white-cornettist hero, Coppola and Kennedy created a parallel set of black brothers (Gregory and Maurice Hines)—tap dancers who get their big chance at the Cotton Club. These parallel plots don't converge; there's no more than an occasional "Hi" as Gere and Gregory Hines go past each other on the street or at the club until close to the end, when Dutch Schultz, enraged, wants to kill Gere, and Hines, with his dancer's speed and agility, kicks the gun out of Schultz's hand. But the two sets of brothers give the movie an illusion of symmetry: both sets have families and fights, and Gere's troubles with the tough, tarty Diane Lane are matched by Gregory Hines' troubles with a light-skinned showgirl and singer, played by Lonette McKee. By then the movie is packed with characters and complications and incidents that it doesn't have time for; it's so overloaded with plot that it might just as well have no plot at all. And I haven't even mentioned that the black crooks who control the Harlem numbers racket are being challenged by the Irish and Jewish mobsters, and then the Italians—led by Lucky Luciano (Joe Dallesandro)—move in. Maybe because of the need to work around that horn-player hero, Coppola and Kennedy kept adding elements until the plot became a composite of the old Warners musicals and gangster pictures. Coppola apparently believes this pastiche to be an authentic, epic view of the Jazz Age. Describing it to an interviewer from *Film Comment*, he said, "It's a story of the times: it tells the story of the blacks, of the white gangster, about entertainers, everything of those times, like Dos Passos, and the lives all thread through with 'Minnie the Moocher' and 'Mood Indigo.' "

Actually, it's an echo chamber of a movie. When Warners made those pictures that were snatched from the headlines, the crude, simplified characters had a tabloid immediacy. Reproduced here in composite form, they have no inner life and no emotional force. "The Cotton Club" is so dense about so little. It's a movie made by a director who has lost his sense of character. The joke of the long effort to concoct a script around the star Gere is that there are no stars in any of Coppola's recent movies ("One from the Heart," "The Outsiders," "Rumble Fish"); stars may be signed on, but when the movies come out there's just a bunch of bewildered performers wondering why they don't make a stronger impression.

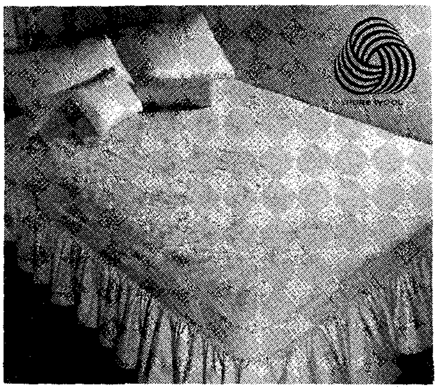
If there's something more upsetting about this movie than there is about other failed epics, it's that a great time in the history of black people has been screwed over. Yes, the Cotton Club was a racist institution, but it was something more, too: it was part of a liberating social upheaval—not the most creative part but the most conspicuous part. And if some of those white swells were slumming when they went up to Harlem to watch "the coloreds" they put on their evening clothes to do it. There was joy in those black entertainers, and there was heat. That was what the white audience recognized; that was what the radio listeners responded to. It's what the Jazz Age was about: the emergence of black music—hot jazz—and the thrill that white artists and white audiences felt as black artists began to enter the cultural mainstream, moving from Harlem to Broadway and across the country. In the thirties, when I was a kid in San Francisco, I thought I would die from pure pleasure when I saw Buck and Bubbles perform in the stage show that came on before the movie at the Golden Gate Theatre; I'd sit through the picture over and over so I could watch John W. Bubbles glide through his tap numbers, smiling crookedly, his eyes hooded, as if he knew that kids like me had never seen anything so slinky sexy. I thought he was evil, but I loved it.



Coppola, with his staccato imagery fragmenting the songs and dances, knocks the life out of the performers. The tall, sinuous Lonette McKee, with her long, expressive arms upraised, actually gets to complete a number (the torchy "Ill Wind"), but she has none of the impudent energy she showed in the 1976 "Sparkle." And the Hines brothers' dancing is fast and proficient yet uninspired. If you look at a clip of the Nicholas Brothers, say, in the 1942 "Orchestra Wives," where they dance to "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," you just about go crazy from the sheer aesthetic excitement of what they're doing—they're flying. The way Coppola shoots dance, nobody flies. In a sequence at the all-male Hoofers Club, Honi Coles and the other great tappers are just starting to limber up and go into their moves when they're chopped into dancing feet without bodies and wiggling bodies without feet. Coppola doesn't seem to know that it's criminal not to let these artists do their thing. The movie is all his thing—he keeps the images scrambling ahead. It's a self-defeating technique: he's so antsy that he doesn't stop to let us look at what we've come to see. The picture opens with the dancing bodies of the Cotton Club Girls in smoky color. Their dancing—intercut with black-and-white titles and angled spotlights that establish the film's visual style—is routine and impersonal. It never becomes anything more, and during the whole movie we never get close enough to these girls to see their faces, their spirit. We never get to see what we might expect to be at the heart of the movie: how the black performers and the white customers (and bosses and floor-show staff) feel about each other.

The movie certainly has a visual style: Art Deco with *film noir* lighting, and montages that skitter through the years, signifying what's happening to the country and the principal characters. But this dark, lacquered style doesn't come out of the material; it's a fashionable style that's imposed, like the visual formats of videos. Coppola doesn't build a dance through editing, as Busby Berkeley did; the jazz singers and dancers are in the background to be broken into. They're used to give the movie contrasts and sheen—to give it more of a spin. When Diane Lane and Richard Gere have their big sex scene, burnished rainbows fill the room, and then the shadow of the curtains makes lace patterns on her bare body; these effects are what we get instead of the emotion that the moment might be expected to call up. Coppola gives us all this design and he doesn't seem aware of what's missing. He's not taking old techniques and applying them; he's just taking them.

Musicals of the past rarely had fully written characters, but they didn't need them, because the actors' personalities filled out the roles. Here most of the actors are hardly allowed to show they're alive. It's a toss-up whether Nicolas Cage or Diane Lane has the worst part. Cage easily passes as Gere's younger brother, but he is made such a crude dope that there isn't a single scene in which we're happy he's around. Diane Lane was eighteen when she played her role, and that's roughly the age of Dutch's moll, but she's encased in makeup and wigs. And though most of the dialogue in the movie is reasonably pungent, her lines express a callous, moronic cynicism. Statements such as "Money's the only thing that ever saves you" don't do a lot for an actress, and her performance is equally blunt. (In the kissing scenes, she and Gere chew each other's lips so hungrily that something besides passion seems implied, but what?) Gregory Hines doesn't come off as badly, but his role is miserably misconceived. When he's smitten at first sight of Lonette McKee, the audience can share his emotion, but you expect him to be hip and to court her with his talent. When, instead, he chases after her, calf-eyed and stupidly sincere, and gets into backstage squabbles, he becomes embarrassing—you don't want to look at him. As for Gere (whose role is



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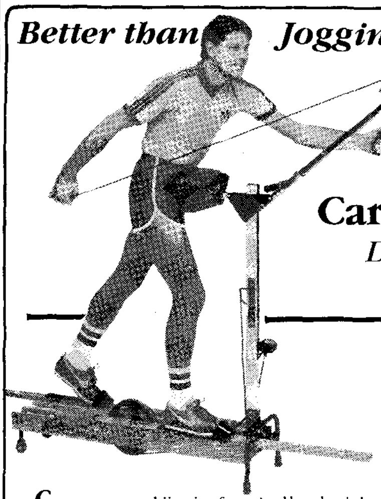

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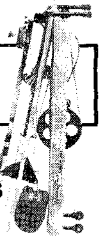

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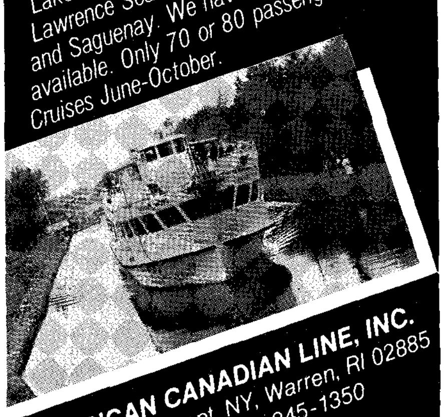

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based partly on George Raft), with his hair brushed back flat and brilliantined, and a natty little mustache, he flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual. But there's nothing to draw us into his simp-sheik character. (In his brief appearance as Luciano, Joe Dallesandro, who's reminiscent of De Niro in "The Godfather, Part II," has a much more romantic presence.)

A few of the actors seem to be invincible. Lighted from below, Julian Beck, of the Living Theatre, who plays Sol, a corrupt-to-the-bone hit man, looks like an Old Testament vulture. He takes his time and delivers his world-weary remarks in amusingly ghostly, sinister tones—he could be the John Carradine of the avant-garde. And Bob Hoskins, as Owney Madden, the cunning gangster who operates the club, and Fred Gwynne, as his henchman, Big Frenchy DeMange, who welcomes the guests, are like a vaudeville comedy team. Big Frenchy, as gloomy as a basset hound and always formal, walks a step behind the little bulldog Owney and stands behind him when he's seated; he seems to be Owney's butler and bodyguard, and his partner, too. When they finally have a full scene together, after Big Frenchy has been kidnapped and Owney has ransomed him, they one-up each other belligerently, but in rhythm, and with undercurrents of so much affection that it's the most touching moment in the movie—even though it doesn't make a lot of sense.

This Hoskins-Gwynne scene stands out because it doesn't just refer to old-movie scenes about friendship; you actually experience the emotion. In most of the movie, you don't get the feelings that made old-movie scenes memorable—you just watch people referring to those old scenes. (An example: the break between the Hines brothers causes us no pain, and their reunion has no exhilaration.) That's why the movie's plot doesn't give you the pleasures of a plot. Coppola uses the plot pro forma—he doesn't invest it with meaning. The movie is Fellini-esque (especially in its last section, which cuts between Grand Central Station and a Grand Central set on the Cotton Club stage), and Coppola, like Fellini, assumes the role of the master of ceremonies, the eye of the hurricane. But his expansiveness has become strictly formal. Emotionally, he seems to have shrunk. The way he directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light.

—PAULINE KAEL

CONCERT RECORDS

Miscellany

SCHUBERT's early religious music is represented in his Mass No. 2 in G Major (D 167), composed in 1815, and his late religious music in the German Mass (D 872), composed in 1827. The difference, surprisingly, is minimal. Both have been recorded by the Vienna Choir Boys, the Vienna Symphony Chorus, and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Uwe Christian Harrer (Philips Digital 6514 262; single disc). It is good to have such very fine performances of these deeply felt compositions available on records.

Mahler's Symphony No. 3 has been given an interpretation that is both powerful and subtle by Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (London Digital LDR 72014; four sides). Helga Dernesch is the contralto soloist, and members of the Women's Chorus of the Chicago Symphony and the Glen Ellyn Children's Chorus are also involved. Here Solti is at his best as a Mahler interpreter, and this recording is highly recommended.

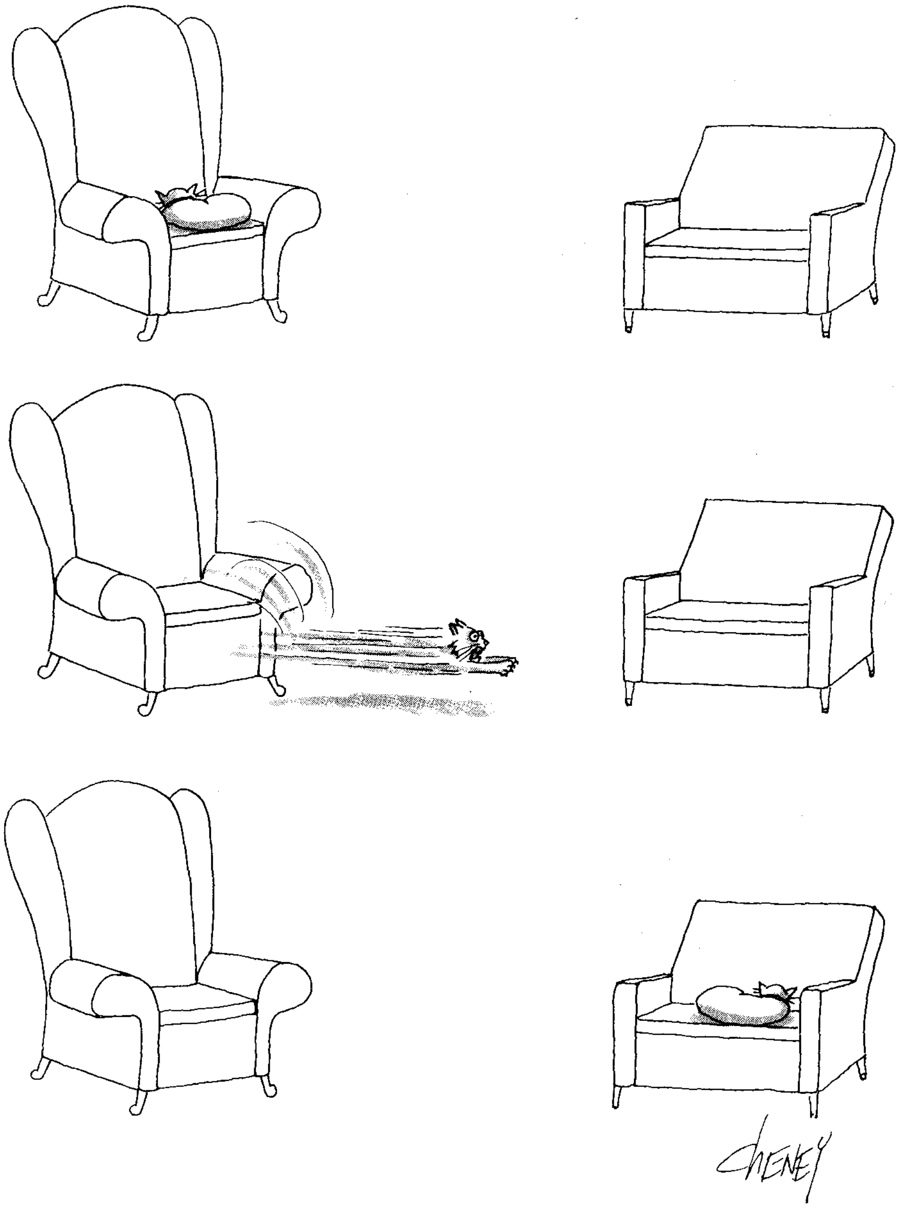
Christmas Concertos by Corelli, Torelli, Bach, Handel, Werner, Vejvanovský, and Gossec have been recorded by the Academy of Ancient Music, under the baton of Christopher Hogwood, using instruments of the eighteenth century (Oiseau-Lyre Digital DSDL 709; single). This is Baroque music at its most beautiful, and it is superbly performed. Christopher Hogwood, appearing this time as a harpsichord soloist, has also recorded three suites by Louis Couperin (Oiseau-Lyre Digital DSDL 712; single). Hogwood has a musicologist's knowledge of Baroque style and ornamentation, and the result is as authentic as possible, and very enjoyable.

I have always found the first of Chopin's two piano concertos preferable to the second, since it is more melodious and simpler in structure. The Piano Concerto No. 1 has been recorded by Martha Argerich, with the London Symphony Orchestra, Claudio Abbado conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2543 524; single). Miss Argerich gives the work an exquisitely refined interpretation. The Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise and the Scherzo No. 2 are also included in this recording, and both are played with the same sensitivity, and with power when power is needed. Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2, along with the composer's "Krakowiak," Opus 14, has been recorded by Bella Davidovich (Philips Digital 6514 259; single). Miss Davidovich, who is accompanied here by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Neville Marriner, has an immaculate sense of Chopin style, and her admirable technique makes this recording a very fine one.

Leonard Bernstein, with the Vienna Philharmonic, has recorded Brahms' Second and Third Symphonies (Deutsche Grammophon Digital 410 082-1 and 083-1; single discs). The first record is filled out by the Academic Festival Overture, the second by the Haydn Variations. I find Bernstein's tempi in the Second Symphony a bit slow, but his interpretation of the Third is excellent.

A disc labelled "The Great Voice of Marilyn Horne" has been issued by London (411649-1; single). Miss Horne has been acclaimed as the greatest singer in the world, and on this recording she fully lives up to that description: the singing is as spectacular as one could ask for. Various orchestras accompany her—the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Vienna Opera Orchestra, the Orchestra of Covent Garden, the London Symphony Orchestra—but all the selections are conducted by Henry Lewis, except "Ah! Quel giorno," from Rossini's "Semiramide," and "Sgombra è la sacra selva," from Bellini's "Norma," which are conducted by Richard Bonynge; and "Che farò senza Euridice," from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," which is conducted by Georg Solti.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



BOOKS

Perfect Stranger

"INSCRUTABLE magnetisms of the exotic" sounds like Joseph Conrad, but in fact it's a line from Paul Theroux, the wayfaring American, whose diligence as a traveller and literary man entitles him to an occasional burst of Conradian grandiloquence. Born and raised in Massachusetts, Theroux first hit the road at the end of his college days, in 1963, when he joined the Peace Corps and landed in Malawi, in southeast Africa. Between 1968 and 1971, he wrote three novels set in Africa, where he served in both Malawi and Uganda as an English professor. To judge from his works, which now include four travel books, four volumes of short stories, and nearly a dozen novels, it seems to have taken him no time to settle down to life as an outsider and to a career describing the ways in which people try to make themselves comfortable away from home. "He had launched himself blindly," he wrote of Hood, the fugitive State Department man in "The Family Arsenal" (1976), "and in doing so was granted the gift of sight."

Like Conrad's storyteller Charlie Marlow, Theroux has become a connoisseur of the conflict of ideals and illusions with things as they turn out to be. Irony is his natural style. "Africa's the sexiest place in the world," says B.J., who comes to a bad end in "Girls at Play" (1969). "Jungle Lovers" (1971) has as its subject the progressive disenchantment of a high-minded American insurance salesman:

> Insurance: there was no future in it; Africans needed it like a hole in the head. And the country (not a country, more a wild little parish) was bankrupt, underpopulated and shrinking like a cheap shirt.

The C.I.A. agent in "Fong and the Indians" (1968) first sees himself as

> Mel Francey, Afro-American, good-will ambassador, in his own sweet land. Louis Armstrong had done Ghana; James Meredith, Nigeria; Cassius Clay, Egypt; Martin Luther King, Liberia; and Mel Francey, East Africa.

The insurance man, Calvin, renounces altruism in a passage that ridicules implicitly the good intentions of Peace Corpsmen, politicians, and wide-eyed writers along with his own:

> He had begun to realize that the defenders of the underdog were in that pose an unpleasant minority *all* their own, but more vocal than the genuinely oppressed. . . . They were unbearable, like the beggar who has more coins in his outstretched hand than you have in your pocket. They were always foreigners, they were big bores.

Mel Francey, Afro-American, disowns his fantasy of black brotherhood after a year on the job: "That year had changed him, eliminated the sentiment and made him a perfect stranger."

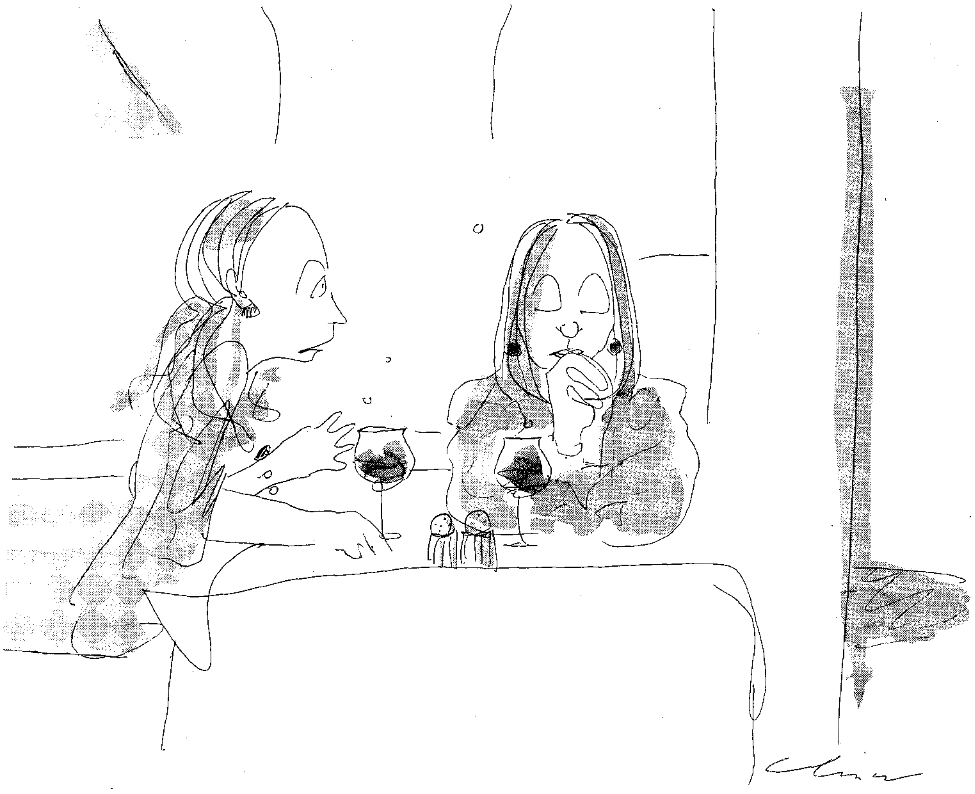
For later novels, set elsewhere, Theroux invented worldlier characters with more complicated aspirations. The hero of "Saint Jack" (1973), a middle-aged American stranded in Singapore, runs a whorehouse he calls Dunroamin, which features a small orchestra instead of sex demonstrations—musicians playing "Brightly Shines Our Wedding Day" and "Time on My Hands" for homesick sailors:

> In my pajamas at a sunny desk I totaled the previous night's receipts and checked to see that the bar was well stocked and the rooms were clean—in each room a girl would be brushing her hair before a mirror, a houseful of girls brushing: it cheered me.

Jack cherishes such images of domestic bliss; another establishment, Paradise Gardens, he conceives of as a "gentle shelter" for soldiers on leave from Vietnam. But the prospect of conventional domesticity alarms him: "Marriage! . . . It was unholy, safety's wedded agony; I had been tempted, but I had never sinned that way." The notion of marriage as a sin turns up again in "The Family Arsenal," a novel about terrorists living together in London:

> He had never seen her so happy, and he imagined a life with her: a safe monotony, without incident, surrendering to Deptford, the pub, the bed, the child, the dog track, the weekend in Brighton. He wanted more, but he was tempted by less . . .

Safe monotony is the delusion addressed in "The Black House" (1974), in which the tame marriage of a retired anthropologist and his wife generates a frenzied love affair. "The protecting shadows" of the house "made an appropriate shelter for a love that had to be conspiratorial." The spookiness of Dorset landscape and social life is matched against memories of Africa; the most haunting image is



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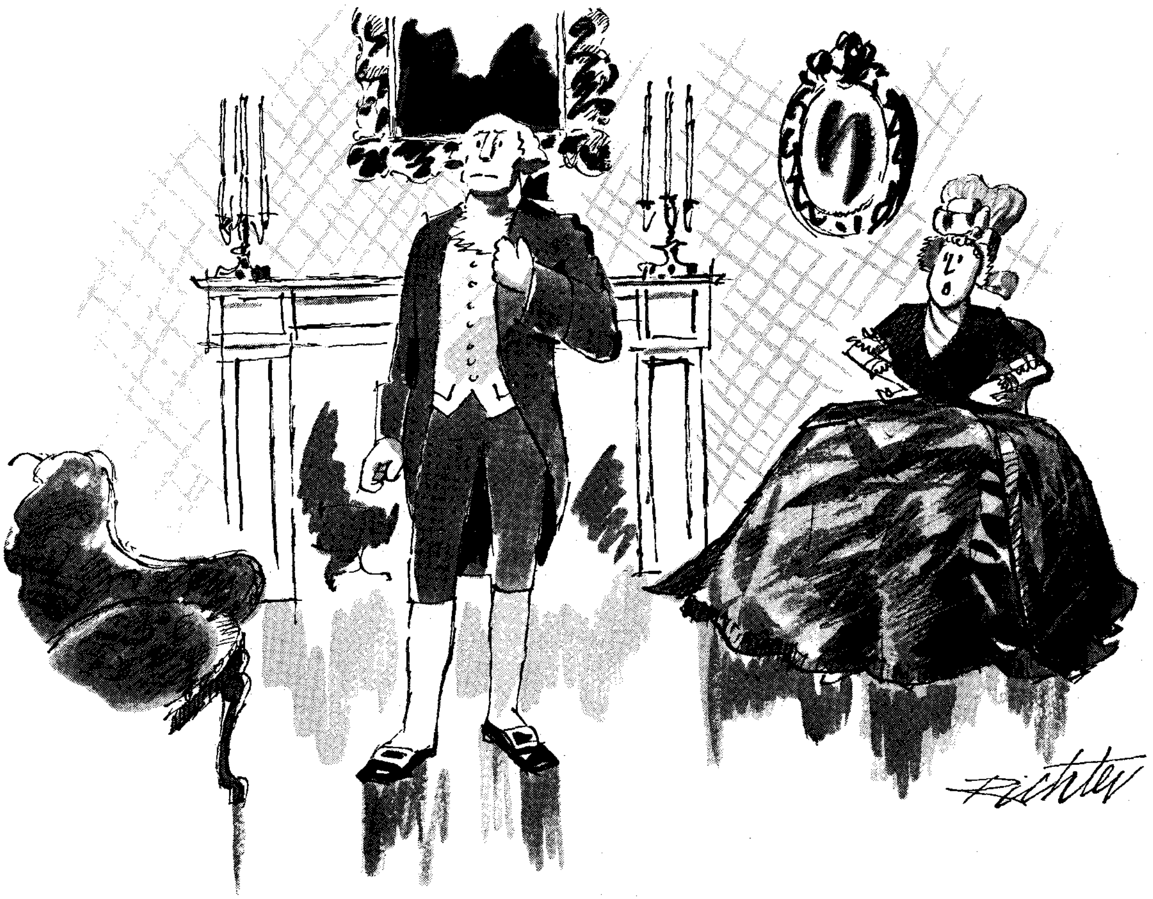

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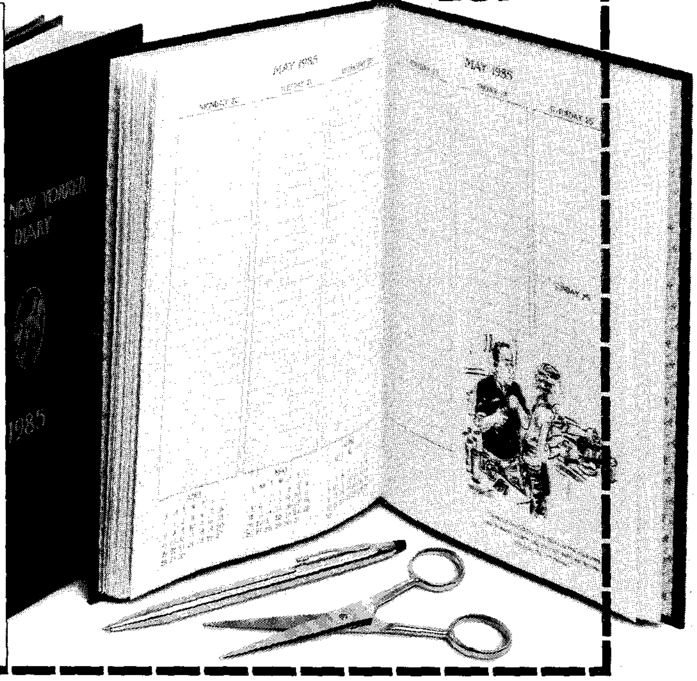

that of an African visitor trapped into an arduous Sunday walk in the country "in his pointed shoes and pin-striped suit."

The wildness of illicit sex may feed the hunger for adventure as readily as guerrilla warfare, terrorism, and murder. In "Picture Palace" (1978), a novel about photography and incest, Theroux gives the conceit a twist and carries the language of sin and temptation about as far as he can:

> A family, if it is large and well-connected, is like a religion. It serves the same purpose—to bewitch the believer with joy and offer him salvation; it consoles, it enchants, it purifies. It is a roomy seclusion . . . as much faith as anyone needs. Many religions attempt, unsuccessfully, to be families, but ours worked . . . We had our own reverences and secrets; we were safe . . . We had staked out our territory and we were so secure we seldom ventured to the frontiers.

To a perfect stranger, home and family are as tempting and mysterious as Patagonia or Ultima Thule. In "A Christmas Card" (1978), a children's story, the windows of an unfamiliar house "glowed brightly and the light, as much a warning as a welcome, made it stranger than if it had been in total darkness." The fondly remembered Papa of "Picture Palace," presiding "with kindly intensity" over "a nearly limitless world of possibility," is reshaped in "The Mosquito Coast" (1982) into a more tyrannical god. Father, as he is called, leads his family from Massachusetts, now the old country, south to Honduras, where he attempts to found a New World, a private Garden of Eden. The point of view is that of one of his children, a boy named Charlie, who says, "I believed in Father. I was not afraid." Theroux is heavy-handed at satire; his mockery of paternalism and Yankee technological evangelism has a dull edge compared with the agile wit of "Saint Jack," the deep feeling in "Jungle Lovers," or the ambiguities of "The Family Arsenal," where less abstract characters and situations suggest a livelier world.

Travelling, Theroux has tested a belief in the continuing strangeness of the world, and discovered openings for melodrama and romantic gestures that other writers have given up for lost. Characters entangled in the coils of a plot, feeling their way through a pointed sequence of events, reflect his experience of the unexpected and of unpredictable destinations. (Sometimes his experience coincides with the fantasies of one of his characters. Three

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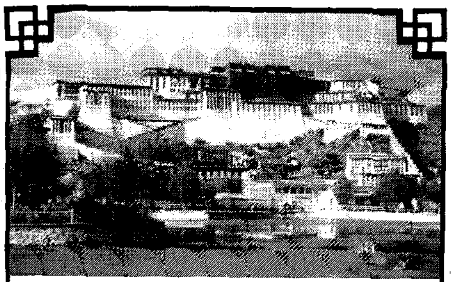

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years or so after writing the scene in which Hood swallows opium and envisions himself "older, in a palmy place as dense as Guatemala," Theroux passed through there by train and noted, in "The Old Patagonian Express" (1979), a landscape "dead and brown . . . Thorn bushes and bunches of cactus so thin they cast no shadows. I had thought Guatemala was green.") From this point of view, 'What next?" is the obvious question.

His new book, "Half Moon Street" Houghton Mifflin; $14.95), is composed of two short novels: "Doctor Slaughter," about a young Ph.D. who moonlights as a call girl, and "Doctor DeMarr," about twin brothers. The first covers a hundred and forty pages or so, and the second is half as long—thin novels, closer to short stories in their compressed focus and economy of description. With two restless characters pinned down in two neat plots, each is a fair sample of Therouxvian ingenuity and technical assurance.

It doesn't take a veteran of Theroux to wonder, when his American heroine observes to herself that no one in London yet knows how special she is, When will she be disillusioned? And when, halfway through the story, she lands a Mayfair flat "at the very center of things," representing "everything she wanted," How will she fall? Although Theroux separates himself from her particular recklessness, telling the story in the third person, the turns of her mind are familiar. "She enjoyed her terrific secret," he writes. She meditates on marriage—"not a virtuous thing, only a balancing act" —and on the expectations of the men who hire her: "small hot secrets." 'Was this sex?" she asks herself in reference to being photographed naked on an exercise cycle. (She promotes herself in her secret life as "user-friendly.") On short acquaintance, she rejects London as a "senile city" and wants "to drop everything and go to the Middle East: she imagined white skyscrapers and clean sand and blinding light." Instead, she undertakes "the calculated frolic of a double life."

Twins present Theroux with the opportunity to revel in double imagery in "Doctor DeMarr," which celebrates the ironies of brotherhood. Theroux, with several brothers and sisters of his own, has considered the subject before—for example, in "Picture Palace," where the leading character says that "most of all" she wanted her brother's praise, and sees herself, beside him, as "not a single image, but a double creature . . . a dream of love, charming and indivisible." The general idea of the secret sharer occurs again and again in the novels and stories, in the shapes of lovers, enigmatic collaborators, or antagonists. "Love was exclusive," Theroux wrote in "The Black House," "a lucky couple making a meal amid famine." Here the feast is rhetorical. The source of sinister action and feeling in "Doctor DeMarr" is "the hateful shriek . . . 'It's impossible to tell you apart!' It set them apart —it made them enemies. But being twins, they could not be separated."

Gerald and George are "physical echoes;" they share a "hackneyed upbringing," a "symmetry" in which "they were never alone." They resent their life as a "team effort," "the smallest society on earth, a nation of two," who "glanced at each other as people usually glanced at mirrors, but they never saw reflections, only distortions." One wishes the other dead for making him feel "insubstantial," "like a shadow," "half there." "Otherwise how could he live?" The death feels "like an amputation . . . as if a diseased and disfiguring part of himself had been cut away," and leads to an attempt at impersonation, from a half-life to a double life. Like Dr. Slaughter, he imagines that the "secret gave him power."

Duplicity, as Theroux conceives of it, has its funny side. The impostor is told by a woman he has just met, "You always say that," and another says to him, "That's what you said the last time." In the role of what the *Post* calls a phony doc (really a phony phony doc), he examines an old man who is "full of complaints":

> How strange that this man on the verge of death should care about his stomach and his sleep—he was snatching at another month of life. The old man thought it might be his prostate—that was the sort of thing he had to expect at his time of life, wasn't it?
>
> Gerald quizzed him on his diet and told him to cut down on ice cream.

"Shadows on the wall have caught your whispers, and brought them to my ear," Dickens wrote in "Oliver Twist." Both in his travel books and in his novels and stories, Theroux operates, with nineteenth-century aplomb, as a kind of secret agent, transmitting messages from unsettled and godforsaken outposts, exciting the reader's curiosity with the vigor of his

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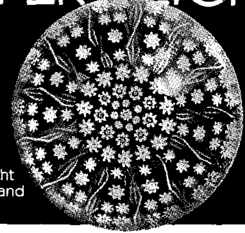

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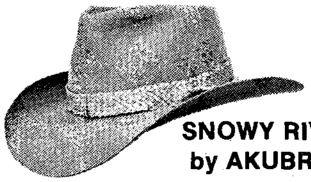

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own. When it works, this confidentia transaction between a writer and reader develops, at least for the stretc of a book, into an association hard t match in life, where words are eithe carefully chosen not to be stirring o spontaneously flattened out, and revelations are sidestepped in favor of routine news. In "Saint Jack," Therou describes fiction writing as seeming t offer "the second chances life denied, so a good book is a lucky break for th reader and the writer both.

—SUSAN LARDNE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BUSH SOLDIERS, by John Hooke (Viking; $16.95). A powerful nove consisting of alternating narrative set at different paces, like the tw hands of a clock. The earlier one which begins during the Firs World War, almost catches up wit the later one, which spans a fe months toward the end of th Second. The hero of both is an Australian, a born-again atheist afte his stint in no man's land, wh finds himself commanding a guerrilla army of four bush soldiers—a English officer, an English pries (both veterans of trench warfare) an Irish Catholic fellow-soldier i the Volunteer Defence Corps, and capable teen-age boy—in his ow vast and barren country. Their mission is to carry out the V.D.C.' order to "harass, deny and destroy" keeping a few steps ahead of invading Japanese forces, to wreck ever mine and to poison every well. A they push into Australia's own n man's land, the enemy becomes, in way, themselves: parched, they stagger to a water tank only to find i tainted by the V.D.C. Meanwhile their scorched-earth policy has made them a deadly new enemy, among those aboriginal Australians wh view the five as newcomers and the Japanese as merely more of the same.

LOVE MEDICINE, by Louise Erdrich (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $13.95). Fifty years in the lives of two modern American Indian families, whose antics and grudges, played out on and around a North Dakota reservation, are Faulknerian in scope. "A novel," the title page promises, but the fourteen chapters that follow deliver, instead, fourteen independent, if interlocking, short stories. The reader who concentrates on keeping track of kinship

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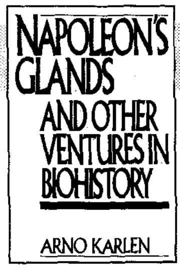
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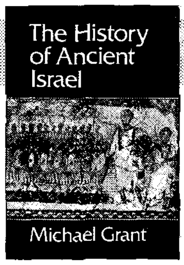
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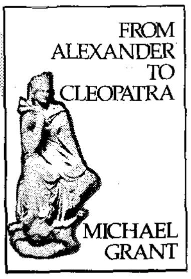
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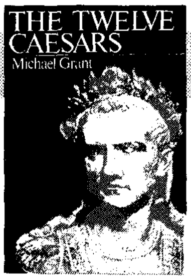
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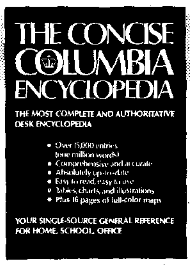
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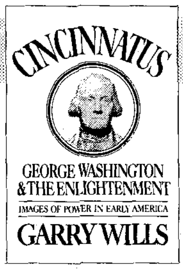
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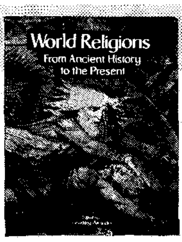
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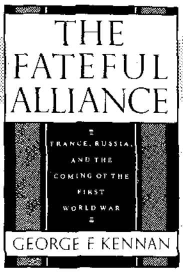
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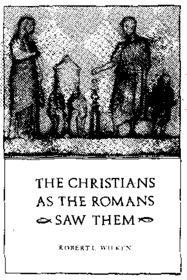
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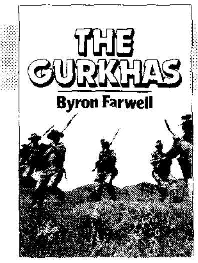
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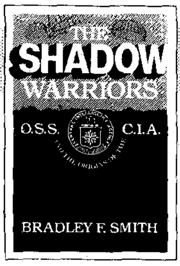
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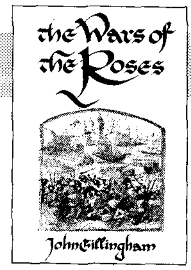
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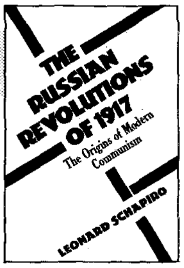
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patterns—how a child in one story, say, becomes the wife of the narrator of another—may miss the threads of black comedy that Louise Erdrich works through some alarming short-term partnerships: a grandson and a frozen turkey heart; a mother, a spoon, and a half-mad nun; a widower and a dying doe, in a car; a couple, on a hot summer day, and a truckload of surplus butter.

JITTERBUG PERFUME, by Tom Robbins (Bantam; $15.95). A thousand-year-long fact-flavored fantasy beginning in tenth-century Bohemia, before the concept of kissing has made its way west from India; crossing the Bosporus before the practice of bathing has reached Versailles; skipping through California's heyday, when consumers could consume any one of sixty-three varieties of lettuce; and landing in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras of 1986, where our hero, who is an ex-king, an ex-con, and an ex-confidant of the god Pan and of Albert Einstein, is watching his fellow-paraders through the eyeholes in his beet costume. Beets are the missing link in his search for a certain perfume that may, in turn, link him with a certain perfumer on the Other Side. His search digresses into clue-filled discourses on everything from dinosaurs and haute cuisine to Lenin and maraschino cherries. How many angels can dance on the head of a pin depends, Mr. Robbins writes, on whether they jitterbug. His story seems, for a while, roomy enough to accommodate infinite amounts of such whimsicality, but eventually it is overrun by flower-power pronouncements and bad puns dancing cheek to cheek.

GENERAL

WAR DIARIES: POLITICS AND WAR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, JANUARY, 1943–MAY, 1945, by Harold Macmillan (St. Martin's; $29.95). During the Second World War, Prime Minister Winston Churchill sent the future Prime Minister, who was then a Member of Parliament and the Junior Minister at the Colonial Office, to North Africa to deal with the political complexities that followed the Anglo-American landings in the French colonies; the job subsequently expanded to include conflicts and muddles in Italy, Yugoslavia, and Greece. Macmillan's diaries, which began as letters to his wife, are candid and funny—a

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paragraph describing a French society woman reads like Nancy Mitford—and are designed to give a sense of place: he notes, for example, that in North Africa all the Europeans strip to the limits of decency to tan, while all the North Africans bundle up against the sun. (Macmillan followed the war from one Mediterranean beauty spot to another but never ceased yearning for the British climate.) His intimate accounts of the great—Roosevelt, Churchill, de Gaulle, Eisenhower ("He speaks a strange language of his own")—are of historical value. Macmillan puts forward his philosophical approach to the perils of public life in the remark "Every Greek politician knows that he must spend some of his life in exile—as we have to be in opposition." Tourists will sympathize with his comment, after a stroll in a Marrakesh market, "I always have a feeling that the brass trays came from Birmingham and the leather bags from Wolverhampton." Perhaps, hoping to spare his family, Macmillan tended to lighten his burdens and anxieties; for whatever reason, these diaries make his experiences in an uncertain era extremely entertaining.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLUNT DARTS, by Jeremiah Healy (Walker; $12.95). John Francis Cuddy is a Boston private eye who is hired by an imperious grande dame to find her missing fourteen-year-old grandson. He is also every other private eye in the hefty annals of American detective fiction, and the story he tells us here is a pastiche of every other such story: the political judge, the corrupt police chief, the sadistic muscleman, the sinister family secret, the litter of dead bodies. Cuddy is his own man in only two respects. Or mannerisms. His usual alcoholic drink is a screwdriver, and he spends a lot of time in a graveyard, talking to his dead wife.

•

Konstantin Chernenko has received numerous congratulations in connection with his recent award of the Order of Lenin and his third Hammer and Sickle Gold Medal.

In a letter published in "PRAVDA", Konstantin Chernenko expressed his deep-left gratitude to all those who congratulated him on the occasion.—*MN Information, an English-language newspaper published in Moscow.*

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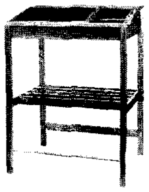

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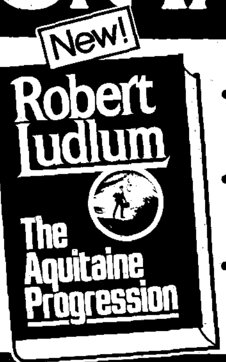

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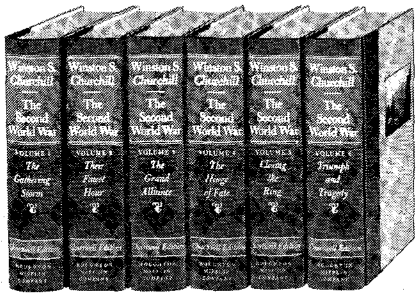
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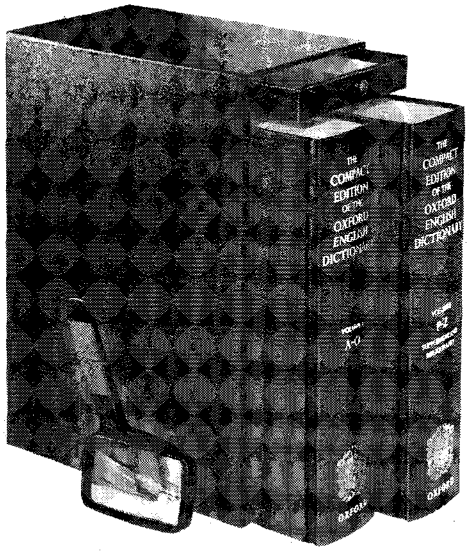
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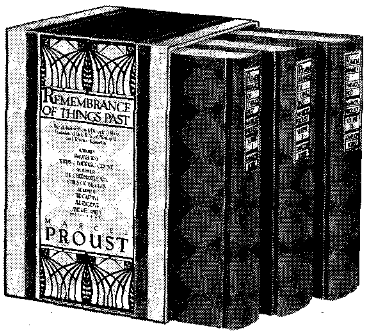
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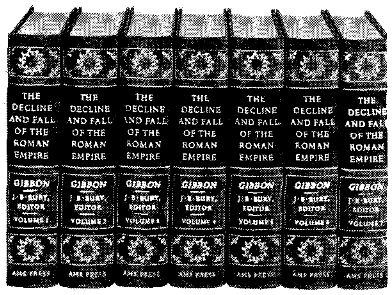
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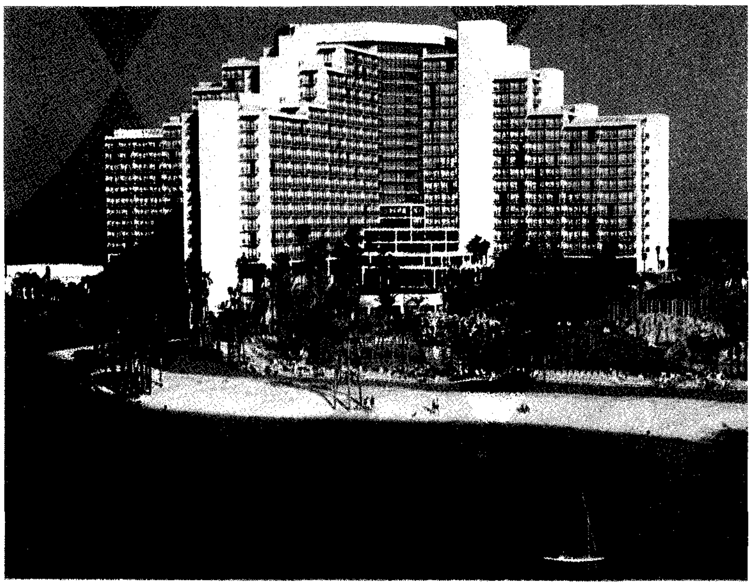

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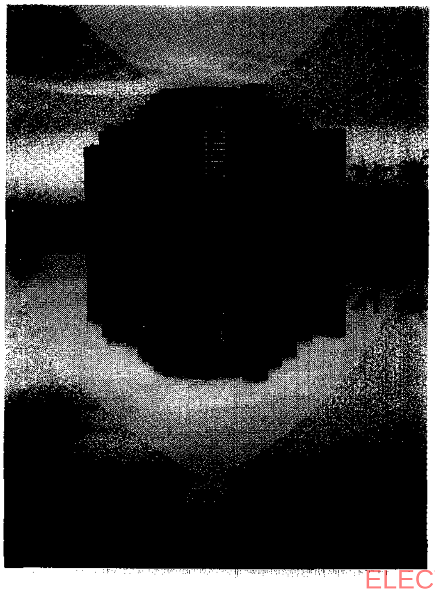

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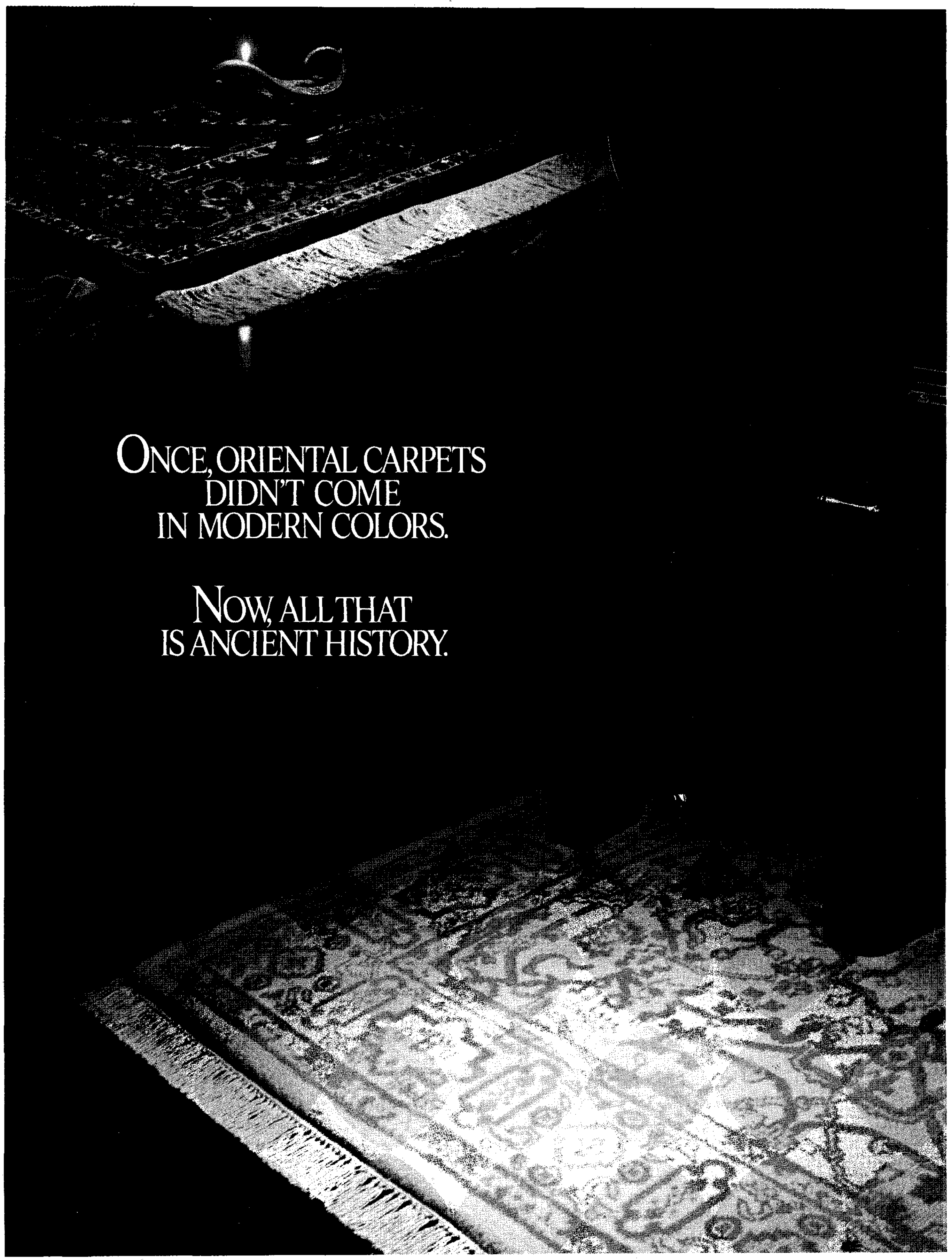
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